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To California and Back

To California and Back

A BOOK OF PRACTICAL INFORMATION
FOR TRAVELERS TO THE PACIFIC

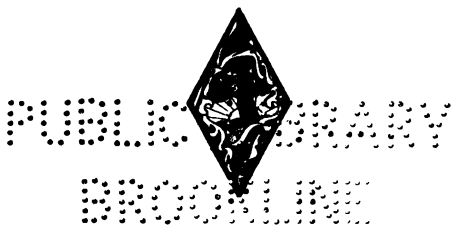
BY

C. A. HIGGINS

WITH SOME NOTES

ON SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BY

CHARLES KEELER



NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1903

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PART I
New Mexico and Arizona

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CHAPTER I

PRELIMINARY STAGES

THE most convenient California trains leave Chicago either in early evening, or at a later hour when most travellers are ready to retire to the seclusion of their berths. In either event the earliest stages of the journey offer little of interest to the tourist aside from the drainage canal, whose white rock-débris closely parallels the way for many miles in almost mountainous volume, and affords occasional glimpses of the great artificial waterway, which was finished early in 1900 at a cost of \$40,000,000. This stupendous work will ultimately form a link in the projected ship-channel from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi. By day the adjacent country appears a level or mildly undulating region, rich in agricultural products, and relieved by bits of stream and woodland and by small villages, with here and there a considerable city, such as Joliet, and Streator, and Galesburg.

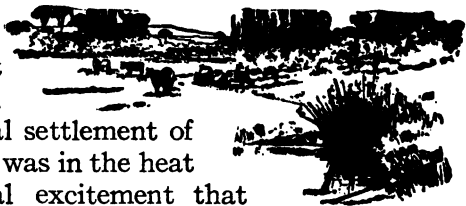
It is greater than the whole of England and Wales, this State of Illinois, but a very few hours' ride is sufficient to bring one to its western boundary, the Mississippi River. This is crossed at Fort Madison, and the way continues across the narrow south-eastern corner of Iowa into Missouri. While gliding through the State last named the traveller awakes to sight of a rolling country of distant horizons, swelling

here and there to considerable hills, checkered with tilled fields and frequent farmhouses, divided by small water-courses and dense groves of deciduous trees—not one whose scenic features you would travel far to see, but gratifying to the eye, full of gentle contrasts and pleasing variety.

At the lofty Sibley Bridge crossing of the Missouri River the swift sand-laden volume of this famed stream flows far below the level of the eye, and there is wide outlook upon either hand. On the farther side the way skirts bold bluffs for a considerable distance by the side of the broad and picturesque river that is reminiscent of the days of a greater steamboat commerce. Then comes Kansas City, the great commercial gateway of the Missouri Valley, with its population of nearly a quarter of a million—a railway, packing, and manufacturing centre. The Kansas border lies just beyond, the entrance to that State leading by the serpentine course of the river of the same name through a wooded landscape to the open prairie.

The billowy surface of Kansas was once the bed of an inland sea that deposited enormous quantities of salt, gypsum, and marbles, and its rock strata abound in most remarkable fossils of colossal animal life—elephants, mastodons, camels, rhinoceroses, gigantic horses, sharks, crocodiles, and more ancient aquatic monsters of extraordinary proportions, frightful appearance, and appalling name, whose skeletons are preserved in the National Museum. Its eastern bound was long the shore of the most stubborn wilderness of our possession. The French fur-traders were the first to establish footing of civilisation in Kansas, the greater portion of which came to us as part of the Louisiana Purchase.

More than seventy years ago Fort Leavenworth was created to give military protection to the hazardous trade with Santa Fé, and the great overland exodus of Argonauts to California at the time of the gold discovery was by way of that border station.



The first general settlement of its eastern part was in the heat of the factional excitement that led to the Civil War. It was the scene of bloody encounters between free-soil and pro-slavery colonists and of historic exploits by John Brown and the guerrilla, Quantrell. In the space of one generation it has been transformed as if by a miracle. The very Lawrence whose name for years called to mind the horrors of the Quantrell raid and the massacre of its defenseless citizens is now the most flourishing of peaceful towns, the seat of the University of Kansas, and of the famous Haskell Institute, a noteworthy successful school for Indians. The vast plains whereon the Indian, antelope, and buffalo roamed supreme are now counted as the second most important agricultural area of the Union, and its uncultivated tracts sustain millions of cattle, mules, and horses. Vigorous young cities are seen at frequent intervals. Topeka, with broad avenues and innumerable shade trees, is one of the prettiest capitals of the West. The neighbourhood of Newton and Burrton is the home of Mennonites, a Russian sect that fled to America from the domain of the Czar to find relief from oppression.

At Hutchinson one enters western Kansas, and from this point for a long distance the road follows

the windings of the Arkansas River, with only occasional digressions. Dodge City, of cowboy fame, and Garden City, the scene of Government experiments in agriculture, are the chief centres of this district.

The Santa Fé Trail, mentioned in the New Mexico chapter, began at Westport (now Kansas City), following the Kaw River to Lawrence, thence over the hills to Council Grove—the Arkansas Valley being reached at Fort Zarah (now Great Bend). The trail crept up this valley to Bent's Fort (now Las Animas), and climbed the mountains through Raton Pass. There was a short cut from Fort Dodge to Las Vegas, along the Cimarron River. It is but thirty years since Comanches and Pawnees made almost every toilsome mile of the slow passage through Kansas dangerous for the wagon-trains that wound slowly across the plains laden with the traffic for the Southwest. Except the trains were heavily guarded by military escorts, they were subject to frequent attacks by day and night. The

stories of those days make picturesque reading now for the traveller who passes by rail swiftly and luxuriously along this very pathway.



Colorado first presents itself as a plateau elevated 4,000 feet above the sea. The Arkansas Valley, all the way from the Kansas-Colorado State line to La Junta and beyond, is in summer comparable to a hundred-mile-long green ribbon stretched loosely across the wide, gray prairie. Its alfalfa fields, melon-patches, beet-sugar acres and thrifty towns are proof that irrigation pays, there being a never-failing supply of water for these fertile lands. Holly,

Lamar, Las Animas, La Junta, and Rocky Ford are the centres of this irrigated district, a bit of pastoral prosperity in pleasing contrast with the grim and forbidding mountains soon to be ventured. Four miles west of Holly, and consequently just over the Colorado line, is the little colony established by the Salvation Army in 1898, under the name of Fort Amity, as a measure of practical benefit to certain elements in the crowded quarters of the great cities.

Passing Las Animas, the tourist is again reminded of the good old days when Kit Carson made Bent's his headquarters, when the Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Cheyennes wintered at Big Timbers, and when Fort William (later known as Fort Lyon) afforded security for the frontiersmen in times of unusual danger.

Soon the landscape begins to give hint of the heroic. Pike's Peak is clearly distinguishable, and the two beautiful Spanish Peaks hover upon the horizon and reappear long after the first-named has faded from view.

Slowly the Raton Range gathers significance directly ahead until it becomes a towering wall, at whose foot lies the city of Trinidad, beyond which begins the final ascent to the first of many lofty mountain gateways, the Raton Pass. The grade is terrific, and two powerful mountain engines are required to haul the train at a pace hardly faster than a walk. The vicissitudes of the pass are such that the road winds tortuously in curves



so sharp that the wheels shriek at the strain. From the rear vestibule may be had an endlessly varied and long-continued series of mountain views, for the ascent is no mere matter of a moment. There are level side canyons prettily shaded with aspen, long straight slopes covered with pine, tumbled



THE SPANISH PEAKS

waves of rock overgrown with chaparral, huge bare cliffs with perpendicular gray or brown faces, and breaks through which one may look far out across the lower levels to other ranges.

A short distance this side the summit stands what is left of the old toll-house, an abandoned and dismantled adobe dwelling where for many years the veteran Dick Wooten collected toll from those who used the wagon-road through the pass. Both ruin and trail are of interest as belonging to the ante-railroad period of thrilling adventure, for by that road and past the site of the dilapidated dwelling journeyed every overland stage, every caravan,

every prairie schooner, every emigrant and every soldier cavalcade bound to the southwestern country in early days.

Beyond this is a wide-sweeping curve from whose farther side, looking backward down the pass, an inspiring picture is unfolded to view for a passing instant—a farewell glimpse of the poetic Spanish Peaks at the end of a long vista past a ragged foreground of gigantic measure. Then the hills crowd and shut off the outside world; there is a deep sandstone cut, its faces seamed with layers of coal, a boundary post marked upon one side Colorado and upon the other New Mexico, and instantly following that a plunge into a half-mile tunnel of midnight blackness, at an elevation of something more than 7,600 feet.

At such a Rubicon the preliminary stages may fairly be said to end.



THE RATON TUNNEL

CHAPTER II

NEW MEXICO

ALTHOUGH your introduction is by way of a long tunnel, followed by a winding mountain pass down whose steep incline the train rushes as if to regain the low level from which the journey was begun, you will find New Mexico a territory in the sky. If its mountain ranges were leveled smoothly over its valleys and plains, the entire area of more than 120,000 square miles would stand higher above the sea than the summit of any peak of the Catskills or the Adirondacks. Its broad upland plains, that stretch to a horizon where wintry peaks tower high above the bold salients of gray-mottled foothills, themselves lie at an altitude that in the eastern States must be sought among the clouds, and at no time will you fall much below an elevation of 5,000 feet in traversing the portion of the Territory that lies along the present route.

The landscape is Oriental in aspect and flushed with colour. Nowhere else can you find sky of deeper blue, sunlight more dazzling, shadows more intense, clouds more luminously white, or stars that throb with redder fire. Here the pure, rarefied air that is associated in the mind with arduous mountain climbing is the only air known—dry, cool, and gently stimulating. Through it, as through a crystal, the rich red of the soil, the green of vegetation, and

the varied tints of the rocks gleam always freshly on the sight. You are borne over mountains above forests of pine and fir, with transient glimpses of distant prairie; through canyons where fierce rock walls yield grudging passage and massive gray slopes bend downward from the sky; along level stretches by the side of the Great River of the North, whose



THE GLORIETA MOUNTAINS

turbid stream is the Nile of the New World; past picturesque desert tracts spotted with sage, and past mesas, buttes, dead volcanoes, and lava beds. These last are in a region where you will see not only mountain craters, with long basaltic slopes that were the ancient flow of molten rock, but dikes—as well—fissures in the level plain through which the black lava oozed and ran for many miles. These vast rivers of rock, cracked, piled, scattered in blocks, and in places overgrown with chaparral, are full of interest even to the accustomed eye. They

wear an appearance of newness, moreover, as if the volcanic action were of recent date; but there has been found nothing in native tradition that has any direct bearing upon them. Doubtless they are many centuries old. Geologically, their age is, of course, determinable: but geology deals in rock epochs; it talks darkly of millions of years between events, and in particulars is careful to avoid use of the calendar.



COYOTES

It is well to remember that the yesterday of creation is singularly barren of mankind. We are practically contemporaries of Adam in the history of the cosmos, and all of ancient and modern history that lies between is a mere evanescent jumble of trivialities. Dame Nature is a crone, fecund though she be, and hugging to her breast the precious vial of rejuvenescence. Her face is wrinkled. Her back is bent. Innumerable mutations lie heavy upon her, briskly though she may plod for to-morrow. And nowhere can you find her more haggard and gray than here. You feel that this place has always worn much the same aspect that it wears to-day. Parcel of the arid region, it sleeps only for thirst. Slake that, and it becomes a garden of paradise as by a magic word. The present generation has proved it true in a hundred localities, where the proximity of rivers or mountain streams has made irrigation practicable.

The confines of the Great American Desert are narrowing rapidly. Do but reflect that a quarter-century back the journey you now make in perfect

comfort was a matter of wild adventure, at cost of months of arduous travel and at hazard of life, not only because of human foes, but for scarcity of food and water. One never appreciates the full stride of American progress until he has traversed in a Pullman car such a territory as this, where Valley of Death and Journey of the Dead are names still borne by waterless tracts, and justified by bleached bones of cattle and lonely mounds of scattered graves. Rescued from centuries of horror, and planted in the front rank of young rising States by the genius of our generation, New Mexico is a land of broad ranges, where hundreds of thousands of sleek cattle and countless flocks of sheep browse upon the nutritious grasses; where fields of grain wave in the healthful breeze; where orchard trees bend under their weight of luscious fruits, and where the rocks lay bare inexhaustible veins of precious metals. Here may be found to-day as profitable large ranches as any in the country, and innumerable small aggregations of cultivated acres, whose owners sit comfortably upon shaded verandas while their servants till the field.

This is the paradox of a region whose softer scenes will often seem to be overborne by bleak mountain and desert and lava bed: that if you own ten acres of irrigated land here you are that much-vaunted but seldom-encountered individual, an independent farmer. You may smile in a superior way when you hear talk of the profits of bank stock. You may look without envy upon the man who is said to own a gold mine.

Scattered by the way are sleepy Mexican villages,



THE EVER-
PRESENT
BURRO

ancient Indian pueblos, still inhabited, and those older abandoned ruins which give to the region its peculiar atmosphere of mystery. The history of New Mexico formerly began with a pretty legend



A PUEBLO CHURCH

that dated back to a time in Spain when a sovereign, fighting amid his native mountains, found himself hemmed in by the enemy, and would have perished with all his army had not one of his enterprising

soldiers discovered an unsuspected pass, the entrance to which he marked with a bleached cow's skull that lay convenient to his hand, and then, returning, led a retreat through the pass to safety. By order of the grateful king the family name of the soldier was thereupon made Cabeza de Vaca—*cow's head*—to celebrate so opportune a service. It is to be hoped he got a doubloon or two as well, but on that particular head tradition is silent. However, among the soldier's descendants a talent for discovery became a notorious family trait. It amounted to a passion with them. You could not get into any difficulty but a Cabeza de Vaca could find you a way out. Naturally, then, when Narvaez set sail from Spain for the Florida coast, three and a half centuries ago, he took one of that family along for a mascot. The expedition came to grief on the Florida reefs, but the mascot survived, and with him three others who had wisely clung to him when the

ship went to pieces. Stranded upon an unknown coast, menaced by hostile Indians, an ocean behind and a wilderness before, this Cabeza de Vaca felt his heart strangely stirred within him. He gave no thought to the dangers of his situation; he perceived only that he had the opportunity of a lifetime to



PUEBLO OF TAOS

discover something. So, remembering that in far Mexico his fellow countrymen were known to dwell, he pretended to pull a long face, and told his companions that to reach the Mexican settlements was the only hope of surviving. Then brandishing his sword in a becoming manner, he called to them to come on, and led them across the unexplored continent of North America, in the year of grace 1536, by a route that incidentally included what is now known as New Mexico.

Thus, in substance, runs the legend, which adds that he had a queer tale to tell, on arrival, of "Seven Cities of Cibola," and outlandish people of heathen appearance and notions, but of temperate and industrious habits withal, and presumably rich in treasures of silver and gold; which incited Coronado

to send out an expedition under Marcos de Nizza in 1539, and a year later himself to take charge of the first real invasion, conquering native towns by force of arms on his way.

But in the light of modern historical research Cabeza de Vaca's local fame dwindles; his head diminishes. It is denied that he ever saw New Mexico, and the title of discoverer is awarded to Marcos de Nizza. It does not really matter, for in either event the conquest was by Coronado, in whose footsteps Spanish colonisation was first enabled to advance into the territory, which, it should be remembered, was for a long time



INDIAN CHIEF

thereafter a vaguely defined area of much greater extent than to-day. The friars early began their work of founding missions, and in the course of time established forty churches, attended by some 30,000 native communicants. These natives revolted in 1680, and drove the Spaniards out of the territory, successfully resisting their ~~re~~turn for a period of twelve years. From the time of their ultimate subjection (1692) the country grew in population and commercial importance, until, early in the present century, its trade with Missouri and the East became very valuable.

The route traversed by pack-mules and prairie schooners loaded with merchandise will forever be remembered as the Santa Fé Trail, and was almost identical with that followed by Coronado. It is at present, for the greater part of the distance, the route of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway between the Missouri River and Santa Fé; and

through western Kansas, southeastern Colorado, over the Raton Pass, and at many points in New Mexico, may easily be seen from the train. The distance was 800 miles, and a round trip then consumed 110 days. Merchandise to an enormous value was often carried by a single caravan. In spite of the protection of a strong military escort, the trail was almost continuously sodden with human blood and marked by hundreds of rude graves dug for the mutilated victims of murderous Apaches and other tribes. Every scene recounted by romances of Indian warfare had its counterpart along the Santa Fé Trail. The ambush, the surprise, the massacre, the capture, the torture, in terrifying and heart-breaking detail, have been enacted over and over. Only with the advent of the railroad did the era of peace and security begin. To-day the Apache is decimated and harmless, and, with the Pueblo Indian and the Mexican, forms a romantic background to a thriving Anglo-Saxon civilisation.



STEER-TYING

It is this background that gives New Mexico its peculiar charm to the thoughtful tourist—not alone its tremendous mountain ranges, its extensive uplands, its fruitful valleys, or its unsurpassed equability of climate. Its population includes 9,500 Pueblo Indians, 4,000 Navajos, and 1,350 Apaches.

LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS

The Culebra and Cimarron ranges of the Rockies shut in the lower western sky as the train whirls along southward from Raton to Las Vegas. En route you pass Springer, whence stages run to the Red River mines and to Taos pueblo; Wagon



BATH-HOUSE—LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS

Mound, a former Mexican frontier custom-house and a picturesque point on the Santa Fé trail; and Watrous, at the head of Mora Canyon, near old Fort Union. Mora Canyon is fifty miles long—a rather modest affair compared with Apache Canyon and the greater gorges of Arizona, but typical of this land of deeply cutting streams.

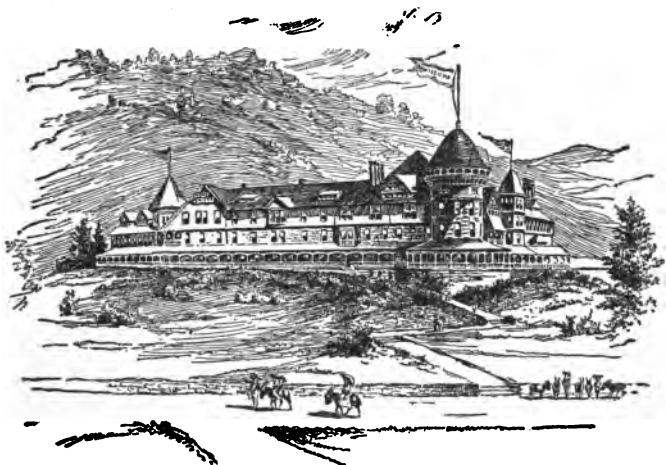
The little Rio Gallinas issues by a tortuous path through rugged, tree-fringed canyon walls from a spur of the Rockies half a dozen miles northwest from the city of Las Vegas. These *vegas* or meadows gradually broaden until they finally open up into the broad New Mexican plain that sweeps away toward the southeast. Almost at the verge of plain and mountain, the city of Las Vegas has grown into prominence. It is the commercial metropolis of northern New Mexico, and the second city in the Territory in size and importance.

From the city of Las Vegas a picturesque little valley extends northwestward into the foothills of the Rockies, threaded by the Rio Gallinas. An electric railway follows at the side of the little stream to a point just above where it debouches upon the meadows. Here upon the banks of the stream numerous springs, both cold and hot, rise to the surface in close juxtaposition, their waters charged with a variety of chemical ingredients. And here upon the hillside, looking down upon the stream and the springs, convenient to the railway terminal but retired from it, has been created one of the most attractive and serviceable health and pleasure resorts in all the western land.

Las Vegas Hot Springs is a mountain village devoted to recreation and the restoration of health. It lies on the very edge of the mountains, at an elevation of 6,767 feet above the sea level, completely protected against the severe winds and sandstorms by the surrounding foothills, which materially modify the temperature. In winter it is twenty degrees warmer than in Denver, and correspondingly cooler in summer.

Here, at the spacious and beautiful Hotel Montezuma, is one of the few places in the Middle West where a stranger may find contentment day after day in comparative idleness. The immediate scenery has not the prodigiously heroic qualities of the more famous Colorado resorts, but it is endlessly attractive to the lover of nature in her less titanic moods. If you love the pine and the fir, here you may have your fill of them. If you are fond of a bit of precipitous climbing, you may find it here on every hand. If you are for quiet, shady nooks, or lofty pulpit perches that overhang a pretty

clattering stream in deep solitudes, here they abound. And from the adjacent hilltops are to be had wide-sweeping views eastward over the *vegas*, and westward over rocky folds to where



THE MONTEZUMA, LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS

the blue masses of the mountain chain are piled against the sky.

There are wagon roads winding over hill and through glen, past the verge of canyons and penetrating deep into the forest, and narrower branching trails for the pedestrian and the horseman. Who fails to explore these intimately will miss the full charm of Las Vegas Hot Springs.

The Montezuma is a handsome four-story structure in the *château* style, built of grayish sandstone and slate, fire-proof, of course, and with ample accommodations for several hundred guests. Spacious offices, parlours, and other public rooms, with cheerful fireplaces, hundreds of feet of wide veran-

das, some converted into sun-parlours by glass walls enclosing them, and a casino containing various equipment for athletic and social amusement, supplement the ample guest rooms of the hotel. Lawns with tennis and croquet grounds face the hotel and its cottages.

At the side of the Rio Gallinas is the bath-house, equipped to offer every form of bath that may appeal to the visitor, be he sick or well. The mineral springs, both hot and cold, are utilised advantageously. The peat beds of the river provide a peculiarly luxurious bath for those who wish to take advantage of every opportunity to restore their health.

It is not, as might easily be inferred, a place of distressful heat, but a land of soft, golden light, whose parallel is the most perfect day of a New England spring. And although the environment of the Montezuma represents the climax of natural remedial conditions joined to comfort and luxury, the whole Territory is supremely healthful, containing numerous special localities, that differ in elevation and in consequent adaptation to the requirements of the complications of disease.

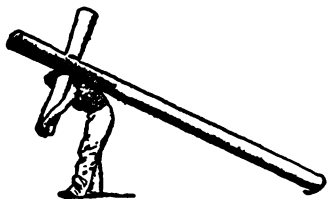
LAS VEGAS TO ALBUQUERQUE

Travelling from Las Vegas to Albuquerque the Glorieta range of the Rockies is crossed through Glorieta Pass (altitude 7,453 feet). The upclimb takes you near Starvation Peak, best seen from Chapelle station. One legend says that a large band of Spaniards was surrounded here by Navajos in 1800 and starved to death; another story ascribes the cross on the summit to the Brotherhood of Penitents.

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tentes. However the name may have originated, the peak itself is a prominent landmark.

Not far from the main line, the head waters of the Pecos River can be reached—a famous haunt



ONE PART OF THE PENITENTES
CEREMONIES

of the black-spotted mountain trout. Within ten miles of Glorieta there are a number of deep pools which, carefully whipped with the proper flies, will yield trout weighing up to four pounds. Parties

wishing to fish in the Pecos can find accommodations at Windsor's, twenty miles from Glorieta. Every little pool in the Mora River, a tributary of the Pecos near this point, seems to be alive with trout, though the larger fish are more abundant in the main stream. Rainbow and eastern brook trout are nearly as plentiful as the native varieties—a rare combination in objects of the angler's desire.

The crumbling ruins of old Pecos Church—most venerable pile in New Mexico—are four miles from Pecos station, on the mythical site of that Aztec city where Montezuma is said to have been born.

The downward ride is through Apache Canyon, where, in 1847, noted battles were fought between Kearney's Army of the West and the Mexicans, and in 1862 between Federal and Confederate forces. Even here in the mountain solitudes war would not be denied its cruel harvest. At Lamy (named for the good Archbishop) there is a branch line to Santa Fé. The main line continues along the tortuous Galisteo River to the Rio Grande del Norte at Thornton, and down that sluggish stream

of the sand-bars to Albuquerque, the commercial metropolis of central New Mexico.

Albuquerque, the point of junction of three lines of the Santa Fe System—that from the east, that to the Pacific Ocean, and that to the Mexican boundary—has never been extensively advertised as a health resort, though it possesses valid claims for being so considered. It is said to have a larger number of sunshiny days per year than any other place in the United States. Its attractions have been multiplied by the erection of a beautiful new hotel, the Alvarado. As the traveller leaves the train, this hotel is his first and most enduring impression. A wide-spreading, low building, like a great Spanish mission save for its newness; rough, gray walls and a far-reaching procession of arches; a red-tiled roof with many towers—this is the Alvarado. It looks out across the plain to where distant purple peaks are set against a turquoise sky. Behind it lies the city; before it the valley stretches to the shouldering hills. The hotel proper is more than a hundred yards long, sixty yards wide, and



STARVATION PEAK

is built around a court or peristyle, as its general architecture demands. It is connected by a two-hundred-foot arcade with the new depot, an edifice in perfect harmony with the artistic lines of the main structure. In form and colour, as well as

historical association and the detailed beauty of its generous plan, the Alvarado is a distinct architectural achievement. Inside, the Spanish effect in decoration is thoroughly and consistently observed.



It furnishes to the tourist a luxurious stopping place in the midst of a transcontinental journey—an enjoyable and interesting rest on the way to California.

A special attraction which the Alvarado offers, not to be duplicated elsewhere, is a very fine collection of Indian relics and products, gathered during years of studious effort. In Moki, Navajo, Zuñi, Apache, Pima, and Mexican treasures of handicraft this collection is well-nigh unrivalled, and more than justifies a halt in the attractive hotel which houses it. It is planned to here assemble Navajo and Moki weavers, potters, silversmiths, and basket-makers engaged in their various crafts. A model of an Indian pueblo is shown; also the finest wares from all the neighbouring region.

Albuquerque itself lies at an altitude of 4,935 feet above sea-level, on a sunny slope of a broad plain, amply protected against sudden storms by the neighbouring high mountain ranges. The winters are generally open and bright, and the atmosphere almost wholly devoid of humidity. The ancient settlement dates back to the Spanish invasion, while the new town, with a population of 10,000 Americans, and all the improvements of a young city, had its beginning with the advent of the railway.



Photograph by W. H. Simpson

MOKI INDIAN WEAVING DRESS

But Albuquerque, aside from its life as a new commercial centre, makes other and more subtle demands upon the attention; while not equal to Santa Fé as a picture of the past, the years have



NORTH ENTRANCE, THE ALVARADO

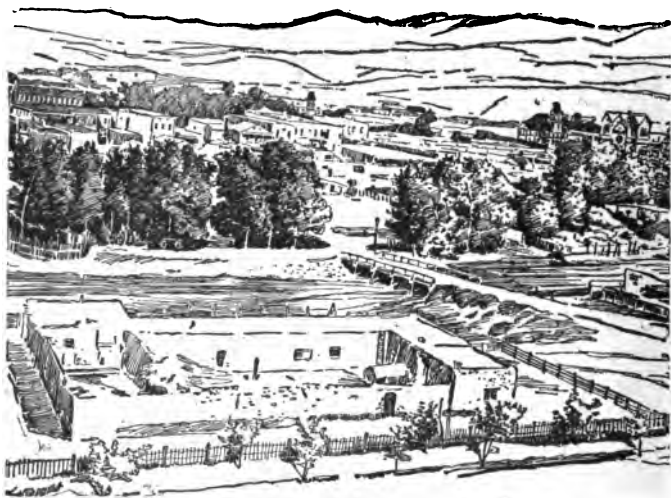
also touched it with old colours. The Mexican quarter—the old town—still sleeps in the sun as it did a century—two centuries—ago. And all about it are the dwellings of the most conservative people, the Pueblos of the Rio Grande Valley, living as their fathers lived before the first invader came.

SANTA FÉ

is reached by a branch line, and the traveller who visits it will have to arrange specially to leave the main line at Lamy, but if one has time it is well worth making a side trip for.

In 1605, the Spaniards founded this city under the name *La Ciudad Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco*. (The True City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis), which, like many another ponderous Spanish title, has been reduced to lower terms in the lapse of time. The extraordinary interest of its early days is kept alive by monuments which the kindly elements protect from the accustomed ravages of the centuries. The Territorial Governor

to-day receives his guests in the same room that served visitors in the time of the first viceroy. Eighteen American and seventy-six Mexican and Spanish rulers have successively occupied the palace. Here it was that General Lew Wallace wrote "Ben



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SANTA FÉ

Hur." It has survived all those strange modulations by which a Spanish province has become a Territory of the Union bordering on statehood.

The story of the palace stretches back into real antiquity, to a time when the Inquisition had powers, when zealous friars of the Order of St. Francis exhorted throngs of dimly comprehending heathen, and when the mailed warriors of Coronado told marvellous uncontradicted tales of ogres that were believed to dwell in the surrounding wilderness. Beneath its roof are garnered priceless treasures of that ancient time, which the curious visitor may



Photographed by W. A. White

SANTA FÉ—SAN JUAN DAY

behold. There are faded pictures of saints painted upon puma skins; figures laboriously wrought in wood to shadow forth the Nazarene; votive offerings of silver, in the likeness of legs, arms, and hands, brought to the altar of Our Lady by those who had been healed of wounds or disease; rude stone gods of the heathen, and domestic utensils and implements of war. There, too, may be seen ancient maps of the New World, lettered in Latin and in French, on which California appears as an island of the Pacific, and the country at large is confidently displayed with grotesque inaccuracy.

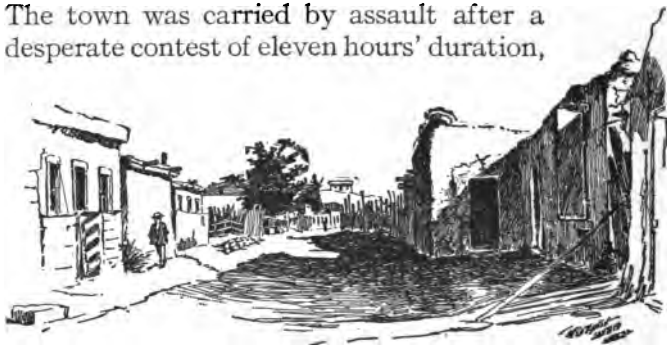
Nearly a mile distant from the palace, on an eminence overlooking the town, stands the old Chapel Rosario, now neighboured by the Ramona school



THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AT SANTA FÉ, WHERE
GEN. LEW WALLACE WROTE "BEN HUR"

for Apache children. In 1692, Diego de Vargas, marching up from the south, stood upon that hill with his little army of 200 men and looked over into the city from which his countrymen had been driven with slaughter a dozen years before. There he

knelt and vowed to build upon the spot a chapel for the glorification of Our Lady of the Rosary, provided she would fight upon his side that day. The town was carried by assault after a desperate contest of eleven hours' duration,



A SANTA FÉ STREET

and the chapel was built. It savours quaintly to us of a less poetic age than those royal old adventurers should have thought themselves hand and glove with the celestial powers; but they certainly made acknowledgment of services supposed to have been rendered upon occasion.

There are other places of antiquarian interest, where are stored Spanish archives covering two and a quarter centuries, and numerous paintings and carvings of great age; the Church of Our Lady of Light, the Cathedral of San Francisco, and finally the Church of San Miguel and the Old House, isolated from everything that is in touch with our century by their location in the heart of a decrepit old Mexican village.



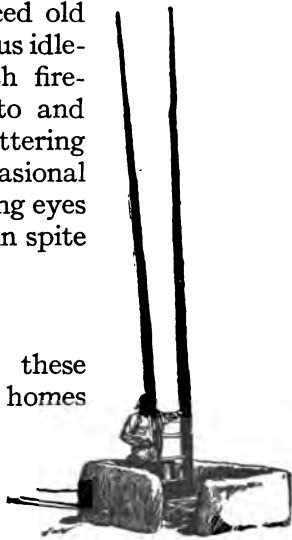
A SEÑORITA AT
SANTA FÉ

Here, at last, is the real Santa Fé

of the traveller's anticipation; a straggling aggregation of low adobe huts, divided by narrow winding lanes, where in the sharply defined shadows leathern-faced old men and women sit in vacuous idleness, and burros loaded with firewood or garden truck pass to and fro; and in small groups of chattering women one catches an occasional glimpse of bright, interrogating eyes and a saucy, handsome face, in spite of the closely drawn *tapelo*.

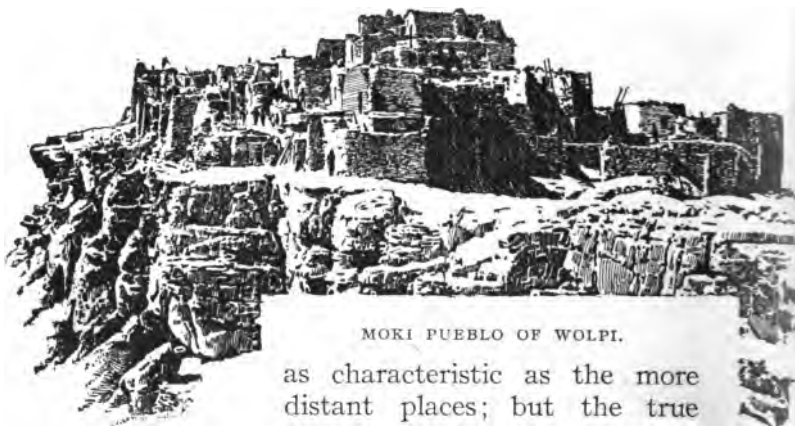
PUEBLOS

More than a score of these many-chambered communal homes are scattered over the Territory. Taos, Picuris, San Juan, Santa Clara, San Ildefonso, Pojoaque, Nambé, and Teseque are within twenty to ninety-five miles



AN INDIAN WELL

of Santa Fé, their population varying from twenty-five to four hundred persons. From Thornton one may reach the pueblos of Cochiti, San Domingo, and San Felipe, while Sandia, Jemez, Zia, and Santa Ana are in the vicinity of Albuquerque. Three of the most important pueblos are Isleta, Laguna, and Acoma. Isleta and Laguna are within a stone's throw of the railroad, ten miles and sixty-six miles respectively west of Albuquerque, and Acoma is reached from Laguna by a drive of twenty miles. Except for the fact that the Indians are accustomed to visitors, these pueblos which can be visited so easily are



MORI PUEBLO OF WOLPI.

as characteristic as the more distant places; but the true Indian enthusiast will want to go to the less visited towns, and the journeys can be made without hardship. (More particulars are given in the appendix.)

The aboriginal inhabitants of the pueblos, an intelligent, complex, industrious, and independent race, are anomalous among North American natives. Many are housed to-day in the self-same structures in which their forebears were discovered, and in three and a half centuries of contact with Europeans their manner of life has not materially changed. The Indian tribes that roam over mountain and plain have become wards of the Government, debased and denuded of whatever of dignity they once possessed, ascribe what cause you will for their present condition. But the Pueblo Indian has absolutely maintained the integrity of his individuality, self-respecting and self-sufficient. The extent to which he has adopted the religion of his Spanish conquerors, or the teachings of his present guardians, amounts to only a slight concession from his persistent conservatism.



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GOING FOR WATER AT PUEBLO OF LAGUNA, NEW MEXICO

The pottery as used is sold in great quantities to the tourists



Laborious efforts have been made to penetrate the reserve with which the involved inner life of this strange child of the desert is guarded, but it lies like a vast dark continent behind a dimly visible shore, and he dwells within the shadowy rim of a night that yields no ray to tell of his origin. He is a true pagan, swathed in seemingly dense clouds of superstition, rich in fanciful legend, and profoundly ceremonious in religion. His gods are innumerable. Not even the ancient Greeks possessed a more populous Olympus. On that austere yet familiar height, gods of peace and of war, of the chase, of bountiful harvest and of famine, of sun and rain and snow, elbow a thousand others for standing-room. The trail of the serpent has crossed his history, too, and he frets his pottery with an imitation of its scales, and gives the rattlesnake a prominent place among his deities. Unmistakably a pagan, yet the purity and well-being of his communities will bear favourable comparison with those of the en-



AS THEY CARRY
WATER TO-DAY

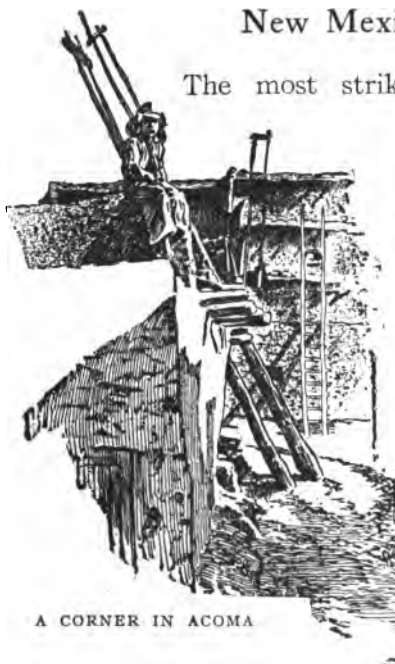
lightened world. He is brave, honest, and enterprising within the fixed limits of his little sphere; his wife is virtuous, his children are docile. And were the whole earth swept bare of every living thing, save for a few leagues surrounding his



INDIANS DRILLING TURQUOISE

tribal home, his life would show little disturbance. Possibly he might not at once learn of so unimportant an occurrence. He would still alternately labour and relax in festive games, still reverence his gods, and rear his children to a life of industry and content, so anomalous is he, so firmly established in an absolute independence.

Pueblo architecture possesses nothing of the elaborate ornamentation found in so-called Aztec ruins in Mexico. The house is usually built of stone, covered with adobe cement, and is severely plain. It is commonly two or three stories in height, of terrace form, and joined to its neighbours. The prevailing entrance is by means of a ladder to the roof of the lowest story.

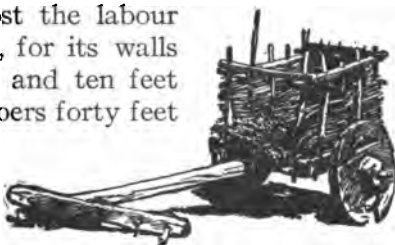


A CORNER IN ACOMA

The most strikingly interesting of New Mexican pueblos is Acoma. It is built upon the summit of a table-rock with eroded precipitous sides, 350 feet above the plain, which is 7,000 feet above the sea. Acoma pueblo is 1,000 feet in length and several hundred feet above the plain, and there is besides a church of good proportions. For-

merly it was reached only by a hazardous stairway in the rock, up which the inhabitants carried upon their backs every particle of the materials of which the village is constructed; but easier pathways now exist. The graveyard consumed forty years in building, by reason of the necessity of bringing earth from the plain below; and the church must have cost the labour of many generations, for its walls are sixty feet high and ten feet thick, and it has timbers forty feet long and fourteen inches square.

The Acomas welcomed the soldiers of Coronado



MEXICAN CARRETA

with deference, ascribing to them celestial origin. Subsequently, upon learning the distinctly human character of the Spaniards, they professed allegiance, but afterward wantonly slew a dozen of Zaldivar's men. By way of reprisal, Zaldivar headed three-score soldiers and undertook to carry the sky-citadel by assault. After a three-days' hand-to-hand struggle the Spaniards stood victors upon that seemingly impregnable fortress, and received the submission of the Quéres, who for three-quarters of a century thereafter remained tractable. In that interval the priest came to



LAGUNA MOTHER
AND CHILD

Acoma and held footing for fifty years, until the bloody uprising of 1680 occurred, in which priest, soldier, and settler were massacred or driven from the land, and every vestige of their occupation was extirpated. After the subjection of these natives by Diego de Vargas the present church was constructed, and the Pueblos have not since rebelled against the contiguity of the white man.

Anciently, according to a native tradition, for which Mr. C. F. Lummis is authority, the original pueblo of Acoma stood upon the crest of the Enchanted Mesa, 430 feet above the valley, three miles



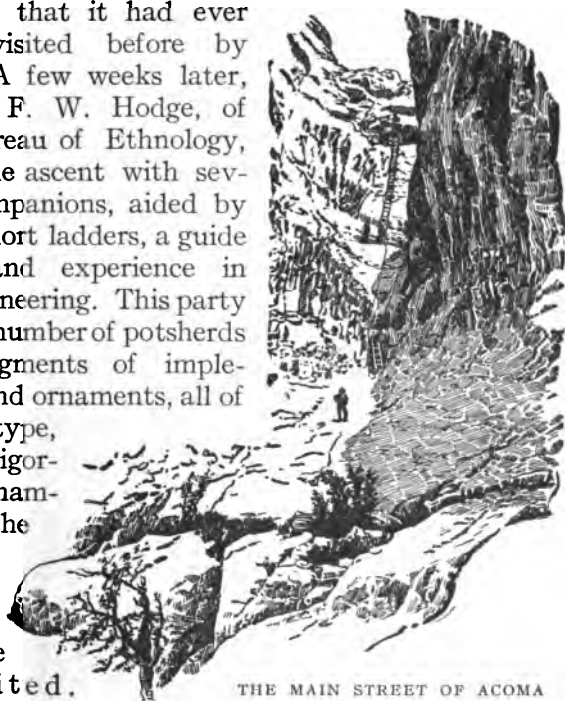
MOKI CEREMONIAL
DANCE



Photograph by A. C. Vroman

A CEREMONIAL DANCE AT PUEBLO OF ZUNI

away, but its only approach was one day destroyed by the falling of a cliff, and three sick women, who chanced to be the only occupants—the remainder of the population being at work in the fields below—perished there, beyond reach of aid from their people, who then built a new pueblo on the present site. In 1897 an eastern college professor laid siege to the *Mesa Encantada* with a mortar and several miles of assorted ropes, supplemented by pulleys, a boat-swain's chair, and a team of horses. By these aids the summit was reached, but the party reported that nothing was found to indicate that it had ever been visited before by man. A few weeks later, Doctor F. W. Hodge, of the Bureau of Ethnology, made the ascent with several companions, aided by a few short ladders, a guide rope, and experience in mountaineering. This party found a number of potsherds and fragments of implements and ornaments, all of ancient type, and vigorously championed the claim that the mesa was once inhabited.



THE MAIN STREET OF ACOMA

Afterward, another party, including Mr. Lummis, Doctor David Starr Jordan, and Professor T. H. Hittell, similarly ascended, and were similarly rewarded. The adherents of the legend assert that the gnawing tooth of centuries of summer storm and winter frost would inevitably denude the summit of every relic of that olden time save such as have been securely pocketed in crevices instead of washing away. The talus of the mesa abounds in ancient potsherds, and the rapid annual rise of rock detritus at the foot of the cliff not only lends corroboration, but shows how recently the mesa has ceased to be unscalable. Even so, it will be long before the casual tourist will aspire to its giddy crest.



PUEBLO OF ACOMA, NEW MEXICO
Showing the Mesa Encantada

CHAPTER III

ARIZONA

THE portion to be traversed is a land of prodigious mountain terraces, extensive plateaus, profound canyons, and flat, arid plains; dotted with gardens of fruits and flowers, patched with vast tracts of pine timber, and veined with precious stones and metals, alternating with desolate beds of lava, bald mountainous cones of black and red volcanic cinder, grass-carpeted parks, uncouth vegetable growths of the desert, and bleak rock spires, above all which white peaks gleam radiantly in almost perpetual sunlight. The long-time residents of this region are unable to shake off its charm, even when no longer compelled by any other consideration to remain. Its frequent wide stretches of rugged horizon exert a fascination no less powerful than that of arduous mountain fastnesses or the secret shadows of the dense forest. There is the same dignity of Nature, the same mystery, potent even upon those who can least define its thrall. Miners confess to it, and herdsmen.

To the traveller it will appear a novel environment



NAVAJO CAMP

for contemporaneous American life, this land of sage and mesquite, of frowning volcanic piles, shadowed canyons, lofty mesas, and painted buttes. It seems



fitter for some cyclopean race; for the pterodactyl and the behemoth. Its cliffs are flung in broad, sinuous lines that approach and recede from the way, their contour incessantly shifting in the similitude of caverns, corridors, pyramids, monuments, and a thousand other forms so full of structural idea they seem to be the unfinished work of some giant architect who

had planned more than he could execute.

The altitude is practically the same as that of the route through New Mexico, undulating between 5,000 and 7,000 feet above sea-level, until on the western border the high plateaus break rapidly down to an elevation of less than 500 feet at the valley of a broad and capricious stream that flows through alternate stretches of rich alluvial meadow and barren rock-spires—obelisks rising against the sky.

This stream is the Colorado River, wayward, strenuous, and possessed of creative imagination and terrific energies when the mood is on. It chiseled the Grand Canyon, far to the north and east, and now complacently saunters oceanward. Despite its quiet air, it once conceived the whim to make a Salton Sea far to the south, and the affair was a national sensation for many months. The great cantilever bridge that spans it here was made necessary by the restless spirit of the intractable stream. Years ago the crossing was by means of a

huge pile bridge several miles toward the north; but the river shifted its channel so frequently it was thought desirable to build a new bridge down here among the enduring obelisks, which are known as The Needles. It is a picturesque spot, full of colour, and the air has a pure transparency that lends depth and distance to the view, such as the bird knows in its flight. The Needles form the head of the gorgeously beautiful Mojave Canyon, hidden from view. The Colorado is an inveterate lover of a chaotic channel. It is its genius to create works of art on a scale to awe the spirit of cataclysm itself. It is a true Hellespont, issuing from cimmerian gloom to loiter among sunny fields, which it periodically waters with a fertilising flood; and while you follow its gentle sweep it breaks into sudden uproar and hews a further path of desolation and sublimity. One who does not know the canyons of the Colorado has never experienced the full exaltation of those impersonal emotions to which the arts are addressed. There only are audience halls fit for the tragedies of Æschylus, for Dante, and the Sagas.

The known history of Arizona begins with the same Mark of Nice whom we have already accredited as the discoverer of New Mexico, of which this Territory was



THE NAVAJO CHURCH, SO-CALLED—A
HUGE ROCK

long a part; and here, as well, he was followed by Coronado and the missionaries. This is the true home of the Apache, whose unsparing warfare repeatedly destroyed the work of early Spanish civilisation and won the land back for a time to heathenesse. Its complete acquisition by the United



INDIAN BABY
AND CRADLE

States dates from 1853, and in the early days of the Civil War it was again devastated. After its reoccupation by California troops in 1862, settlers began to penetrate its northern portion. Nearly twenty years later the first railroad spanned its boundaries, and then finally it became a tenable home for the Saxon, although the well-remembered outbreak of Geronimo occurred only ten years ago. To-day the war-thirsty Apaches are widely scattered among distant reservations, and with them has departed the last existing element of disturbance.

But Arizona will never lose its peculiar atmosphere of extreme antiquity, for in addition to those overwhelming chasms that have lain unchanged since the infancy of the world, it contains within its borders the ruins of once populous cities, maintained by an enormous irrigation system which our modern science has not yet outdone; whose history was not written upon any lasting scroll; whose people are classed among the undecipherable antiquities of our continent, their deeds unsung, their heroes unchronicled and unknown.

Yet, if you have a chord for the heroic, hardly shall you find another land so invigorating as this

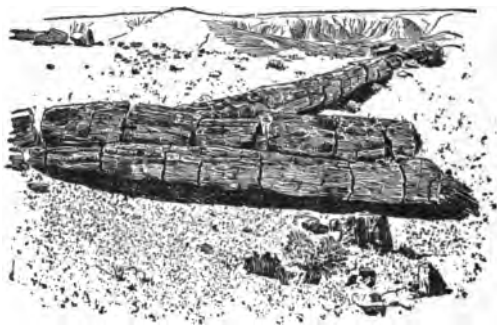
of Arizona. It stiffens the mental fiber like a whiff of the north wind. It stirs in the blood dim echoes of days when achievement lay in the might of the individual arm; when sword met target in exhilarating struggles for supremacy. The super-refinement of cities dissipates here. There is a tonic breeze that blows toward simple relations and a lusty selfhood.

PETRIFIED FORESTS

From the remotest epochs earth has striven against the encroaching slime of seas in a wasting struggle to free her face to air. Those who are learned may tell you where she is left most deeply scarred by the conflict, but in this region, where her triumph, if barren, is complete, and the last straggling columns of her routed foe are sourly retreating oceanward, at least her wounds are bare, and with them many a strange record which she thought to lock forever in her bosom.

Long ere Noah fell adrift with the heterogeneous company of the Ark, or Adam was, perhaps even before the ancestral ape first stood erect in the posture of men that were to be, forests were growing in Arizona, just as in some parts they grow to-day. And it befell in the course of time that they lay prostrate, and over them swept the waters of an inland sea. Eons passed, and sands like snowflakes buried them so deep the plesiosaurus never suspected their grave beneath him as he basked his monstrous length in the tropic waters and hungrily watched the pterodactyl lolling in the palm-shade on the rim. Then the sea vanished, the uncouth denizens of its deeps and shores became extinct, and craters belched forth volcanic spume to spread

a further mantle of oblivion over the past. Yet somewhere the chain of life remained unbroken, and as fast as there came dust for worm to burrow in, mould for seed to sprout in, and leaf for insect to



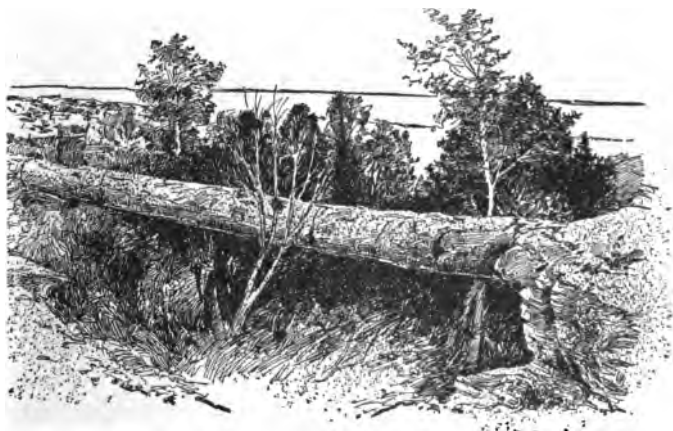
IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST

feed on, life crept back in multiplying forms, only to retreat again before the surge of elemental strife after a century or after a thousand years.

The precise sequence of events as here sketched must not be too critically scanned. The aim is to suggest an approximate notion, to those who possess no better, of some prodigious happenings which have a bearing on our immediate theme. If still one chance to lack a working idea, let him remember that the solid surface of earth is ceaselessly changing contour, that it actually billows like the ocean sea. It merely moves more slowly, for if the gradual upheavals and depressions of the earth's crust throughout millions of years were performed within the brief span of an hour, you would have the wildest conceivable spectacle of cold rock-strata become as fluctuant as water and leaping and falling in waves whose crests towered miles in air, and whose

lengths were measurable by half a continent. This region for hundreds of square miles was once sunk so low the ocean overflowed it; then upheaved so high the brine could find no footing. Again a partial depression made it a vast repository of rivers that drained the higher levels, which in time were expelled by a further upheaval. During the period of subsidence the incoming waters deposited sand and silt, which time hardened to rock. But in periods of upheaval the process was reversed, and the outgoing waters gnawed the mass and laboured constantly to bear it away.

So to return to our long-buried forest, some 10,000 feet of rock was deposited over it, and subsequently eroded clean away. And when these ancient logs



THE PETRIFIED TREE BRIDGE

were uncovered, and, like so many Van Winkles, they awoke—but from a sleep many thousand times longer—to the sight of a world that had forgotten them, lo! the sybaritic chemistry of nature had

transformed them every one into chalcedony, topaz, onyx, carnelian, agate and amethyst. Thousands of acres are thickly strewn with trunks and segments of trunks, and covered with chip-like fragments. There are several separated tracts, any one of which will seem to the astonished beholder an inexhaustible store of gems, measurable by no smaller phrase than millions of tons; a profusion of splinters, limbs and logs, every fragment of which as it lies would adorn the collector's cabinet, and, polished by the lapidary, might embellish a crown.

Some of these prostrate trees of stone are more than 100 feet in length and seven or eight feet in diameter, although they are most frequently broken into sections by transverse fracture. One of these huge trunks, its integrity still spared by time, spans a canyon fifty feet wide—a bridge of jasper and agate overhanging a tree-fringed pool—strange embodiment of a seer's rhapsody, squandered upon a desert far from the habitation of men.

While the largest of the petrified forests lies seventeen miles distant from Holbrook, the best known one is near Adamana, only seven miles away and reached in an hour and a half across arid mesas on a good road. Particulars of the journey and the cost are given in the appendix. This particular tract embraces about two thousand acres. It includes the natural log bridge and hundreds of smaller sections of petrified tree trunks in variegated colours. Several extinct volcanoes may be seen in the vicinity. About two miles from the station are the ruins of an old Aztec settlement, and curious Indian hieroglyphics carved on rock.

MOKIS

The Moki pueblos are seven in number: Oraibi, Shungopavi, Shipaulovi, Mishongnovi, Wolpi, Sichomovi, and Tewa (also called Hano). They are embraced in a locality less than thirty miles across, and are the citadels of a region which the discovering Spaniards in the sixteenth century named the Province of Tusayan. They are not to be confounded with the "Seven Cities of Cibola," whose imaginary treasures attracted the plundering conquerors, and whose site is now known to be Zúñi, in New Mexico. They are reached by a two-days' journey to the north from Canyon Diablo, Holbrook, or Winslow, and by a longer route from Gallup.

The peculiar attractions which they offer to students of primitive community and pagan ceremonies, as well as to the artist seeking strange subjects, or the casual traveller hoping to find a new sensation, are serving to draw an increasing number of visitors every year at the time of their religious festivities. This increasing interest has resulted in improving the means of access without in any degree modifying the conditions of the villages themselves or the Moki ceremonies. The latter half of the month of August is the time of the most spectacular fiestas, and at that season a wagon journey from the railway to the Province of Tusayan, with the consequent camp



A MOKI PRIEST

life on the road and at the pueblos, need be no hardship.

The roads and trails lie across the almost level Painted Desert, which, except in the Little Colorado Valley and around a few springs or wells, has scant



MOKI HAIRDRESSER

vegetation. The soil is sandy or rocky, and in August the weather is warm. The altitude, averaging 6,000 feet, insures cool nights, and the absence of humidity forbids that the daytime heat should be oppressive. Even if the pueblos as an objective did not exist, a voyage into that country of extinct volcanoes and strangely sculptured and tinted rock-masses would be well worth the making.

Aside from the powerful charm exerted by this region upon all visitors, there is an invigorating tonic quality in the pure air of Arizona that is better than medicine.

Like Acoma, the Moki villages are perched on the crests of lofty mesas, and at the first were well-nigh inaccessible to enemies, their only approach being by way of narrow, precipitous foot trails. In modern time less difficult paths have been constructed, such fortress homes being no longer needed for defense. But the conservative Mokis continue to live as lived their forebears, and cling to their high dwelling-place. The women toil up the trails with water from the spring below, and the men returning



Photographed by A. C. Vroman

MOKI HAIR DRESSING

from the fields climb a small mountain's height daily. They are industrious, thrifty, orderly, and mirthful, and are probably the best-entertained people in the world. Subsisting almost wholly by agriculture in an arid region of uncertain crops, they find abundant time between their labours for light-hearted dance and song, and for elaborate ceremonials, which are grotesque in the Kachina, or masked dances, ideally poetic in the Flute dance, and intensely dramatic in the Snake dance.

THE MOKI SNAKE DANCE

The Snake dance is a dramatised prayer for rain, in which the reptiles are gathered from the fields, intrusted with the people's prayers, and then given their liberty to bear these petitions to such divinities as can bring copious rains to parched farms. By transmission through unnumbered generations of priests it has become conventionalised so that possibly the actors themselves cannot explain its full significance.

The ceremony occurs late in August each year, and lasts for nine days. Only the eighth and ninth days' performances—the dances of the Antelopes and Snakes—are given publicly.

Hundreds of visitors visit the Mokis at that time to witness the most startling pagan rite of our day. The participants comprise only members of the Antelope and Snake clans. During the first week



MOKI SNAKE DANCE

snakes are laboriously gathered from the four points of the compass, taken to the underground chamber or *kiva*, and consecrated by Snake priests, who chant weird songs day and night and burn incense before strange altars. The eighth day is in the nature of a rehearsal, wherein stalks of corn take the place of snakes in the evening dance of the Antelopes. The ninth day opens at sunrise with a novel race from plain to mesa top, participated in by the fleetest runners of the village. It closes with the spectacular Snake dance, wherein live rattlesnakes are fearlessly handled.

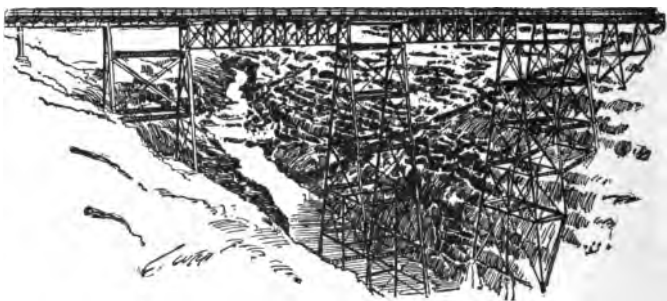
The grand entry of the Snake priests is dramatic to the last degree. With majestic strides they hasten into the plaza. The costume of the priests of the sister society of Antelopes is gay in comparison with that of the Snake priests. Their bodies, rubbed with red paint, their chins blackened and outlined with a white stripe, their dark red kilts and moccasins, their barbaric ornaments, give the Snake priests a most somber and diabolical appearance. Around the plaza they go, striking the *sipapu* plank with the foot and fiercely leaping upon it with wild gestures. Four times the circuit is made; then a line is formed facing the line of the Antelopes, who cease shaking their rattles which simulate the warning note of the rattlesnakes. A moment's pause and the rattles begin again, and a deep humming chant accompanies them. The priests sway from side to side, sweeping their eagle-feather snake-whips toward the ground; the song grows louder and the lines sway backward and forward toward each other like two long, undulating serpents. The bearer of the medicine walks back and forth between the lines and sprinkles the charm liquid to the compass points.

All at once the Snake line breaks up into groups of three, composed of the "carrier" and two attendants. The song becomes more animated, and the groups dance, or rather hop, around in a circle in front of the *kisi*, one attendant (the "hugger") placing his arm over the shoulder of the "carrier" and the other (the "gatherer") walking behind. In all this stir and excitement it has been rather difficult to see why the "carrier" dropped on his knees in front of the *kisi*; a moment later he is seen to rise with a squirming snake, which he places midway in his mouth, and the trio dance around the circle, followed by other trios bearing hideous snakes. The "hugger" waves his feather wand before the snake to attract its attention, but the reptile inquiringly thrusts its head against the "carrier's" breast and cheeks and twists its body into knots and coils. On come the demoniacal groups, to music now deep and resonant and now rising to a frenzied pitch, accompanied by the unceasing sibilant rattles of the Antelope chorus. Four times around, and the "carrier" opens his mouth and drops the snake to the ground and the "gatherer" dexterously picks it up, adding in the same manner from time to time other snakes, till he may have quite a bundle. When all the snakes have been duly danced around the ring, and the nerve tension is at its highest pitch, there is a pause; the old priest advances to an open place and sprinkles sacred meal on the ground, outlining a ring with the six compass points, while the Snake priests gather around. At a given signal the snakes are thrown on the meal drawing and a wild scramble for them ensues. Only an instant, and the priests start up, each with one or more snakes; away they dart for the trail, to carry the

rain-bringing messengers to their native hiding places. They dash down the mesa and reappear far out on the trails below, running like the wind with their grewsome burdens. The Antelope priests next march gravely around the plaza four times, thumping the sunken plank, and file out to their *kiva*. The ceremony is done.

CANYON DIABLO

This is a profound gash in the plateau, some 225 feet deep, 550 feet wide, and many miles long.



CANYON DIABLO

It has the appearance of a volcanic rent in the earth's crust, wedge-shaped, and terraced in bare dun rock down to the thread of a stream that trickles through the notch. It is one of those inconsequent things which Arizona is fond of displaying. For many miles you are bowled over a perfectly level plain, and without any preparation whatever, save only to slacken its pace, the train crosses the chasm by a spider-web bridge and then speeds again over the self-same placid expanse. In the darkness of night one might unsuspectingly step off into its void, it is so entirely unlooked-for. Yet remarkable as is the

Canyon Diablo, in comparison with those grand gorges hereafter to be mentioned it is worth little better than an idle glance through the car window in passing.

Several miles southeast of Canyon Diablo is a remarkable place called Meteorite Mountain, where it is supposed that a colossal sky-wanderer once fell. The crater-like cavity marking its crash into the earth is a mile wide. Large fragments of meteoric stone have been found near by.

FLAGSTAFF

Although the construction of the railway from Williams to the verge of the Grand Canyon of Arizona has removed from Flagstaff the distinction of being the gateway to that famous wonder, Flagstaff is itself pictorial in character and rich in interest. From it one finds access to most remarkable ancient ruins and to one of the most practicable and delightful of our great mountains.

CLIFF AND CAVE DWELLINGS

This region abounds in ruins of the dwellings of a prehistoric people. The most important lie within a radius of eight miles from Flagstaff. On the southeast, Walnut Canyon breaks the plateau for a distance of several miles, its walls deeply eroded in horizontal lines. In these recesses, floored and roofed by the more enduring strata, the cliff dwellings are found in great numbers, walled up on the front and sides with rock fragments and cement, and partitioned into compartments. Some have fallen into decay, only portions of their walls remaining, and but a narrow shelf of the once broad floor of solid rock left to evidence their extreme antiquity.

Others are almost wholly intact, having stubbornly resisted the weathering of time. Nothing but fragments of pottery now remain of the many quaint implements and trinkets that characterised these dwellings at the time of their discovery and



MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE

have since been exhumed by scientist and collector. At least, nothing of value is supposed to remain about those that are commonly visited. Many others, more difficult to explore, may yet yield a store of archaeological treasure.

The extraordinarily pure atmosphere of this elevated region and the predominance of clear weather gave Flagstaff the Lowell Observatory. It is charmingly situated in the heart of the pines, upon a hill in the outskirts of the town. Visitors are made welcome.

Their builders hold no smallest niche in recorded history. Their aspirations, their struggles and their fate are all unwritten, save on these crumbling stones, which are their sole monument and meager epitaph. Here once they dwelt. They left no other print on time.

At an equal distance to the north of Flagstaff, among the cinder-buried cones, is one whose summit commands a wide-sweeping view of the plain. Upon its apex, in the innumerable spout-holes that were the outlet of ancient eruptions, are the cave dwellings, around many of which rude stone walls

still stand. The story of these habitations is likewise wholly conjectural. They may have been contemporary with the cliff-dwellings. That they were long inhabited is clearly apparent. Fragments of shattered pottery lie on every hand.

CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN ARIZONA

From Ash Fork, west of Flagstaff, the Santa Fe extends southward through Prescott to Phoenix. In a distance of less than two hundred miles the traveller is afforded glimpses of nearly every variety of scenery typical of the territory.

Going south, one naturally expects warmer weather. Nevertheless, it comes as a surprise to note how abrupt is the transition from bleak winter to budding spring, or from spring to full midsummer, by merely taking the half-day journey from Ash Fork to Phoenix. There is not only an advance into sunland, but a drop toward sea-level of 4,500 feet. In one stretch of fourteen miles the descent is nearly two thousand feet.

The developed agricultural and horticultural areas are in the neighbourhood of Phoenix. The climate is especially friendly to invalids, even during the hot summer months, but as in the case of other southwestern health and pleasure resorts, winter brings the influx of visitors. The beneficent effect of this climate upon the sick, or upon those who merely seek an enjoyable retreat



THE LOWELL OBSERVATORY AT FLAGSTAFF

from the harsh winter of the North and East, is not easily exaggerated.

Its prompt prosperity induced the erection of modern hotels, with the result that Phoenix is fully supplied with proper accommodations for the increasing travel.

In addition to a full complement of hotels, sanitariums and hospitals, a fea-

ture is made of "tenting out" in the open desert all winter, to get full benefit of sun, air, and country quiet. But Phoenix is not wholly a refuge for the sick. It is a busy city of 12,000 inhabitants, mainly composed of strenuous Americans, where merchants thrive and wealth accumulates. For the fashionable visitors and the "idle born" there are provided golf grounds, palm-shaded drives, clubs, theatres, the ease of well-kept inns, and a delightful social life. Many wealthy Easterners stay in Phoenix at least a part of each winter.



A CACTUS

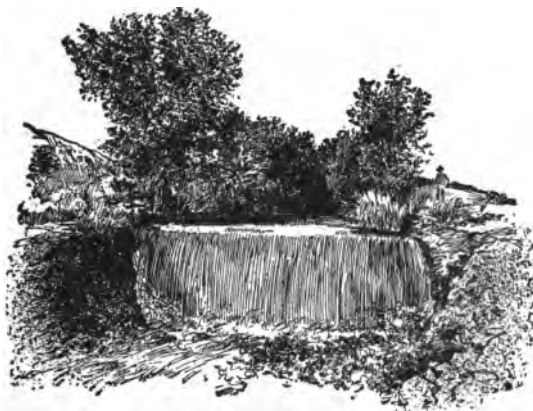


IN SALT RIVER VALLEY

Strangers will be interested in the Pima and Maricopa Indians, who live near the city and who are daily seen on its streets disposing of baskets, beadwork, pottery, and mesquite. They and their *burros* add to the gaiety of nations. To observe the wholly up-to-date Indian, albeit youthful, it

is only necessary to wheel out through the suburbs to the second largest Indian Industrial School in the United States.

In this Salt River Valley the construction of great irrigation systems has developed large cultivated areas and has insured prosperity to a great number of settlers from northern and eastern communities. The earth here lies full-faced to the



AN IRRIGATING CANAL

sun, as level as a calm sea, widening to twenty miles, and extending east and west nearly a hundred. The sandy soil produces abundantly. On a few acres one may make a fair living. The result of this happy combination of salubrious climate, fertile soil, commercial activity and congenial society is to make Phoenix a peculiarly favoured place for the traveller's attention.

The greatest mineral development is in the vicinity of Prescott. Here, among other famous deposits, are the United Verde copper mines and the Congress and Rich Hill gold mines; the last named situated

upon an isolated summit where, in early days, gold was literally whittled from the rock with knives and chisels.

GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

The Grand Canyon of Arizona is now reached by train from Williams, Arizona, the journey of sixty-five



PHOENIX

miles being made in about three hours, bringing one actually to the top of the Bright Angel Trail, where a new hotel is being built and will be ready by 1904.

The Colorado is one of the great rivers of North America. Formed in southern Utah by the confluence of the Green and Grand, it intersects the northwestern corner of Arizona, and, becoming the eastern boundary of Nevada and California, flows southward until it reaches tidewater in the Gulf of California, Mexico. It drains a territory of 300,000 square miles, and, traced back to the rise of its principal source, is 2,000 miles long. At two points, Needles and Yuma on the California boundary, it is crossed by a railroad. Elsewhere its course lies far from Caucasian settlements and far from the routes of common travel, in the heart of a vast region fenced on the one hand by arid plains or deep forests and on the other by formidable mountains.

The early Spanish explorers first reported it to the civilised world in 1540, two separate expeditions

becoming acquainted with the river for a comparatively short distance above its mouth, and another, journeying from the Moki pueblos northwestward across the desert, obtaining the first view of the Big Canyon, failing in every effort to descend the canyon wall, and spying the river only from afar.

Again, in 1776, a Spanish priest, travelling southward through Utah, struck off from the Virgin River to the southeast and found a practicable crossing at a point that still bears the name, "Vado de los Padres."

For more than eighty years thereafter the Big Canyon remained unvisited except by the Indians, the Mormon herdsman and the trapper, although the Sitgreaves expedition of 1851, journeying westward, struck the river about 150 miles above Yuma, and Lieutenant Whipple in 1854 made a survey for a practicable railroad route along the thirty-fifth parallel.

The establishment of military posts in New Mexico and Utah having made desirable the use of a waterway for the cheap transportation of supplies, in 1857 the War Department despatched an expedition in charge

of Lieutenant Ives to explore the Colorado as far from its mouth as navigation should be found practicable. Ives ascended the river in a specially constructed steamboat to the head of Black Canyon, a few miles below the confluence of the Virgin River in Nevada, where further navigation



PRICKLY PEAR

became impossible; then, returning to the Needles, he set off across the country toward the northeast. He reached the Big Canyon at Diamond Creek and at Cataract Creek in the spring of 1858, and from the latter point made a wide southward detour



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GRAND CANYON

around the San Francisco Peaks, thence northeastward to the Moki pueblos, thence eastward to Fort Defiance, and so back to civilisation.

That is the history of the explorations of the Colorado up to forty years ago. Its exact course was unknown for many hundred miles, even its origin being a matter of conjecture. It was difficult to approach within a distance of two or three miles from the channel, while descent to the river's edge could be hazarded only at wide intervals, inasmuch

as it lay in an appalling fissure at the foot of seemingly impassable cliff terraces that led down from the bordering plateau; and to attempt its navigation was to court death. It was known in a general way that the entire channel between Nevada and Utah was of the same Titanic character, reaching its culmination nearly midway in its course through Arizona.

In 1869 Major J. W. Powell undertook the exploration of the river with nine men and four boats, starting from Green River City, on the Green River, in Utah. The project met with the most urgent

remonstrance from those who were best acquainted with the region, including the Indians, who maintained



LEAVING BRIGHT ANGEL HOTEL

that boats could not possibly live in any one of a score of rapids and falls known to them, to say nothing of the vast unknown stretches in which at any moment a Niagara might be disclosed. It was also currently believed that for hundreds of miles the river disappeared wholly beneath the surface of the earth. Powell launched his flotilla on May 24th, and on August 30th landed at the mouth of the Virgin River, more than one thousand miles by the river channel from the place of starting, minus two boats and four men. One of the men had left the expedition by way of an Indian reservation agency before reaching Arizona, and three, after holding

out against unprecedented terrors for many weeks, had finally become daunted, choosing to encounter the perils of an unknown desert rather than to brave any longer the frightful menaces of that Stygian torrent. These three, unfortunately making their appearance on the plateau at a time when a recent depredation was colourably chargeable upon them, were killed by Indians, their story of having come thus far down the river in boats being wholly discredited by their captors.

Powell's journal of the trip is a fascinating tale, written in a compact and modest style, which, in spite of its reticence, tells an epic story of purest heroism. It definitely established the scene of his exploration as the most wonderful geological and spectacular phenomenon known to mankind, and justified the name which had been bestowed upon it—THE GRAND CANYON.

Stolid, indeed, is he who can front the awful scene and view its unearthly splendour of colour and form without quaking knee or tremulous breath. An inferno, swathed in soft celestial fires; a whole chaotic underworld, just emptied of primeval floods and waiting for a new creative word; eluding all sense of perspective or dimension, outstretching the faculty of measurement, overlapping the confines of definite apprehension; a boding, terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream. The beholder is at first unimpressed by any detail; he is overwhelmed by the *ensemble* of a stupendous panorama, a thousand square miles in extent, that lies wholly beneath the eye, as if he stood upon a mountain peak instead of the level brink of a fearful chasm in the plateau whose opposite shore is thirteen miles away. A labyrinth of huge archi-

tectural forms, endlessly varied in design, fretted with ornamental devices, festooned with lace-like webs formed of talus from the upper cliffs and



A PARTY ON BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL

painted with every colour known to the palette in pure transparent tones of marvellous delicacy.

A canyon, truly, but not after the accepted type. An intricate system of canyons, rather, each subordinate to the river channel in the midst, which in its turn is subordinate to the whole effect. That river channel, the profoundest depth, and actually more than 6,000 feet below the point of view, is in

seeming a rather insignificant trench, attracting the eye more by reason of its somber tone and mysterious suggestion than by any appreciable characteristic of a chasm. It is perhaps five miles distant in a straight line, and its uppermost rims are nearly 4,000 feet beneath the observer, whose measuring capacity is entirely inadequate to the demand made by such magnitudes. One cannot believe the distance to be more than a mile as the crow flies, before descending the wall or attempting some other form of actual measurement.

Mere brain knowledge counts for little against the illusion under which the organ of vision is here doomed to labour. Yonder cliff, darkening from white to gray, yellow, and brown, as your glance descends, is taller than the Washington Monument. The Auditorium in Chicago would not cover one-half its perpendicular span. Yet it does not greatly impress you. You idly toss a pebble toward it, and are surprised to note how far the missile falls short. By and by you will learn that it is a good half-mile distant, and when you go down the trail you will gain an abiding sense of its real proportions. Yet, relatively, it is an unimportant detail of the scene. Were Vulcan to cast it bodily into the chasm directly beneath your feet, it would pass for a boulder, if, indeed, it were discoverable to the unaided eye.

Yet the immediate chasm itself is only the first step of a long terrace that leads down to the innermost gorge and the river. Roll a heavy stone to the rim and let it go. It falls sheer the height of a church or an Eiffel Tower, according to the point selected for such pastime, and explodes like a bomb on a projecting ledge. If, happily, any considerable

fragments remain, they bound onward like elastic balls, leaping in wild parabola from point to point, snapping trees like straws, bursting, crashing, thundering down the declivities until they make a last plunge over the brink of a void; and then there comes languidly up the cliffsides a faint, distant roar, and your boulder that had withstood the buffet of centuries lies scattered as wide as Wycliffe's ashes, although the final fragment has lodged only a little way, so to speak, below the rim.

Only by descending into the canyon may one arrive at anything like comprehension of its proportions, and the descent



TRAVELLING ALONG GRAND
CANYON RIM

can not be too urgently commended to every visitor who is sufficiently robust to bear a reasonable amount of fatigue. There are four paths down the southern wall of the canyon in the granite gorge district—Mystic Spring, Bright Angel, Berry's, and Hance's trails. The following account of a descent of the old Hance trail will serve to indicate the nature of such an experience to-day except that the trip may now be safely made with greater comfort.

For the first two miles it is a sort of Jacob's ladder, zigzagging at an unrelenting pitch. At the end of two miles a comparatively gentle slope is reached, known as the blue limestone level, some 2,500 feet below the rim—that is to say (for such figures have to be impressed objectively upon the mind), five

times the height of St. Peter's, the Pyramid of Cheops, or the Strasburg Cathedral; eight times the height of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty; eleven times the height of Bunker Hill Monument. Looking back, from this level, the huge picturesque towers that border the rim shrink to pygmies and seem to crown a perpendicular wall, unattainably far in the sky. Yet less than one-half the descent has been made.

Overshadowed by sandstone of chocolate hue, the way grows gloomy and foreboding, and the gorge narrows. The traveller stops a moment beneath a slanting cliff 500 feet high, where there is an Indian grave, and pottery scattered about. A gigantic niche has been worn in the face of this cavernous cliff, which, in recognition of its fancied Egyptian character, was named the Temple of Sett, by the painter, Thomas Moran.

A little beyond this temple it becomes necessary to abandon the animals. The river is still a mile and a half distant. The way narrows now to a mere notch, where two wagons could barely pass, and the granite begins to tower gloomily overhead, for we have dropped below the sandstone and have entered the archean—a frowning black rock, streaked, veined, and swirled with vivid red and white, smoothed and polished by the rivulet, and beautiful as a mosaic. Obstacles are encountered in the form of steep, interposing crags, past which the brook has found a way, but over which the pedestrian must clamber. After these lesser difficulties come sheer descents, which at present are passed by the aid of ropes.

The last considerable drop is a forty-foot bit by the side of a pretty cascade, where there are just

enough irregularities in the wall to give toe-hold. The narrowed cleft becomes exceedingly wayward in its course, turning abruptly to right and left, and working down into twilight depth. It is very still. At every turn one looks to see the *embouchure* upon



RESTING ON BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL

the river, anticipating the sudden shock of the unintercepted roar of waters. When at last this is reached, over a final downward clamber, the traveller stands upon a sandy rift, confronted by nearly vertical walls many hundred feet high, at whose base a black torrent pitches in a giddy onwarping slide that gives him momentarily the sensation of slipping into an abyss.

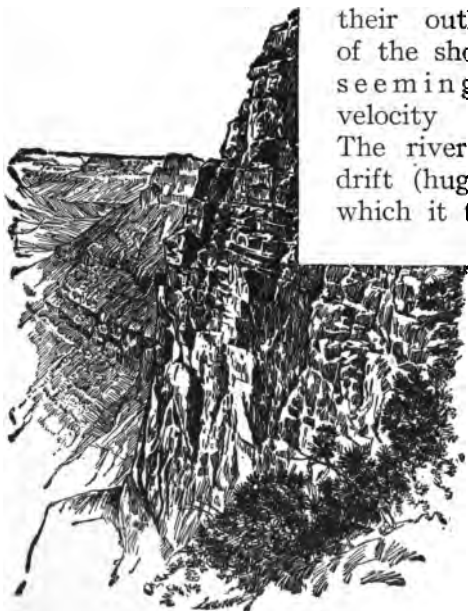
With so little labour may one come to the Colorado River in the heart of its most tremendous channel, and gaze upon a sight that heretofore has had fewer witnesses than have the wilds of Africa. Dwarfed by such prodigious mountain shores, which rise immediately from the water at an angle that would deny footing to a mountain sheep, it is not easy to estimate confidently the width and volume of the river. Choked by the stubborn granite at this point, its width is probably between 250 and 300

feet, its velocity fifteen miles an hour, and its volume and turmoil equal to the Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara. Its rise in time of heavy rain is rapid and appalling, for the walls shed almost instantly all the water that falls upon them. Drift is lodged in the crevices thirty feet overhead.

For only a few hundred yards is the tortuous stream visible, but its effect upon the senses is perhaps the greater for that reason. Issuing as from a mountainside, it slides with oily smoothness for a space and suddenly breaks into violent waves that comb back against the current and shoot unexpectedly here and there, while the volume sways tide-like from side to side, and long, curling

breakers form and hold their outline lengthwise of the shore, despite the seemingly irresistible velocity of the water. The river is laden with drift (huge tree trunks), which it tosses like chips in its terrible play.

Standing upon the shore one can barely credit Powell's achievement, in spite of its absolute authenticity. Never was a more magnificent self-



A GRAND CANYON CLIFF

reliance displayed than by the man who not only undertook the passage of Colorado River but won his way. And after viewing a fraction of the scene at close range, one cannot hold it to the discredit of three of his companions that they abandoned the undertaking not far below this point. The fact that those who persisted got through alive is hardly more astonishing than that any should have had the hardihood to persist.

Returning to the spot where the animals were abandoned, camp is made for the night. The next morning the way is retraced.

PART II
Southern and Central California

CHAPTER IV

IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—THE DESERT

SOUTHERN California is by no means one continuous garden of fruits and flowers. Extending diagonally across the land from northwest to southeast lies the San Bernardino Mountain range, which is the first indication of California that the traveller comes upon in his journey to the Pacific, and in proportion as its coast-wise slope is an earthly paradise, the land which it hems in from the sea is a vast and dreary desert. In vain the moisture-laden clouds of the Pacific attempt to glide over the snowy summits of San Antonio and San Bernardino; or, if perchance they do reach the enchanted realm of the desert, they are generally dissipated into imperceptible vapour by the heat of the sun.

The desert is a region of arid plains and barren mountains. The soil is of sand encrusted with alkali, and the mountains are bold, rocky, and inhospitable, frequently in the shape of abrupt, sharply pointed cones, with miles of disintegrated rock, known as talus, sloping away from their bases.

The desert is by no means wholly destitute of life, inhospitable though it be. The greasewood, a bush with minute leaves of a dull olive-green colour, grows in considerable abundance, and a number of

pallid grayish or greenish shrubs spring mysteriously out of the sand and rock. By far the most characteristic plants of the desert are the yuccas and cacti, which seem to be imbued with the spirit of the place, being invariably armed with spines, thorns, or tiny barbs which make them wicked neighbours. The most conspicuous form of plant life on the Mojave



MOJAVE DESERT

Desert is a yucca known as the Joshua tree, a weird, fantastic form growing to a height of about twenty feet, with long stiff bristling green daggers all over its trunk and limbs in lieu of leaves, and with its branches bent and twisted into strange shapes. In patches on the desert this plant grows in sufficient profusion to form one of those paradoxes in which the region abounds—a desert forest, and a dreary, unearthly forest it is; but as a rule, the yuccas dot the landscape here and there, interspersed with thorny shrubs, sandy wastes, cacti, and piles of rock. There are countless species of cacti found here, which to the casual observer have but one constant feature—their spines as sharp and as rigid as needles, which are a perpetual menace to the unwary.

Many species of birds choose this waterless region for a home, among the most striking of which are the far-famed road-runner, the cactus wren, the mountain mocking-bird, and several thrashers. There are mammals, too, that have learned to live without water—the little spermophile, or chipmunk, with the white under side of his tail, which shows



Photograph by Conaway

GIANT YUCCA OF THE MOJAVE DESERT

so conspicuously as he scurries away to his burrow; and the pallid desert rat, fawn-coloured above and snowy white beneath, with large eyes, long hind legs, and conspicuous cheek-pouches. Nearly all the habitual residents of the desert have been bleached to a very pale hue by the action of the intense sunlight and aridity.

Corresponding with the yuccas and cacti in plant life are the snakes and lizards among the animals—abundant in numbers and variety, strange and uncanny in form and colour. They are peculiarly fitting dwellers in this strange land.

The mining prospector is a product of this sterile land. His whole horizon is bounded by mineral. The golden sands are ever just beyond his grasp, and after a life of toil, privation, and disappointment he is still sanguine, and contented with his lot, which is just on the verge of realising the fondest dreams of his fancy. Doubtless he was rocking the sands of the Sacramento in the days of '49, and digging for silver in some dark tunnel in Colorado twenty years later. Many a time during the fifty years of his toil he has had a vein of gold which was to make



BORAX WAGON

his fortune, until, alas! it tapered off into the thickness of a sheet of paper a few feet below; but now, unshaken by past lessons, he is more sanguine than ever. He has a claim which is certain to prove a bonanza. The ore has not yet been assayed, but he will tell you of it with as firm conviction as if the

gold were already stored away in the capacious pockets of his coat, instead of in those mysterious pockets of Mother Nature, which are so jealously hidden away.

Nor do the resources of the desert end with its minerals. Unaccountable as it seems, this barren,



YUCCA

sandy soil only needs water to make it bear abundant crops. By the proper direction and application of the waters of the Mojave River certain portions of the region can be converted into a garden of

wonderful fertility. Nature has demonstrated this by the grove of beautiful cottonwood and willows which line its shores, and which in summer form an oasis of refreshing shade upon leaving the heat of the sandy wastes. This river is not like the steady

reliable streams of more favoured lands. Rising in the San Bernardino Mountains, it flows off over the desert for some distance, a goodly stream of cold mountain water, and presently disappears wholly from view. After flowing for some distance as an invisible "sink," it emerges again as a rather broad but shallow stream. Finally it is once more dissipated in the desert sand and gives up the unequal contest for supremacy, vanishing forever, partly drunken up by the thirsty sand and partly evaporated into the arid sky.

The men of the desert are bronzed, hardy, and

rough, sickness being almost unknown among them even during the hottest summer weather. The extreme aridity, together with the tonic effects of a moderate altitude, makes the climate most wholesome and invigorating. Nor is there quite the monotony of weather which one might be led to assume. During the winter months the nights are cold and frosty, and there is an occasional flurry of snow, although the days are usually mild and even hot at noontime. The few spring showers coax a great profusion of wild flowers into being out of the warm sand, and for a few weeks the desert blooms like a garden. The strong winds of March and April at other times sweep over the country with clouds of sand, and during the summer months cloudbursts often occur, sending great torrents of water down dry ravines, making deep cuts and deluging everything within their track.



THE SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY

Mountains are a dominant feature in nearly every California landscape. They command all approaches to the State, and he who would gain this garden of the Hesperides must first cross the desert and then scale the heights. The passenger on the Santa Fe road, as on other transcontinental lines to southern California, gets his first impression of this State on the desert. But he approaches the blue line of the San Bernardino Mountains, and is told that once across them he will be in the land of flowers and orange groves. At Victorville the ascent begins. The engine labours and the train moves more slowly over the desert. Hesperia, with its great groves of yuccas, is passed, and still the desert is about us. The grade becomes steeper as we penetrate into the heart of the mountains which tower many thousand feet above us. The vegetation gradually changes, but still preserves the characteristics of the desert. Another species of yucca is noted, locally known as the Spanish bayonet—a bunch of stiff, spear-like leaves springing from the rocky soil, and one stalk bearing the blossom, but often withered, growing out of the midst of the clump to the height of several feet. The long level sweeps of the desert give place to intricate rolling hills, over which the railroad establishes a uniform grade by means of numerous cuts.

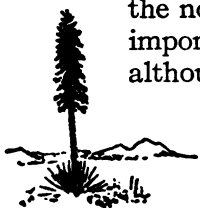
We pass Summit through a cut in the mountains

and commence descending through the Cajon Pass. A few stunted pine trees cling to the mountainsides, but in general the soil is still sandy and scantily clothed with vegetation.

The town of San Bernardino is the distributing and outfitting point for a large mining district to the north and east. It has a commercial importance as a railroad centre, and although oranges are not successfully grown in its immediate vicinity, it is surrounded by one of the finest citrus belts in the State.

On a level bench upon the side of the mountains, just below the striking landmark which has given the place its name, are the Arrowhead Springs—a group of hot sulphur springs which flow from the rocks, sending forth a perpetual cloud of steam. It is not difficult to understand the association with such phenomena as this, in the minds of primitive men, of spirits of the nether world, demons, and oracles. We are here brought face to face with those mysterious forces which have had so large a share in the fashioning of this world in which we live.

Another road climbs to the crest of the mountains where the Squirrel Inn is located. A few years ago Mr. Adolph Wood, the Manager of the Arrowhead Reservoir Company, read Frank Stockton's story, "The Squirrel Inn," and was so impressed by its



COURT HOUSE
SAN BERNARDINO

novel suggestiveness that he determined to carry out some of its ideas.

REDLANDS

Nine miles southeast of San Bernardino lies the town of Redlands in the midst of one of the great



citrus belts of southern California. The growth of this district has been phenomenal. A few years ago the small village of Lugonia, adjacent to the present site of Redlands, gave scarcely a hint of the resources of the country so soon to be realized. At that time a number of Chicago men organised a company for

the purpose of forming a settlement in California, and the district about Lugonia was chosen for their prospective town. Others were soon attracted to the spot, and a village, almost a city, was built in an incredibly short space of time. In the business portion of the town the houses are of red brick, the sidewalks of cement, and the streets paved with vitrified brick. Upon leaving this section we come to streets and avenues where palms, acacias, and pepper trees line the way for miles, while about the comfortable homes of the inhabitants are



BEAR VALLEY DAM

groves of orange trees loaded with their golden fruit. Everywhere are signs of prosperity and contentment. The rolling hills for miles about are covered with orange groves, mostly in small



holdings of from five to twenty acres, and all showing a state of care and cultivation which speaks well for the thrift of the people.

Redlands people claim that the finest oranges in California—or in the world—are raised there, and the prices paid for the product in the East seem to justify their assertions. The shipments amount to about 2,000 cars a year.

Despite the newness of the town, we are here in the midst of associations with a varied and romantic past. Just outside of Redlands, on what is known as the Barton Villa tract, stand the crumbling adobe ruins of the first building in the valley. At some

time during the early part of the century the peaceful Indians dwelling in the San Bernardino Valley applied to the Franciscan Fathers at the Mission San Gabriel, requesting that stock-raising be introduced



ARROWHEAD MOUNTAIN

in their country. In the year 1822 their request was granted, and upon the site of the present ruins, the adobe walls, so characteristic of the Spanish settlement, were reared. Tiles

were baked for a flooring, and the roof was of thatched tules. Although the outlying post of the Mission San Gabriel and under the direct supervision of the mission fathers, it was not, properly speaking, a mission, and little seems to be known of the details of its history. Stock-raising was the only pursuit considered profitable then and for a long time to come, although small orchards and vineyards were planted to supply the local needs. In 1832, the Indians, becoming dissatisfied with their restraint, rebelled, and destroyed the hacienda, but it was promptly rebuilt. Shortly after this, however, the



SQUIRREL INN

padres were deprived of their authority by the decree of secularisation, and the entire district was divided into extensive cattle ranches, controlled by Mexicans.

This state of affairs continued without interruption, save for occasional Indian difficulties, for nearly twenty years, when a new element was added to the life of the valley.

Brigham Young wished to have a colony at some point near the Pacific Coast from which European emigrants en route for Salt Lake City might start on



THE CASA LOMA, REDLANDS

their overland journey, and after some negotiations with the holders of Mexican grants in the San Bernardino Valley, a large tract was purchased on credit. Accordingly, in the spring of 1851, a party of Mormons camped in the Cajon Pass and looked down upon the valley which was to be their future home. There were some fifty wagons drawn by oxen in this first train, followed shortly afterward by other parties, swelling the number in all to about eight hundred people. Soon after their arrival, rumours of an Indian uprising were rife in the valley. The new settlers left the highlands, where they were encamped, for the more open part of the plain, and here constructed a wooden stockade, within which

they made their camp. The Mexican settlers also repaired to the fort or its vicinity for shelter, and their cattle were herded near by. Truly this was a strange mingling of families seeking shelter from a



SMILEY DRIVE

common foe—the ardent Catholic and the zealous disciples of Joseph Smith!

The Indian uprising did not prove as serious as was anticipated, and in the course of time

the Mormons were located upon homesites about the valley. With characteristic energy they commenced their labours. A road was built to the top of the mountains, where a saw-mill was erected and the work of cutting lumber for their homes commenced. Irrigating ditches were dug, fruit trees were planted, and large tracts were sown with grain. The country became prosperous, and strangers were gradually



CANYON CREST DRIVE

being attracted to the valley and settling there. The Mormons did not assimilate with their Gentile neighbours, and friction between the two elements had become so great by 1857 that serious difficulty

was apprehended, when an unexpected event largely put an end to the trouble.

President Buchanan, desiring to take the control of affairs in Utah out of the hands of Brigham Young, appointed a Governor for the Territory, whereupon the great Mormon leader prepared to resort to arms in support of what he conceived to be his right. He called upon all the faithful to assemble in defense of their cause, and a large majority of the Mormons in the San Bernardino Valley, who were just begin-



REDLANDS LIBRARY

ning to realise their hopes of a happy home in this fruitful region, sold out their property at a sacrifice and started on the long journey over the desert to fight at the command of their leader in an unworthy cause. Some refused to go, and the remnants of the band still live about Redlands and San Bernardino.

After the departure of the Mormons, the country was largely given over to the lawlessness of a town on the confines of civilisation. There were Indian incursions and local brawls for many years, but peace and prosperity at last prevailed. It is only of late that the great possibilities of the country in the raising of citrus fruits have been realised.

Many people of wealth have chosen Redlands as a home for at least a part of the year, and it is a pleasure to note that some among them are sufficiently interested in the place to spend their money freely in public adornment and improvement. Among these the most conspicuous were the brothers,



A. H. and the late A. K. Smiley, who have laid out an extensive and beautiful park about their residences and thrown it open to the public.

The drive through these grounds follows the backbone of a ridge separating the San Bernardino Valley, or the upper Santa Ana, as it is sometimes called, from the San Timotheo Canyon, a long, narrow gorge which is in the main as nature fashioned it. The outlook along this narrow ridge is imposing and beautiful, with the bare canyon on one side and on the other the low rolling hills of Redlands covered with orange trees and leading off by imperceptible degrees across the blue reaches of the valley to the lofty snow-capped mountains beyond.

A large, substantial building has also been erected by these same public-spirited men as a gift to the town for its public library. It is centrally located and surrounded by a park. Another feature of Redlands which cannot be too highly commended is the placing of its grammar and high school buildings upon large plots of land laid out in extensive playgrounds and tastefully arranged parks.

It is a ride of but a few miles from Redlands to Highland, the road traversing the valley, with the mountain range rising abruptly not far away. Between Mentone and East Highlands the land is

uncultivated, and the contrast is most striking after viewing the miles of orange trees.

THE KITE-SHAPED TRACK

This portion of the railroad forms the upper loop of the famous Kite-shaped Track, which extends in the form of a modern race-track through the very heart of southern California. The excursion over this track from Los Angeles to San Bernardino, around the loop through Redlands and Highland and recrossing at San Bernardino to the larger loop which returns to Los Angeles by way of Orange, can be made in a day, if desired, but two days spent on the journey is little enough, affording the traveller an opportunity to see a large section of country; and nowhere does the train pass the same place twice. The entire distance covered is 166 miles. The Santa Ana Canyon between Riverside and Orange is a lovely valley, with the willow-fringed stream hemmed in by gracefully rising mountain ranges, and in charming contrast to the great areas of orange groves and the intervening patches of unreclaimed *mesa* land.



THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY

From San Bernardino to Los Angeles the railroad traverses a succession of valleys which in effect constitute one great basin, with the San Bernardino and Sierra Madre Mountains hemming it in to the



ONTARIO

eastward, and an irregular range of hills and mountains on the westward, now expanding and again contracting the expanse of the level

and fertile plain. The boundaries of the various sections of this great valley are not very sharply defined, but in general the eastern division is termed the San Bernardino Valley, the western section the San Gabriel Valley, while the inhabitants of Pomona, between these two, are proud to name all the land in sight after their town.

PASADENA

From Raymond Hill at Pasadena—a suburb of Los Angeles, it might almost be called—is one of the most beautiful views in California. Here is located the new Hotel Raymond, one of the largest of western hostleries.

Pasadena, the crown of the valley! A town on the broad slopes that sweep up to the rugged sides of the Sierra Madres, commanding, from its many points of vantage, a vast panorama of valley covered with green fields of grain, with the dark, dense rows of orange trees and the far-away reaches of purple and blue, with homes dotting the landscape, and clusters of eucalyptus trees; while away off to the east, down the valley, Mount San Jacinto, with crest of snow, seems floating in a mist of blue, and nearer rise in succession the peaks San Bernardino, San Gorgonio, and San Antonio, all topped with snow!

The San Gabriel Valley is teeming with historic associations. Hither, in 1771, came Father Junipero Serra, with a small band of devoted followers, to found the fourth of the Franciscan missions in Alta, California. He discovered a large Indian population in this lovely valley who were at first hardly disposed to be friendly, but, according to the early chronicler, were immediately pacified when a large picture of



POMONA

the Virgin was unfolded to their view. The mission bells were suspended from a tree, mass was said, and the little band soon commenced the work of constructing a mission. The original adobe structure

was deserted after a few years for a more favourable site some five miles away, and here in 1775 a second mission was erected, to be replaced ere long by a stone church a few hundred yards farther south,



PRICKLY PEAR

which stands to-day, but little altered by the lapse of time. It is the oldest of the California missions now standing in a good state of preservation. It is situated in the middle of the rambling old Mexican town of the same name, and surrounded by tokens of that strange life which is now so completely a thing of the

past. Back of it is the cemetery, with many a story written over its dilapidated graves, and in



MARENGO AVENUE, PASADENA

front, just across the street, is the ditch and remnants of the mill in which the Indian neophytes ground the flour. This old mill was largely built

by a reformed pirate, the story of whose life forms one of the romances of this romantic region.

In 1818, a privateer from Buenos Ayres was plundering the coast of California in the vicinity of Santa Barbara. A small boat containing some of the crew was capsized in the breakers close to the shore, when a party of mission soldiers, concealed near at hand, fired upon the men struggling in the water. Some of them were shot, some managed



SAN GABRIEL

to swim to another boat, and two, a negro, and a Yankee named Chapman, swam ashore. They were captured by the Mexicans, who cast their *riatas* over them after a stout resistance. Despite the proposal of some of the number to hang them to the nearest tree, their lives were spared through the friendly intervention of Don Antonio Lugo, who was attracted to Chapman by his powerful physique and bravery.



SAN GABRIEL MISSION

Don Antonio lived in Los Angeles, and on his return home he took the pirate with him, the two

riding on the same horse. Chapman was set to work in the Sierra Madre Mountains with a party of Mexican wood-choppers, who were getting out timber for the church in Los Angeles. So proficient did the stout Yankee prove himself at this work

that he soon won the respect and admiration of the *padres* and *dons*. Other tasks were given him to perform, the most conspicuous being the construction of the mill



OLD MILL

directly south of the mission. His neighbours began to talk of finding a wife for him, and so thoroughly had he earned their friendship that they considered the daughter

of one of the wealthy ranchers near Santa Barbara a worthy match. He was accordingly escorted to the home of the fair señorita, having been baptised into the church on his way, and ere long the dark-eyed maiden had consented to his proposals and was made his bride. For many years they lived at San Gabriel, surrounded by a happy family. And thus it appears that the first New England settler in California came here as a pirate!



OLDEST HOUSE IN PASADENA

The mill which Chapman built is not the oldest one in the valley, however. A mile or so north of the mission San Gabriel, still stands, in an excellent

state of preservation, the oldest flour mill, not only of the valley, but of the State. It was built by the *padres* and their Indian converts about the year 1812, but, through faulty construction and on



PASADENA HOUSES

account of its distance from the mission, was abandoned as a mill after a year or two and used as a wine cellar. Just below it is Wilson's Lake, a beautiful glassy pond which was used as a reservoir in the early mission days.

Of the Pasadena of to-day it is difficult to write, for there is so much to arouse the enthusiasm that one is in danger of conveying a false impression. It is not all sunshine and flowers. There are some days that are cold, for Pasadena, and some that are



boisterously windy. In winter there are rainy days, and in summer spells of dryness. To one who comes here expecting to find the Garden of Eden in all its charm of untarnished nature, the first im-

pression may be a trifle disenchanting. The ground under the orchards and in the vineyards is bare. If one sees a California vineyard in the winter season for the first time he is apt to exclaim in sur-



prise, for the vines are all trimmed away to an insignificant stump, and all that he will see is a vast field of

bare soil with rows of these uninteresting little knots of wood close to the ground. In summer this becomes a tangle of green vines, and in autumn the grapes hang in clusters so large and abundant that if I am to retain my reputation for veracity I had better leave them undescribed.

But when the worst has been said of Pasadena it remains one of the most charming of towns. Its climate has been heralded the world over. Its people are refined and cultured. It has good



SIERRA MADRE VILLA

schools, a fine public library, many churches, large and costly residences, and avenues and streets which are decorated with an endless succession of palms

and pepper trees. So many men of means have been attracted here from the East that it is said that more wealth is represented among its citizens than in any other city of its size in America.

Thousands of health- and pleasure-seekers come here to spend their winters, and from autumn to spring the streets present a festive appearance, with the many fine carriages, the tallyho coaches, and gay parties of tourists on every hand. Hotel Green, one of the fine hotels of the Pacific Coast, has been so overtaxed during the winter months that the second addition, much larger than the original, is now in course of erection, connected with the present buildings by a picturesque bridge across the street. Other favorite Pasadena hotels, the Pintoresca, Maryland, and Guirnalda, are taxed to the uttermost during the winter months by the host of tourists who assemble here from all over the land. Which reminds one to say that the traveller should always engage his hotel accommodations in advance, and as much in advance as possible, stating the rate he wishes to pay, or at least inquiring about prices of rooms, etc., etc. Often visitors arrive in the crowded season, when it is most difficult to get accommodations. At the end



BALDWIN'S RANCH

of a tired day one does not enjoy hunting for a place to sleep.

Pasadena is especially notable for its beautiful houses set in the midst of gardens which are often extensive enough to give the effect of parks. Houses in the mission style stand out as a feature of the



CHURCH OF THE ANGELS

local architecture, although many of the shingled residences are graceful in line and broad and simple in treatment. It is a place where money has been freely

spent in beautifying the homes and streets, with the result that Pasadena has grown within the last few years into one of the most attractive residence cities of the West.

But for me the greatest attraction of Pasadena is its location as the key to the lovely region which environs it. There are endless drives off over the valley, each more beautiful than the last, with points of historic interest to investigate, and with the charm of nature where mountains encircle the valley, beautified by the cultivation of fields of grain and groves of orange, lemon and deciduous fruit trees. The magic touch of water has transformed a desert into a teeming garden.

A favourite drive from Pasadena is to Baldwin's ranch, which can also be reached by the railroad train. It is customary in California to call any

tract of land which is used as a farm, a ranch, but this term was originally applied to Mexican ranches of early days, which were Spanish grants comprising thousands of acres. If size be any criterion, the term is certainly appropriate when used in connection with the farm owned by E. J. Baldwin, which covers fifty-six thousand acres of land, nearly all of which is under cultivation. The home ranch alone, upon which the Baldwin residence is located, comprises fifteen hundred acres. Here are orange orchards, vineyards, an extensive winery, fields of grain, and some of the finest racing horses in the world. But what appealed most strongly to me were the miles of live-oak trees forming a vast natural park, with the mountains for a background, with lovely vistas of valley, and carpeted with the tender green of the spring grain.

Other drives there are out of Pasadena—to Garvanza, where the beautiful memorial Church of the Angels is located, to Shorb's extensive winery, to Devil's Gate, the head of the water-supply of Pasadena in the Arroyo Seco, to La Cañada and San Fernando. There are also points of interest and beauty to be reached by the electric cars—Altadena and the mountains beyond in one direction, and the South Pasadena Ostrich Farm in the other. There are several ostrich farms in southern California, at Norwalk, Pasadena, and Coronado, but a description of one will suffice for all.

The ostrich is one of the most ungainly, unlovely creatures that walk the earth. It is a relic of an earlier geological epoch handed down to us in all its paleolithic ugliness. Its great bare legs support a massive body, to one end of which is attached a long, stiff neck ending in a little crook in lieu of a

head. This apology for a head is flattened on top, and two great brown eyes bulge out, ever looking about for something to eat—grass, oranges, sand, or newspaper—it makes little difference. When its great, flat, clumsy beak is opened, there seems to be nothing left of the head but a cavity, and its note is a sudden open-mouthed explosion, half sputter and half hiss. It also on occasion roars more vociferously than a lion.



OSTRICHES

The body of the male bird is glossy black, with plumes of white in the wings and tail, and the wonder is that anything so lovely can spring from so ugly a soil. The females and young are brown and gray, the latter more or less mottled; but even at the most callow age they have a mouth like a crocodile: it hardly seems like a beak, so flattened, broad and dull it is. Stand beside the fence with an orange in your hand, and one of these great birds will come stepping up to you with as elegant and dainty an air as a fine lady in satin about to be presented at a court ball. There is something extremely comical about the airs of the

creature. Pass over your orange and you may see it work its way down on the side of the neck, or if there are enough oranges to spare you may see a dozen all slipping down at once. Do not fail to stand at a respectful distance, however, for that great toe is wielded by a powerful leg, and is capable of inflicting dangerous wounds.

This novel industry of ostrich farming has proved a great success in southern California, for the birds thrive and multiply in this genial climate, and besides the sale of the feathers, large numbers of sightseers daily visit the farms and contribute to their support.



THE OSTRICH FARM

THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS



F all excursions out of Pasadena, that to the mountains is most wonderful and enchanting. To the inexperienced observer the Sierra Madre Mountains may seem like great hills rolled up from the valley, which could be ascended at any point the climber might choose to select. But in this instance, familiarity, instead of breeding contempt, breeds respect.

UP MOUNT LOWE

The project of building an electric and cable road directly up the face of this great range, into the heart of the pine forests that clothe its summits, was broached some years since, but there seemed little hope of accomplishing so difficult an undertaking. Finally Professor T. S. C. Lowe proposed the great cable incline, and through his determination and enthusiasm pushed the project to its completion. It now undoubtedly stands among the great engineering feats of the world, with many novel and daring innovations.

In less than an hour's ride it is possible to ascend from the orange groves and flower gardens of

Pasadena into the heart of the pine forests at an elevation of five thousand feet, where snow covers the ground at times to the depth of many feet. The suddenness of it, the thrilling grandeur of the ride, the rapid changes of scenery and the boundless region over which the eye can sweep make the excursion an event in a lifetime.

The ride from Pasadena to Altadena on the electric cars is very beautiful, but we are already familiar with the beauty of peach trees in bloom and orange orchards studded with the golden fruit, with the lovely San Gabriel Valley leading away into the blue haze of the Puente Hills or, farther still, off toward Mount San Jacinto. At Altadena we change cars and ride over an uncultivated country close to the base of the mountains. The cars pass vast fields of California poppies, washes of sand and stones, and wastes of chaparral, with a constantly expanding view below and the mountains towering above. Rubio Pavilion is reached, where the great incline cable road commences. Many timid eyes look up into the air with a questioning glance. What, we're not going up there? But the car stands in waiting, the timid are assured that they are as safe as when seated in an easy chair by their parlour fire, and away we go, slowly and impressively—sixty-two feet up in the air for every one hundred feet forward. Rubio Canyon, a great



MT. LOWE

gorge in the mountains, plunges off at one side, while miles and miles of valley expand beneath as the car ascends.

At Echo Mountain we catch our breath and look off spellbound. Directly below is the broad plain



CABLE INCLINE

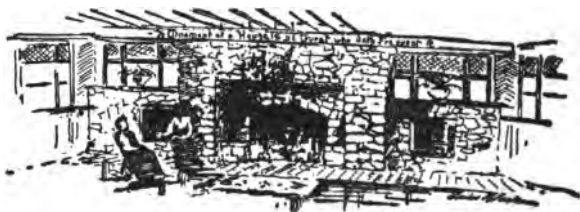
of the San Gabriel Valley, with great squares of green fields, and orange groves, and little specks of houses. There lies Pasadena among its trees, and beyond the Mission Hills, Los Angeles. We look upon the water of reservoirs, upon Eastlake and Westlake parks in the suburbs of Los Angeles, and, beyond all this, upon the misty ocean with an archipelago of islands marking

the horizon line. It is all on such an overpowering scale that we seem half in a dream—the whole wide earth seems lying at our feet.

Again we change cars, this time for an electric road which winds back and forth up the face of the mountain, around the edge of precipices, with canyons below and around, and with incomparable vistas through forests of oak and pine of the far-away regions of the plain. We look down upon the tops of mountain ranges and into great valleys—La Cañada and San Fernando lie beneath. We pass through granite cuts, over circular bridges, winding and climbing as I believe no mountain road ever wound

and climbed before, and finally come upon a lovely sylvan nook amid the pine trees where a rural inn is set in the midst of the forest.

The Alpine Tavern is in perfect keeping with its name and surroundings. It is simple and unob-



FIREPLACE IN ALPINE TAVERN

trusive, following the contour of the mountain slope, and gracefully yielding precedence to the pine trees. It is built of pine with open-timber construction and with a foundation of granite. From the summit of Mount Lowe, the landscape which lies spread out beneath is said to cover a range of a hundred miles in every direction where the mountains do not intercept the view. And all this with the tumult of a big city but an hour and a half away!



ALPINE TAVERN

The new trail to Wilson's Peak is broad and firm, rising by slow and uniform grade out of Eaton's Canyon, across the face of the mountain, back and forth through the chaparral, in and out among the scrub-oak of the exposed mountainside,

where the fragrant mountain lilac blooms and the wren tit trills in the thicket, where the sun beats down with unobstructed force, and the view widens beneath by slow degrees.

In the higher reaches of the trail the scenery is bolder and more rugged. We stand upon granite



GRANITE GATE

craggs that command a world-wide view. The plain stretches off to the coast-line, the ocean leads off to the islands, while near at hand the mountains shoot aloft into bold head-

lands, and tumble away into canyons below. It is suggestive of the pictures we have seen of the passes of the Andes, where the road is cut along the face of a rock wall winding up into the dizzy heights.

Wilson's Camp, formerly called Martin's Camp, is located on the backbone of a ridge a mile from the summit of Mount Wilson. The veranda of the house commands a panorama of both ends of the San Gabriel Valley, with Pasadena, Los Angeles, and Santa Monica on the southwestern side, and Monrovia, Azusa, and Pomona to the southeast. To the southward the ridge ascends to a point of rock called Mount Harvard, where the entire San Gabriel Valley is visible in one superb sweep. One cannot but regret the prosaic architecture of the camp, but the glories of the view dominate the mind.

Mount Lowe, Markham's Peak, and Mount San Gabriel rise in succession to the northwest of us, and farther away to the east lie the giants of the range—already familiar landmarks—San Jacinto, San Gorgonio, San Bernardino, and San Antonio.



ON MT. WILSON TRAIL

LOS ANGELES

Ten miles beyond Pasadena, and toward the Pacific, is Los Angeles, the metropolis of southern California. On the fourth of September, 1781, a party of twelve mission soldiers, together with their families, amounting in all to forty-six persons, took possession, under direction of the Governor of California, then located at San Gabriel Mission, of a tract of land for the purpose of forming the Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles. The Government furnished them with such necessities for farm life as horses and cattle, tools, and agricultural implements of a rude character. The city was laid out around a plaza, and land for homes and cultivation was allotted to the heads of families, to be retained so long as they were kept improved and in good repair.

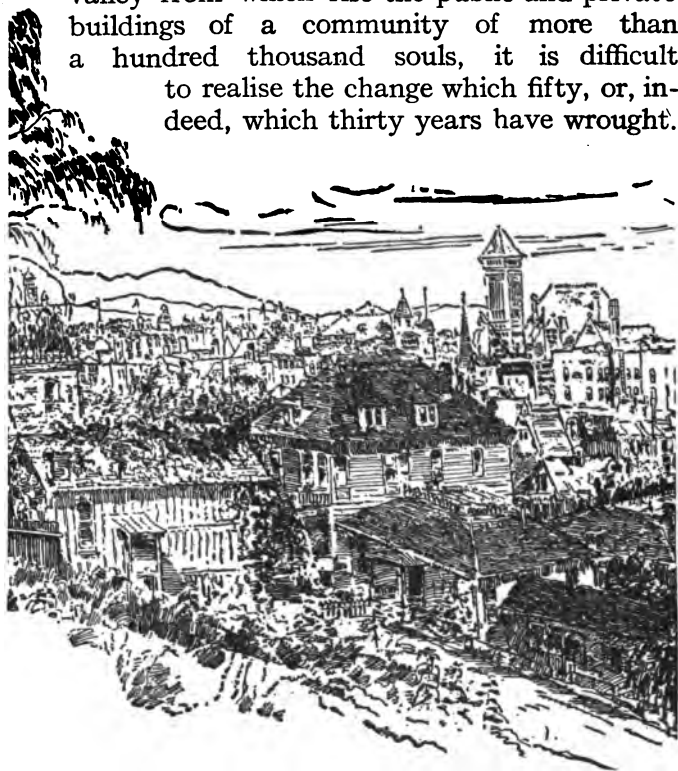
Nine years after the formation of the pueblo, when the first census was taken, the town consisted of a hundred and forty-one persons, a large proportion of whom were Spanish-Americans and mulattos, while

fifty years from the date of organization the population numbered but seven hundred and seventy.



HOLLENBECK HOME, LOS ANGELES

Standing to-day upon one of the city's heights, and overlooking the miles of hills and valley from which rise the public and private buildings of a community of more than a hundred thousand souls, it is difficult to realise the change which fifty, or, indeed, which thirty years have wrought.



LOS ANGELES FROM THE HILL

Hotels and boarding-houses are numerous all over the city, and the best of them leave nothing to be desired in equipment and service. Accommodations may be secured here in every respect equal to the best hotels of the East. The furnishings and appointments are modern, and nothing is omitted

that would contribute to the comfort and happiness of the guests. Here, again, accommodations should be arranged for in advance.



The charm of Los Angeles lies in its combination of hills and level reaches of massive business blocks, and, but a few squares removed, residences set in the midst of gardens where tropical plants and brilliant flowers thrive.

I know of no city with a more beautiful residence district than Adams Street and its surroundings. It is a fine broad avenue, shaded by large, graceful pepper trees, with here and there imposing groups of eucalyptus lifting their dark swaying branches aloft into the clear air of a cloudless sky. The sightly houses are set back from the street with ample reach of lawn and garden round about, sometimes almost concealing them from view in the wealth of plant life, which is so charming a feature of this portion of the city.



THE CITY HALL, LOS ANGELES



Detroit Photographic Co.

TERRACE OF ELYSIAN PARK, LOS ANGELES

Westlake Park is another favoured residence district, with its little silver lake surrounded by flowers, shrubs, and trees, and with costly homes upon the hills sloping down to its shore. There are many other parks about the city and its environs, including a well-improved square near the center of town, known as Central Park, and the East Side Park, which, although not very large, contains an attractive lake and many pleasant walks. Elysian Park occupies a magnificent site, and when improved promises to become one of the great parks of the country, while a public-spirited citizen has presented to the city a tract of three thousand acres, situated a mile north of town, and admirably located for use as a botanical experiment station.



There are other smaller parks about town which will one day be connected into one great system by a line of boulevards. The Plaza is of special interest from the historic associations centering there. Facing it on the west is the old Spanish church built during the mission days, and on the east and north many old adobes which have been made over for the occupancy of the Chinese. These



HILL STREET

people have an individuality which impresses itself at once upon all their surroundings. It may be only a vertical sign in Chinese characters, or a paper

lantern hung over a doorway, that gives the Oriental colour to a neighbourhood, but it is unmistakable. In the Chinese quarter of Los Angeles are joss-houses



ADAMS STREET

resplendent with colour and carvings in honour of their gods, restaurants where tea and the daintiest of Chinese viands are served—preserved ginger, and salted almonds, and cakes—and theatres where the gaily bedizened actors pipe their high-pitched, monotonous ditties, accompanied by the clash of cymbals and the shrill squeak of their violins. In the narrow alleys, crowds of China-

men scuffle along or lounge by their doorways, and little women, bedecked in bright silks and beads, often accompanied by their quaint little children in parti-coloured attire, mingle with the throng.

The astonishing growth of this city during the past fifteen years, which had its inception some time before in the completion of the Santa Fe as a new competitive transcontinental road, is an indication of the great resources of the region; for, despite the boom and the disastrous collapse which followed it, Los Angeles has pur-





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CHILDREN OF CHINATOWN, LOS ANGELES

sued the even tenor of her way, reaching out into the surrounding country,



WESTLAKE PARK

replacing the antiquated buildings with modern ones, extending her railroad lines, and beautifying her streets and parks. In 1880, the population of the city was 11,000, while in 1900 the census showed a total of 102,479 inhabitants. These figures speak more eloquently than words of the growth of south-



CHINATOWN

ern California, especially in view of the fact that this increase does not imply a corresponding reduction in the outlying districts. On the contrary, such places as Pasadena and Redlands have grown even more rapidly in proportion to their size, and the rate of increase in Los Angeles is but an index

of the rapid settlement of the fruit districts which completely surround it.



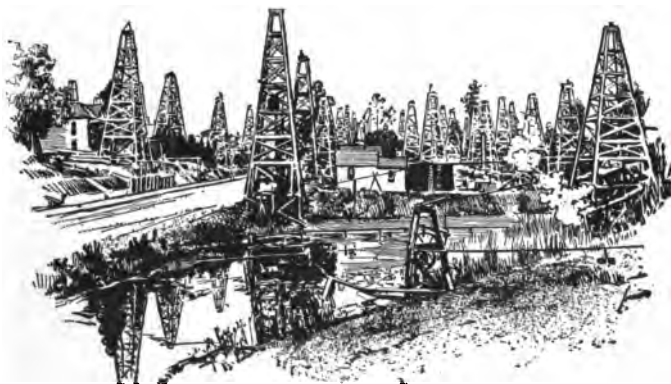
An industry which has added to the resources of

Los Angeles during the past few years has been the development of the oil wells upon some of the hills within the city limits. A plentiful flow of oil, sufficiently refined for use as fuel, has been obtained



from numberless wells in this district, the tall derricks for drilling the holes filling every available space upon the land for blocks around.

San Pedro, a seacoast town devoted to the fishing and shipping industries, is the official harbour for the city, although vessels also land at Santa Monica and Redondo Beach. Santa Monica is a pleasant little town by the sea, with an excellent hotel, and every facility for surf-bathing, boating, and fishing.



LOS ANGELES OIL WELLS

The shore line makes a graceful sweep at this point, with a sandy beach backed by cliffs of sandstone sculptured by the rain and surmounted by groves of trees. Farther up the beach to the northwest the mountains rise abruptly from the sea in a grace-

ful and imposing line. One of the National Soldiers' Homes is situated near Santa Monica, and the town itself extends over a large tract of land, with a busy commercial street and many attractive homes.



LOS ANGELES

In addition to the railroad lines connecting it with Los Angeles, there is an electric car system similar to the one between Pasadena and the city.

Redondo Beach is also a favourite seaside resort, with excellent hotel accommodations and all the pleasures of the sea at hand. During the summer months it is crowded with city people, who come here to enjoy the bracing sea breezes and the plunge in the surf or stroll upon the beach.



A LOS ANGELES HOME

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

With the sougling of the pine trees and the illimitable panorama of the plain fresh in mind, it is a wonder to step upon the little boat that steams bravely out of San Pedro Harbour for the island of Santa Catalina, and feel the broad, strong, even swell of the Pacific—to hear the cry of the gull and catch the salt sea smell. Small boats of every description lie at anchor in the little land-locked harbour, or dance merrily over the waters. Outside is a large schooner with a deckload of lumber awaiting a tug to tow it into port. A coasting steamer is lying at the wharf discharging its cargo.

In an hour or two the steamer is well in the lee of the island, the rolling is less marked, and the passengers cheer up. They begin to look about for the spout of the California gray whale, exclaim over the splash of a porpoise, and are finally restored to their normal equilibrium by the appearance of a school of flying fish skimming over the water with the lightness of a bird. Avalon, in its little half-



SAN PEDRO



AVALON, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, CALIFORNIA

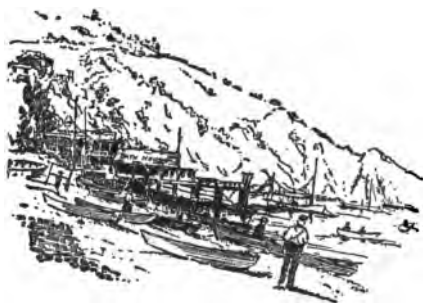
moon bay, is now plainly visible, and the bold headlands fall off abruptly into the sea.

The little town of Avalon, nestled in its sheltered cove, with the mountains rising back of it on all sides and the sea sleeping at its feet, is the only settlement on the island. Along its main street are stores where curiosities, chiefly relating



THE JEWFISH—A MAMMOTH SPECIES OF
BLACK BASS

to western life, are exposed for sale—shells and shell ornaments, Indian baskets, Mexican hats, and photographs. The Hotel Metropole, where excellent accommodations may be had, stands out as the most conspicuous structure in the town, while



AVALON, CATALINA ISLAND

all about are boarding-houses, and during the summer season a village of tents where thousands of city people live for a happy month or two.

For those who are fond of sport the fishing is the great

attraction, and such fishing as it is! Here may be caught finny monsters that weigh from one hundred to five hundred pounds. The black sea bass, or jewfish, as it is popularly termed, is the largest of its

tribe which is captured here with hook and line. It is exciting sport to be towed by one of these great creatures, and, after a long fight, to land it; but, after all, the pride of conquest is the only reward,



ANOTHER VIEW OF AVALON

for the fish is not fit to eat when caught. There are, however, plenty of edible fish to be taken, both with a hand line and rod and reel, which afford the fisherman all the sport he can ask for, and fre-

quently more. Yellowtails, barracuda, rock bass, and albacore are caught by the boatload during the fishing season.

The glass-bottomed boats are unique in California, I believe, although but an adaptation of the marine observation glass which has long been in use. From these boats it is possible to look down into the water to the depth of from fifty to one hundred feet and observe the life as clearly as we look about us on land. Rowing over the kelp beds, the observer is suddenly transported into a wonder world which surpasses his most fantastic dreams.



GLASS-BOTTOMED BOAT

Goats have been turned loose on the island, and are now wild, inhabiting the more inaccessible regions, where they are hunted for sport by the indefatigable Nimrods who come to the island.

A stage road has been built across the island, and the ride over it is a memorable experience. The road winds in a serpentine trail up the bare mountain-side, narrow and precipitous most of the way, with exhilarating views of land and sea. It is a slow, laborious ascent all the way to the summit, and the six horses pull with unremitting effort. The bold promontory upon which we finally



THE HILL ROAD. CATALINA

rest commands a superb view of the blue, unruffled sea, with the shore line to the north and the far-away range of the Sierra Madre Mountains. I did not continue to the opposite side of the island, which, with the return trip, is an all-day's ride, but nevertheless found the journey an inspiring one.

When we are in the coach ready for the descent, the driver gathers the reins of the six horses in his hands, cracks his whip, and away we go at a brisk trot. The light, intelligent leaders prick up their ears and seem to enter fully into the spirit of



MOUNTAIN SHEEP

the run. The driver holds the brake with one foot, and as we swing round a curve, deftly gathers in the reins and turns his six trotting horses on the very brink of a precipice. Bowling down the road at

a merry pace, we come upon a precipitous headland where the road turns in an ingenious loop. The horses seem about to plunge off into space, when the leaders suddenly turn and gracefully round the curve, starting off on the next stretch of road on the homeward run. We wonder at the skill of the driver and the intelligence of the horses, while the stirring grandeur of mountain and ocean fills us with awe.

RIVERSIDE COUNTY

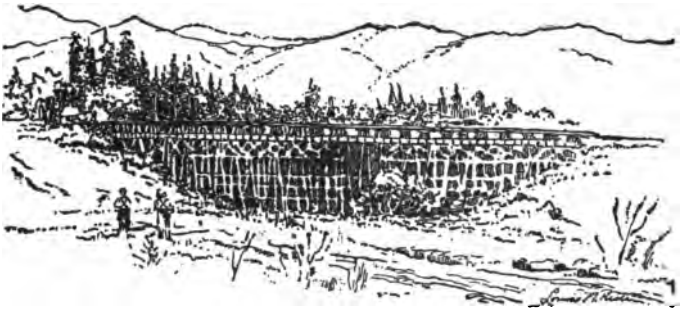


IRRIGATING CANAL

Riverside, the mother of the orange culture of southern California, extends along the valley of the Santa Ana River, six miles beyond. It is surrounded by rugged hills and mountain ranges, which rise in striking contrast to the tropical verdure of the valley. All about the lowlands are orange groves and avenues of shade trees, broad irrigating ditches, and gardens of flowers, while great boulder-covered hills rise from this verdant plain, bearing aloft a sterile waste which can only be paralleled on the Mojave Desert. Farther off, across the valley



IRRIGATING CANAL



FLUME AT RIVERSIDE



IRRIGATING AN ORANGE ORCHARD



CACTUS GARDEN, RIVERSIDE

to the north, lies the San Bernardino Range, coloured by the atmosphere a purplish blue, a beautiful ever-present background for the picturesque valley.

For many years Riverside supplied half of the



IRRIGATING CANAL

orange crop of southern California, but the recent development of new districts has reduced this proportion to about a third. The actual number of carloads exported has, however, steadily increased.

The first requisite for success in the culture of the orange is an abundance of water. In this section, as in so many other districts of southern California which were found a desert occupied by a scanty, unpro-

gressive Mexican population, and which have been made by Saxon industry perennial gardens of verdure and bloom, the irrigating ditch has been the



PACKING ORANGES

To California and Back

magic wand of transformation. At Riverside there are three canals for irrigating the adjacent country. They are broad, even streams, flowing



from the headwaters of the Santa Ana River, and led in cement channels down through the higher parts of the valley, to be tapped all along



the way by smaller rivulets, which supply the orchards.

The orchards are irrigated from four times a year to twice a month, according to the location



SOBOBO



MAGNOLIA AVENUE, RIVERSIDE

Photograph by F. H. Maude

of the land, little rills of water being directed between the rows of trees, where they flow from twelve to twenty-four hours continuously. After irrigating an orchard, it is always cultivated, and the ground is left perfectly level and finely pulverised. The trees are watched and tended with the same



scrupulous care that a millionaire's trotting horses receive. As a temperature of 25° Fahr., which is about the minimum in the orange district, is low



enough to damage the fruit and new leaves, fires are lighted throughout the groves whenever the thermometer threatens to fall so low, and the temperature is increased by this dry heat to the safety mark, which is about 38°. The soil is enriched with fertilisers from time to time,

and the trees are trimmed with great regularity and uniformity.

As the orange ripens at varying intervals throughout the winter months, fruit is being constantly picked and carried to the packing houses at this season. Both white and Japanese labour is employed in this work, but the cultivating, plowing, and



general care of the trees is, as a rule, done by the owner of the orchard.

At Riverside is located the Sherman Institute, an industrial school maintained by the National Government for the training and education of Indian youth. There are several hundred Indian boys and girls at the school.

In addition to the grain-growing and raising of deciduous fruit, there are large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle roaming the hills and the borders of the San Jacinto Valley.

The Hemet orchard and farm lands are supplied with water by one of those wonderful irrigating systems by means of which southern California has made herself a power in the land. Far on in the mountains, at an elevation of more than four thousand feet, the



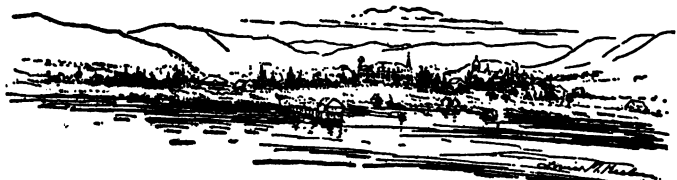
ELSINORE



LAKE ELSINORE

San Jacinto River flowed through a granite gorge, and modern engineering has contrived to build a

great dam here, more than a hundred and twenty feet in height, and a hundred feet in thickness at the base, imprisoning a lake of water nearly three miles in length. The water is carried in



ELSINORE

pipe and ditch a distance of twenty miles, being stored in a receiving reservoir on the way, and thence distributed with great uniformity and accuracy over the Hemet lands.

In the San Jacinto Mountains, not far from Hemet, at an altitude of one mile, is the picturesque and delightful resort of Idyllwild. Here a fine sanitarium has been built, in the heart of the elevated and beautiful Strawberry Valley. It is a place of outdoor pleasures, high mountains, great trees and fields of waving ferns—a house of all delights. The scenery resembles that of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The air is dry and bracing. The buildings are modern and fully equipped.



COAL MINE NEAR ELSINORE

SAN DIEGO COUNTY

The history of California is written in the deeds of but three full generations of men. A little more than a century ago it was the undisputed home of hosts of Indians, who lived their simple life in its



OLD TOWN—SAN DIEGO

valleys, undreaming of the vast changes which many of them would be called upon to witness.

It was the pious zeal of Father Junipero Serra which occasioned the first great change. He had longed to devote his life to the conversion of the California Indians, and when at last the opportunity arrived, although no longer young, he welcomed it with all the fervour of his devoted nature, and accomplished by peaceful means the subjugation of the natives



of California which Spain had in vain attempted to achieve by force of arms.

It was at San Diego that the great work of his life commenced. Here, after a fatiguing overland journey from Mexico, he stood upon the shore of the bay and ministered to the scurvy-stricken crew of the ship which had come to assist him. Here



SAN DIEGO MISSION

many of the party were buried; but, undeterred by so inauspicious an omen, he undertook the task which he so longed to see accomplished—the conversion of the Indians.

Mass was first celebrated in a rude enclosure of reeds, the mission bells being suspended from the overhanging limb of a tree. The Indians did not look upon the intruders with favour, and a month



SAN DIEGO

after their arrival attacked them with bows and arrows, killing one of the party, while the guns of the mission soldiers replied with deadly

effect. The gentleness and forbearance of Father Serra and his coworkers soon restored peace, however, and for the first few years the little Spanish settlement by the sea was unmolested.

Six years after the arrival of the Franciscans at San Diego, during the first year that the American colonies had arisen in revolt against their English taskmasters, Father Serra, little knowing of the



momentous conflict upon the Atlantic shore, and without any suspicion that the result of that war might one day determine the destiny

of this land of his adoption, moved the mission to a more favourable location a few miles inland, at a point commanding a beautiful view of the willow-lined San Diego River as it wound down to the sea. During this same memorable year, the Indians, incensed by the conversion and baptism of sixty of their number, fell upon the mission and burned it, killing one of the fathers, the blacksmith, and the carpenter. Undismayed and unvengeful, Father Serra and his fellow Franciscans commenced the task of rebuilding the mission and pacifying the Indians.

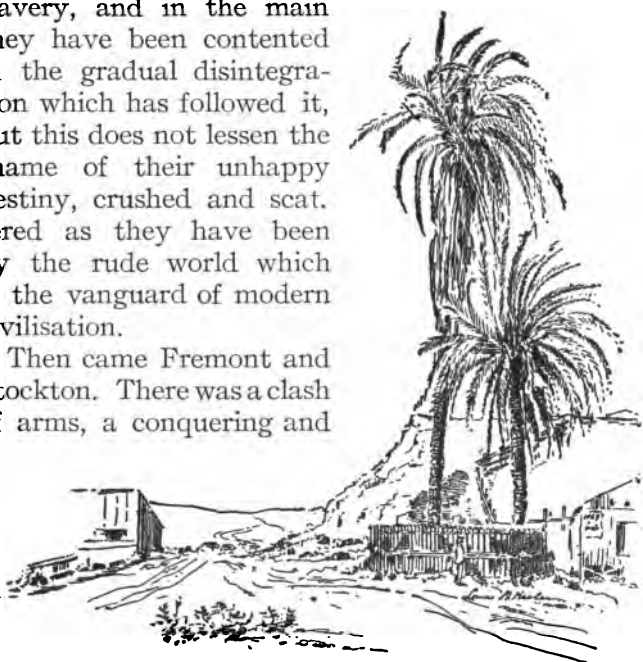


Such, in brief, was the inaugural of the Spanish occupation of California, an episode unique in history—an order of beggar priests growing into a federation of potentates as absolute in temporal as in spiritual power, the feudal chiefs of principalities centering about the chain of missions which extended along the coast of California from San Diego to Sonoma, literally the fathers of the

children of the land, constituting a system of vassalage conceived and executed in a decade.

At last, when the missions were at the height of their power and success, came from Mexico the dread order of secularisation, abolishing the rule of the Franciscans and proclaiming the independence of the Indians. But the Indians, alas! had been taught only enough to make them useful to the Church, not enough to make them self-sustaining under their new conditions. The rule of the Franciscans was a mild slavery, but release from this bondage meant inevitable degeneration and death. They were happy, for the most part, in their slavery, and in the main they have been contented in the gradual disintegration which has followed it, but this does not lessen the shame of their unhappy destiny, crushed and scattered as they have been by the rude world which is the vanguard of modern civilisation.

Then came Fremont and Stockton. There was a clash of arms, a conquering and



PALMS NEAR PRESIDIO—OLD TOWN

settling of the land, and the Mexican life vanished like a dream. Imperceptibly it shrank away before the host of invaders who have made the Golden West of to-day. Now there is a clanging of



electric car bells where once the clumsy old two-wheeled ox-cart rumbled with its load of hides, and polished carriages

roll smoothly over the asphalt streets where once the Spanish rider proudly cantered down the dusty road.

It is all very different, this era of progress. It brought with it the boom, an extravagant, unreasonable inflation of all values and prospects, followed by the inevitable collapse, and then a slow but steady and healthful recuperation. But the life of to-day is not like that of old, and can we say that it is in all ways better?



INDIAN SCHOOL AT SAN DIEGO MISSION

THE CITY OF SAN DIEGO

San Diego has witnessed all these changes of a century and has been an active participant in them. To-day it seems nearer to the historic past than any other city in California. Standing upon the heights of Mission Cliff Park, the eye can range up and down the valley which formed the high road for



DOUBLE-DECKER STREET-CAR

Father Serra a century and more ago. Toward the upper end of the valley stands the poor, dilapidated ruin of the first mission of Alta California, and away off beyond the lower stretches the shining sea. At this lower end of the valley, near the shore of the bay, is located the old town of San Diego.

The ruins of its *presidio* may still be traced upon one of the hills commanding a view of the bay in one direction and of the valley with its mission in the other. Upon a considerably

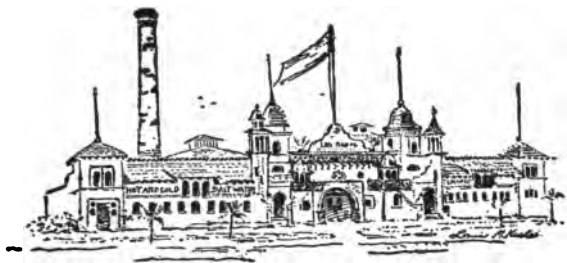


ESTUDILLO HOUSE—OLD TOWN

higher knoll the earthworks of Fort Stockton are plainly visible, the two fortifications telling of more than a passing episode in the history of California.

The home of Don Juan Bandini stands in the center of old San Diego, sadly changed by the

addition of a frame upper story and a great black sign painted upon its side. Señor Bandini was a man of considerable importance in the days



of the Mexican supremacy, and a firm friend of the Americans, in consequence of which friendship, it is said, he lost his large estate in Lower California.



SAN DIEGO

Added interest is attached to his personality from the prominence with which he figures in Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." It was but a mile or two lower down on the beach from Old Town that



SANTA FE WHARF

Dana encamped at the hide house, and where his Kanaka friend, of whom he gives so touching an account, lived and died.

Opposite the Bandini house is a tile-roofed adobe, tenantless and forlorn, which was formerly the home of the Estudillos, a wealthy and influential Mexican family of the early days. The interest which now invests the place, however, is occasioned by the reference to it in "Ramona" as the residence of Father Gaspara and the account of Alessandro and Ramona signing there the marriage record. The old adobe church where,



SAN DIEGO

according to Mrs. Jackson's touching story, the marriage was solemnised, stands near the quaint adobe-walled cemetery, but the clapboard sheathing, added as protection from the weather, hardly enhances the picturesque effect.

Modern San Diego is situated on the bay shore two or three miles below Old Town. The residence portion of the city lies upon the hills overlooking the beautiful sweep of bay and ocean, while the business section is located on the lower



OLD MISSION DAM, FANITA RANCHO

ground reaching down toward the water. The waterfront, known in the local vernacular as "Stingaree Town," is a motley but very picturesque section,

with fishermen's shanties standing on stilts out over the water, backed by irregular streets of the Chinese quarter, where John chatters with his neighbour or gravely smokes his pipe while watching the group



LAKESIDE

of children, with almond eyes and dangling queues of silk playing in the doorway. Farther along on the water-front is the shipping, with the large wharf of Spreckles for unloading coaling vessels, and the Santa Fe pier.

Many fine, large residences line the heights, and the visitor from the East is everywhere impressed by the profusion of flowers. Even the cottages have their rose gardens, and blooming vines clam-



TIA JUANA

bering up over the roofs, and in one garden beside a very modest little home I first saw bananas in fruit, drooping in great clusters amid the immense green leaves of the plant.

The view from this elevated portion of the town is ever changing with the amospheric effects. Point Loma is seen as a great bold headland thrust from the north down into the ocean,

and forming within its capacious shelter a long sweep of bay circling in and around to the southeast, with a shore line of some twenty miles. From the southern end of the bay, not far from the bound-



THE JAPANESE GARDEN, CORONADO

ary line of Mexico, a low and exceedingly narrow sand-spit, the Coronado peninsula, reaches up in a curving sweep toward Point Loma, widening out into two flat blotches of land near the upper end, and leaving but a narrow passage into the still water of the inner bay.

THE RANCHES ABOUT SAN DIEGO

The back country about San Diego was something of a surprise to me, as I had expected to find much less cultivation, and the desert much nearer to the



CORONADO TENT CITY

coast. I was scarcely prepared for the great extent of orange and lemon groves, of olive orchards—in some instances consisting of large trees fifteen or more years of age, of loquats, and figs. Chula Vista and the El Cajon Valley are especially notable for their extensive and well-kept orchards, and the latter district is famous for its finely cured raisins. Grain is cultivated in that part of the valley land which is not planted with fruit trees, and stock ranges over the mountains.

EXCURSIONS FROM SAN DIEGO

A favourite excursion from San Diego is through National City, Chula Vista, and Otay, across the



COURT, HOTEL DEL CORONADO

United States boundary into old Mexico. Tia Juana, the little town across the border, suffered from a disastrous flood a few years ago, and has been rebuilt as a rather commonplace Mexican hamlet. There are stores where Mexican curios are exposed for sale.

THE SWEETWATER DAM

The Tia Juana excursion is not complete without a passing glimpse of the Sweetwater dam. This great pile of masonry encloses a lake at the foot of San Miguel Peak, which furnishes water for irrigating many miles of orchard land below it. It is the most accessible of the irrigating storage systems of southern California, and is of great interest as an illustration of the immense obstacles which have been surmounted in bringing water to the land.



CORONADO HOTEL

HOTEL DEL CORONADO

The objective point, sooner or later, of all travellers in this region of the Pacific Coast, is the Hotel del Coronado, which stands unique among the pleasure resorts of America. It is a mammoth frame structure built upon the very brink of the ocean. The hotel stands where the thread of sand separating bay and sea suddenly widens out into a considerable peninsula, while to the northwest lies the town of Coronado Beach, the site of many fine residences,

gardens, and avenues. There is a botanical garden here, a quaint Japanese tea garden, a very picturesque little stone church, and beautiful views of ocean, bay, and mountains. It is connected with San Diego by a ferry, which makes trips every twenty minutes during the day and every forty minutes at night.

On approaching the hotel for the first time, the visitor is impressed by its immense size and its freedom from architectural conventions. It is painted white with red roofs, and the lines are so varied, and broken by great turrets, spires, towers, and dormer windows, that it presents a very unique and striking appearance. There surely was never another building constructed on similar lines. With all its seeming irregularity, however; it is built about an immense rectangular court open to the sky and enclosing a beautiful tropical garden. The corridors are open and extend all around this court, connected by outside stairways with lattice-work railing. A little way off on the beach, one sees, in the summer, a great city of tents. This city is an adjunct to the hotel, and tents are rented, furnished or unfurnished, by the management. They are laid out in streets, floored, sewered, and attended in the best possible manner. A café is maintained specially for the campers.

The climate of Coronado comes as near to perfection as any in the known world. There is a perpetual breeze from the sea which is never harsh, and which yet prevents the temperature from rising to an uncomfortable height. According to the San Diego weather reports from 1875 to 1901, a period of 10,957 days, there were 10,770 during which the thermometer did not go above 80° nor below

40° Fahr. The sea breeze is a peculiarly dry current in southern California, being the descending return column of air from the Colorado desert. During the daytime the heated interior desert is constantly drawing in the cooler sea air, which rises on the desert and returns to sea as an upper current, then descending and returning to land in endless rotation. At night the direction of the current is changed, the desert air cooling more rapidly and travelling seaward as a land breeze. It is this constant circulation of desert and sea breezes which makes the climate of the coast of southern California so free from extremes, so mild, and so beneficial for persons suffering from diseases which are affected by climatic conditions. For many persons troubled with complaints of the throat and lungs the greater dryness of the interior valleys is found more beneficial; and even the harsh aridity of the desert may prove healthful.

Among the favourite drives is the one from San Diego around the beach to Point Loma. It is a bracing drive of twelve miles out to the abandoned lighthouse on the summit of the point, past Old Town, over the hard crust of marsh mud, and finally around the sand dunes to Ocean Beach, facing the fresh sea breeze and catching the little ditty of the shore lark



HOTEL DEL CORONADO

by the wayside. From Ocean Beach the road ascends to the ridge of Point Loma, on the summit of which is located a new, well-equipped hotel and sanitarium named from its location. A



OCEAN BEACH

number of theosophists have organised a society for the recovery of the lost mysteries of antiquity, and have purchased

a large tract of land adjoining the Point Loma House, where they have established a school. They have certainly chosen a favourable spot upon which to search for the lost mysteries, for it commands everything in sight.

For those who are moved by the fascination of the sea coast there is no more serene and peaceful a spot accessible than the little settlement of La Jolla, situated upon a bluff overlooking the curving shore and broad expanse of the ocean. The turmoil of cities and the stir of fashionable life seems very remote here where the waves beat incessantly at the base of the cliffs, wearing away the sandstone into fantastic forms, fashioning columns, and arches, and caves upon the verge of the incessantly labouring waters. Standing upon the rocks, with the gull wheeling above and the pelican and cormorant winging over the sea, with



LA JOLLA

the fresh salt air to breathe and the music of the breakers to hear, there is a sense of solitude and rest mingled with the tonic stir of the elements which is at once bracing and soothing.

Coronado Tent City, across the bay from San Diego, on Coronado peninsula, is a popular southern California summer resort. It was inaugurated in 1900 as an adjunct to Hotel del Coronado, to meet the increasing demand for a low-priced, first-class seaside home in hot weather. Its acres of white canvas are occupied from May to September by thousands of guests, who have all the luxuries of hotel life with the freedom of camping-out and the joys of old ocean. The daily summer temperature varies from 68° to 74.°

The camp is healthful, with dustless streets, and free water-supply. The tents are nicely furnished, and the facilities for meals are excellent. For amusements, there are provided a dancing pavilion, orchestra concerts, hot plunge-baths, surf-bathing, tennis, golf, and the myriad pleasures of the sea.



CORONADO TENT CITY

SAN DIEGO TO LOS ANGELES

San Diego and Santa Barbara are the southernmost and northernmost cities on the southern California coast, with Los Angeles nearly midway between them, but although nearly 230 miles apart, the climatic conditions do not vary as greatly as might naturally appear. At Point Conception, noted since the days of the early Spanish explorers,



the coast line makes an abrupt bend to the east, thus giving the land a southern exposure to the sea. The Santa Barbara Islands break the force of wind and storms upon the shore, and the traveller upon coasting steamers, southward bound, is immediately impressed with the change of climate, upon rounding this historic cape, from the cold, windy sea entering the calm, mild reaches of the Santa Barbara channel.



The land journey from San Diego to Los Angeles affords the traveller a superficial view of a large section of southern California; although it is a serious mistake to assume that such a survey can be other than superficial. It is not infrequently misleading as well, for the same section of country undergoes such incalculable transformations dependent upon the weather, season, and time of day. A hot, dry wind from the Santa Ana Canyon, known in consequence as a "Santa Ana," will, in a few hours, make a green, fertile region look withered and desolate, while a foggy night following will revive the vegetation and alter the entire face of the country. Again, a dry winter which the country occasionally experiences will leave in early summer



SAN LUIS REY



ADOBE BUILDINGS NEAR PALA MISSION

a desert waste of brown where during a normal season luxuriant fields of grain would wave. After traversing some miles of inland country, uncultivated for the most part, and, with the exception of an occasional pocket where a clump of sycamores or live-oaks grow, devoid of trees or shrubbery,

the track again approaches the coast, which is followed more or less closely for the next sixty miles. At times we hurry along close to the sandy beach, where the blue ocean stretches away



CAPISTRANO

to the horizon line, and where the white, dazzling combers come tumbling in on the shore in unending succession. Again, the track lies some distance away from the shore upon more

elevated land, and we notice strange, fantastic formations cut by the water in the soft sandstone banks on the margin of the sea. Inland, the country looks green or barren according to season, but now and then a break in the line of hills indi-



PRINCIPAL STREET IN CAPISTRANO FROM THE MISSION

cates a stream emptying into the sea, and here we may count on finding some fine gnarled old sycamores.

CAPISTRANO

Dear old Capistrano—it is not every one who is impressed by its charm. A lady informed me

that she went there with a party and was obliged to stay all day, although she had exhausted the place in the first hour. On the other hand, I spent a month there and wished I might have remained at least six. So much for the point of view!

But it is a quiet, fascinating little mongrel town, full of the atmosphere of ro-



DEPOT AT CAPISTRANO

mance and the poetry of a pastoral people linked by all the ties of inheritance and association with the history of bygone days. The old sacristan is the brother of a mission soldier of sixty years ago.

In the veins of its inhabitants flows the blood of mission soldiers and mission Indians. Here are pedigrees worth disentangling, and stories enough to stock a library. From the train, however, the mission looks like little more than a forlorn adobe ruin, and many a traveller looks up from his book for a moment in passing and thinks he has seen it.



CAPISTRANO, JAN. 1898

About Capistrano, and through much of the district on to Los Angeles, are beautiful orchards of English walnuts. There is something very cool and restful about these groves of trees, planted far apart, with their clean, smooth bark and ample spread of foliage. There is also much fine grazing land, where

herds of cattle range over the meadows and hills; and just beyond Capistrano is a magnificent grove of old sycamores, bent into fantastic shapes, with their huge light trunks and sprawling limbs.



SANTA ANA

THE MISSIONS



THE founding and developing of the missions of California constitute an episode unique in history. The story has been often related, but a brief account cannot be omitted in a sketch of southern California. To understand the zeal of these men, and the wonders



which they performed, it is necessary to realise their point of view on the great questions of life, and this, in an age of skepticism, is not easy. It is hard for us to understand that the mainspring of men's action could have been a belief, bitterly realistic, that the souls of all human beings not baptised into the Catholic Church were certain to suffer the eternal torments of hell punishment. To men of gentle and refined natures, the pity aroused by this belief stimulated them to almost superhuman effort, and enabled



SAN GABRIEL MISSION

them to consecrate their lives to endless toil and pain in behalf of the savages thus doomed by divine mandate.

It was this conviction which enabled Father Junipero Serra, an old man with a painful sore of years' persistence upon his leg, to walk with trembling steps from San Diego to Monterey, and to weep because he could do so little for his people. To illustrate the torments of hell, he would, during his sermons, pound his breast with a stone until the blood streamed from the wounds. To his dying day he would

relate, with tears in his eyes, the incident of the first Indian baby he attempted to baptise. The mother had consented to the ceremony, and stood before him with her child. Suddenly, just as he was about to sprinkle the water in the baby's face, she turned and fled, panic-stricken. He always felt that some unworthiness of his was responsible for the loss of this infant's soul.

When the news of the founding of Monterey Mission reached Mexico and Spain, the people



RUINS OF SAN DIEGO MISSION



GARDEN AT SANTA BARBARA MISSION

were filled with joy, and a festival was held in honour of the event, although all that had been accomplished was the erection of a rude hut of thatch, with a cross beside it, and the mission bell suspended

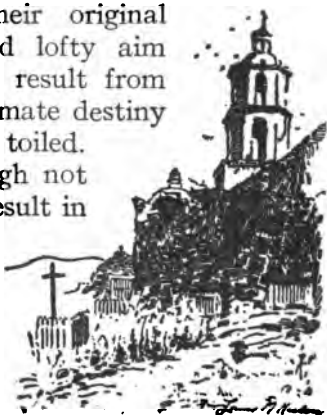


SANTA BARBARA

in a tree. But it meant to them the salvation of countless Indian souls during the years to come, and a new land brought under the dominion of the King of Spain.

Such was the temper and zeal of the people who accomplished these wonders in the wilderness, remarkable alike for their original singleness of purpose and lofty aim and for the utter lack of result from their labour upon the ultimate destiny of the land in which they toiled.

But their labours, although not productive of permanent result in the historical sequence of events, cannot fail to be significant in example and inspiration; for, however narrow and bigoted their view of life may have been, the unselfish



BELL TOWER, SAN LUIS REY

devotion and purity of purpose, coupled with great personal suffering and sorrow, is a lesson which will ever be fraught with meaning as long as men suffer and yearn for better things.

Father Serra and his three fellow-toilers in the work of establishing the missions were lifelong



SAN LUIS REY MISSION

friends, and had been associated from youth in the order of Saint Francis. In middle life they were sent together to the College of San Fernando in the City of Mexico, and after much persuasion received permission from the home authorities to attempt the founding of a chain of missions in Alta California. The Jesuits of Lower California had just

been replaced by Franciscans, and the time seemed ripe for an attempt at gaining a foothold to the north. The country was an unexplored wilderness, except that more than a century before Vizcaino had discovered the bays of San Diego and Monterey, and had told of the hosts of savages living in the land.

Accordingly, in 1769, an expedition left Mexico for the unknown land, divided into two detachments, one going by land and driving stock for the mission establishments, and the other embarking upon the sea in two vessels, one of which was lost before reaching San Diego. The plan called for the establishment of a mission at San Diego, another at Monterey, and a third at a point to be chosen midway between the two. I would that I could dwell upon the trials and disappointments of the first few years in this strange land—of the perils from



BELL TOWER, PALA

unfriendly Indians, the danger of starvation, the wanderings without map or guide in search of Monterey; but for all this the reader must be referred to more detailed narratives.

Then followed the labour of building churches and cloisters, with no materials at hand and with only the rudest of tools, with unskilled workmen, and often surrounded by savages more or less hostile

in their attitude. The site chosen was usually upon a commanding point in a valley a few miles inland from the sea, where water was at hand to irrigate their gardens and orchards, and where the surrounding country was in view to guard against surprise by the Indians. Timber for the missions had to be transported from the pine forests high up in the mountains, and at a distance of from thirty



PALA MISSION

to sixty miles from the building sites. It is related that when a tree was felled and dressed in the mountains it was put upon the shoulders of a line of Indians, and blessed by the *padre* in charge of the work. From this time it never touched the ground until it reached the mission site, being passed from one relay of Indians to another, and carried thus through a wilderness, with but the roughest of trails leading from place to place. Bricks were baked on the spot, as well as floor and roof tiles, while sun-dried bricks of adobe served for many of

the walls. The churches, however, were built of stone quarried out of the neighbouring hills, and united with cement.

With such difficulties to overcome, it would not have been surprising had the resulting structures



MISSION ARCHES—CAPISTRANO

been uncouth and clumsy in effect; but, on the contrary, they form to-day, ruined as they are, some of the most noteworthy examples of architecture in America. It is the spirit of absolute sincerity, of immediate contact with nature, of loving interest in the work, which characterises them. They are



SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

literally hewn out of the surrounding land by the pious zeal of their makers. There is a softness and harmony about the lines which shows the work of hands instead of machines, and the dull red tiles



CAPISTRANO—CORNER IN OLD CHURCH

and soft terra-cotta and buff walls of stone are beautifully harmonious in colour. Even the white-washed walls of plaster are effective, with the long, cool shadows of the arches upon them, showing between the green of the garden or orchard.

Most of the missions were erected around a large rectangular court or quadrangle, the rooms being surrounded by a corridor supported by massive arches, and roofed with tiles. At one corner of the quadrangle stood the church, built with massive walls, five feet or more in thickness, and dimly lighted by square win-



dows high up on the sides. The interior of these buildings is dark, gloomy, and forbidding, but well calculated to inspire the worshippers with awe. The interior decorations, although barbaric in feeling, are often beautiful and soft in colour.

Father Serra did not live to see the full realisation of his hopes and plans, but the seed had been sown ere his death. Fifty years from the date of the establishment of the first mission, a chain of twenty-one establishments dotted the coast valleys, each within an easy day's journey of the next. There



SAN FERNANDO

were on an average about a thousand Indians living permanently at each mission, and many thousands of cattle, horses, and sheep roamed over the inter-

vening country. These Indians were devout Catholics, conversing in the Spanish tongue, living under a strict ecclesiastical régime, and carrying on faithfully the manifold occupations imposed upon them.

From the very inception of the mission movement, however, it was intended that the Indians should become self-sustaining, and, when finally converted and civilised, left to their own devices. With the growth of power and temporal possessions,



the Franciscans became more worldly as a class. They did not wish to relinquish the authority won at cost of so great labour, and subsequent events proved that it would have been far better for the Indians had they been left in power. But the politicians of Mexico finally succeeded in passing the order of secularisation which placed the missions in the hands of administrators, to become the prey alike of politicians and the people. What the hand of man finally spared has since been at the mercy of the elements, and many of the beautiful structures have become mere crumbling heaps of ruin.

The Landmarks Club, organised and carried on largely by the enthusiasm of Charles F. Lummis, left already done much toward preserving what is has of the missions. They have restored a large part of San Juan Capistrano, one of the most beautiful and extensive ruins in America, the work having been accomplished at surprisingly small cost under the careful direction of Judge Richard Egan, and have recently undertaken a similar labour upon

San Fernando. Lack of sufficient funds alone prevents them from protecting what is left of all the other missions, and it is to be hoped that this deficiency will be supplied ere long.

San Luis Rey has been restored in part by the Franciscans under the direction of Father O'Keefe, and it is now used as a school for the education of priests who are to serve in Mexico, the Government of our neighbouring republic not tolerating such schools in its midst. When I first visited this mission, the priests were holding an afternoon service. I stepped inside from the warm, sunny day into the chill, vault-like church, and in the dimly lighted place saw one Mexican woman, with her black shawl drawn over her head, kneeling upon a mat before the altar, her little child beside her. They were the only worshippers in view, but the



MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—PATIO FROM NORTHWEST CORNER

voices of the priests in monotonous refrain reverberated through the empty chamber. I seemed transported into another land and another century, and a feeling of awe and wonder took possession of me. It seemed unreal, uncanny, and I could almost fancy the kneeling mother and child were but

ghosts, and the droning chant of the priests the voices of spirits.

Pala, twenty miles inland from San Luis Rey, is another fascinating spot. The little church never



CAPISTRANO—FRONT CORRIDOR

attained the dignity of becoming a fully developed mission, but to-day, as in the olden times, it is the place of worship for all the Indians in the country for miles around. Its quaint little belfry, overlooking the cemetery, is a unique feature, and

the decorations in the church are singularly primitive in character, with saints carved and dressed by the Indians, and coloured decorations of the crudest character upon the walls. Pala is most beautifully situated at the foot of the Palomares Mountains, in a fertile valley where the San Luis Rey River winds through a tangle of verdure. Between the mission and the Palma and Rincon Indian Agencies is as lovely a country as any I encountered about the missions, and I was not a little surprised to find an excellent country inn at Pala, so removed from the centers of civilisation.

The power of the missions is gone, the people to whom they ministered are largely dead and scattered, and the buildings are rapidly crumbling into dust, but about them still clings an atmosphere of romance and poetry, a melancholy peace which is sad, yet beautiful and fascinating. They hold the poet and painter in their spell, but for the pleasure-seeker

there are brighter scenes and happier hours awaiting in the modern centers of life, where the past is forgotten and where the days are too short to crowd in all the diversions which are at hand. Coronado and Pasadena, Catalina and Mount Lowe—on every hand are sightseers and pleasure-seekers, and the old life is but dimly remembered by the new.



PALA MISSION

WINTER SPORTS IN CALIFORNIA

Where out-of-door life is the rule, there being neither frost nor chill throughout the day, recreation becomes a matter of pure selection, unhampered by any climatic condition outside the relatively infrequent rainstorm. A few enthusiasts make a point of taking a daily dip in the surf, but the practice does not reach the proportions of a popular pastime in midwinter. Cross-country riding finds then its perfect season, the whole land being transformed into a garden, over enough of which the horseman is free to wander. Happy must be he who knows a purer sport than to gallop, either singly or with comrades, in fragrant morning air, over a fresh sod spangled with poppy, violet, forget-me-not, larkspur, and alfilerilla; bursting through dense thickets of lilac and mustard to cross an intervening highway; dipping to verdant meadow vales; skirting orchards heavy with fruit, and mounting tree-capped knolls that look off to glimmers of sea between the slopes of the hills.

Coaching has its proper season then, as well, and the horn of the tallyho is frequently heard. For such as like to trifle with the snows from which they have fled, the foothills are at hand, serried with tall firs in scattering growths or dense shadowy jungles, topping canyons where the wagon-trail crosses and recrosses a stream by pleasant fords, and the crested mountain quail skulks over the ridge

above one's head. There may be had climbing to suit every taste, touching extremes of chaotic tangle of chaparral and crag. There are cliffs over which the clear mountain-water tumbles sheer to great depths; notches through which the distant cones of the highest peaks of the mother range may be seen in whitest ermine, huge pines dotting their drifts like petty clumps of weed. Under foot, too, on the northerly slopes, is snow, just over the ridge from where the sun is as warm and the air as gentle as in the valley, save only the faintest sense of added vigour and rarefaction. So near do these extremes lie, and yet so effectually separated, you may thrust into the mouth of a snow man a rose broken from the bush an hour or two before, and pelt him with oranges plucked at the very mouth of the canyon. And one who is not too susceptible may comfortably linger until the sun has set, and above the lower dusky peaks the loftier ones glow rose-pink in the light of its afterglow, until the moon lights the fissures of the canyon with a ghostly radiance against which the black shadows of the cliffs fall like ink-blots.



Notwithstanding the rapid settlement of southern California, this section can still show better fishing and hunting during the winter season than almost any other region of the country. With the first grass that follows the early winter rains, the wild duck comes down from his northern nursery to bathe in the warm sunshine. The glistening green of the

mallard's neck dots the water of the lagoon. Duck-shooting on a moonlight night is a favourite sport. With the mallard come the canvasback, the red-head, the sprigtail, the gadwell, the widgeon, the spoonbill, and the delicate little teal. This is not



the blue-winged teal of the Mississippi Valley, nor the green-wing that is there so common, but another variety of green-wing, of about the same size as the eastern

bird, and with equal swiftness of wing. These ducks, and some others, are found in great abundance, during the winter season, within an hour's ride of Los Angeles.

There are great flocks of the Canada goose, together with the snow goose. They feed on the alfilerilla and clover of the plains and hills, occasionally making excursions into the grain-fields. The valley quail of California is a gamy bird, which has become somewhat shy since guns have increased in number. Formerly this bird was so abundant that one might easily obtain as big a bag as could be carried home, without a dog, but now a good bird-dog is becoming essential, unless the sportsman is an expert, or goes into a thinly settled region. The little brown plover makes good game for the beginner during the greater part of the winter. The mountain pigeons sometimes come down in flocks, and afford lively shooting. The English snipe is found on some of the meadows. Among the brush, on the foothills,

cottontail and hare are plentiful, in seasons of normal rainfall. One needs to be a good shot to make a bag of these active little animals. Deer are becoming scarce, but are still brought in during the season. The Pacific Ocean abounds in fish, and while midwinter is not the best season, there is often good fishing along the coast long before the winter is over. Among the leading members of the finny tribe that may be counted on to furnish sport are mackerel, yellowtail, barracuda, and bonita. Then, among deep-water fish, are the rock-cod, the redfish, and others.

Catalina Island, thirty miles from the mainland, is a noted place for the catching of big fish with rod and reel, especially the gamy tuna, to which sport reference has been made on a preceding page. There are also found the monster "Jewfish," weighing sometimes more than 400 pounds. The catches frequently made by fishermen in the Bay of Avalon, within a few hours, are so remarkable as to challenge the credulity of eastern people, so that the sportsman usually carries home with him a few photographs as an ocular demonstration of his prowess. In the spring months trout-fishing is a favourite sport all along the streams of the Sierra Madre range, within a few hours' journey of Los Angeles, amid wild and romantic scenery.



The grizzly was once exceedingly common. One

of the great sports of the old mission days was to hunt the grizzly on horseback with the *riata* for sole weapon, and it is on record that in a single neighbourhood thirty or forty of these formidable brutes were sometimes captured in a night by roping, precisely as a modern cowboy ropes a steer; the secret of the sportsman's immunity lying in the fact that the bear was almost simultaneously lassoed from different sides, and in that manner rigidly pinioned. But *Ursus horribilis* has long since retreated to deep solitudes, where his occasional pursuers, far from approaching him with a rawhide noose, go armed with heavy repeating rifles, and even thus equipped are not eager to encounter him at very close range.

Cricket is naturally a favourite diversion among the many young Englishmen who have located upon ranches; and yachting, polo, and tennis do not want for devotees. The American enthusiasm for golf likewise extends to southern California. Excellent links will be found in Los Angeles, Pasadena, Coronado, Santa Monica, Santa Catalina, and elsewhere.

A LAND OF FLOWERS

Nothing is more delightful and astonishing to visitors in California than the wonderful wealth of flowers that is seen everywhere, and winter is the best time to see its natural beauty. Indeed, winter is the only season in which the wild flowers may be seen in variety. Soon after the first rain, the dull brown of the hills and plains is supplanted by a mantle of vivid green, and this, later in the season, is transformed into a carpet of variegated hues. The most rare and tender plants, which in the East are found only in hothouses, here grow rampant in the gardens. The size to which some of these plants attain is astonishing. The geranium and heliotrope cover the side of a house, and two-story buildings are smothered in blossoms from a single rose-bush. The mammoth California violet has acquired a great reputation. In the front yard of the smallest cottage may be seen the brilliant poinsettias, luxuriant passion vines, heliotrope, begonias, calla lilies, together with waving bananas, magnificent palms, and graceful bamboos. The calla lily and tuberose are planted by the acre, for the market.

Among the most interesting sights of southern California are the flower carnivals, held at regular intervals in Los Angeles, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, and other cities, where may be seen all kinds of vehicles, from a bicycle to a four-in-hand, smothered in fragrant blossoms. Flowering trees are also here

in abundance, notable among which are varieties of the eucalyptus, bearing bunches of beautiful blossoms, in all shades of red, white, and yellow. At the State Experiment Station, near Santa Monica, are more than one hundred varieties of this



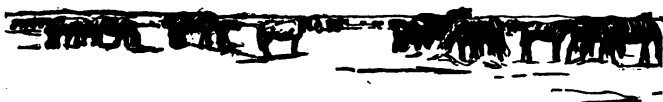
A FIELD OF CALLA LILIES

tree. It is not a constant struggle to make flowers and plants grow in California throughout the year. Plenty of water and a little cultivation, and a kindly Nature does the rest. The most noted of the wild flowers which make the country a blaze of glory during the later winter months and in the early spring is the California poppy, which has been burdened with the unromantic name of *escholtzia*. This has been made the State flower. The hills back of Pasadena are a blaze of gold, with this beautiful wild flower, in the early spring, and on a clear day the yellow tint may be clearly discerned from the ocean, thirty miles distant. Another beautiful wild flower, abundant in the foothills of southern California, is the scarlet larkspur, a flower peculiar to this State, the seeds of which sold in Germany thirty years ago at \$25 an ounce.

There is a commercial side to flower culture in southern California. Besides supplying the local market, florists have occasionally made shipments of cut flowers to the East, with varying success. At Redondo and Santa Monica may be seen several acres of magnificent carnations, a flower which appears to thrive particularly well near the sea-coast. The growing of seeds for eastern dealers is a profitable business. One enterprising woman at San Buena Ventura has made a great success in growing seeds and developing new varieties. There have been attempts at the manufacture of perfumery from flowers.



GATHERING POPPIES

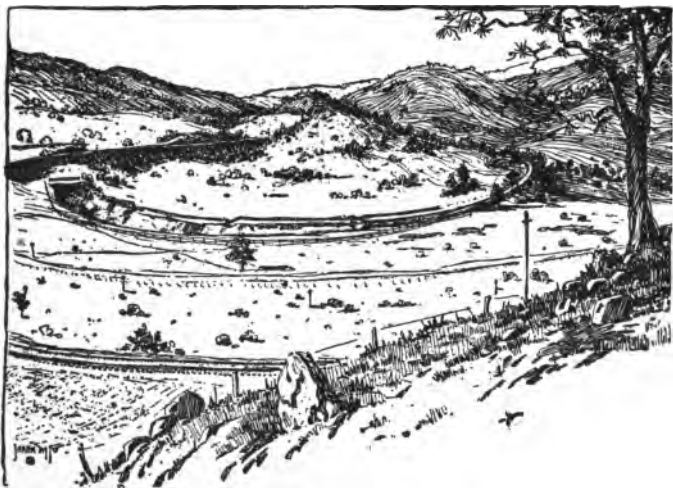


CHAPTER V

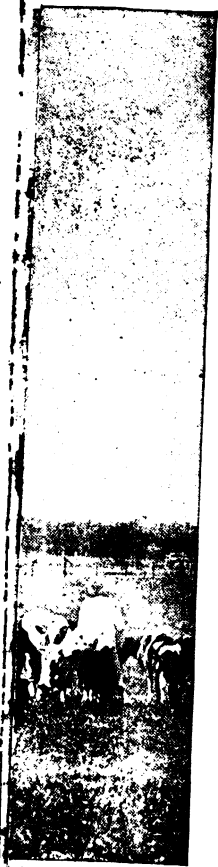
CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

NORTHWARD through central California comprises that part of the State between Tehachapi Mountains and San Francisco. Its chief feature is the great San Joaquin Valley, bordered on sunset and sunrise sides by the Sierra Nevada and coast ranges.

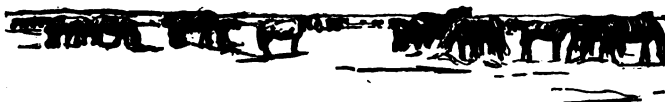
Going from Barstow (junction point for southern California), over the line of the Santa Fe, to San Francisco, the desert continues as far as Mojave. The railroad has robbed these wastes of their worst



TEHACHAPI LOOP



aph by H. C. Tibbitts

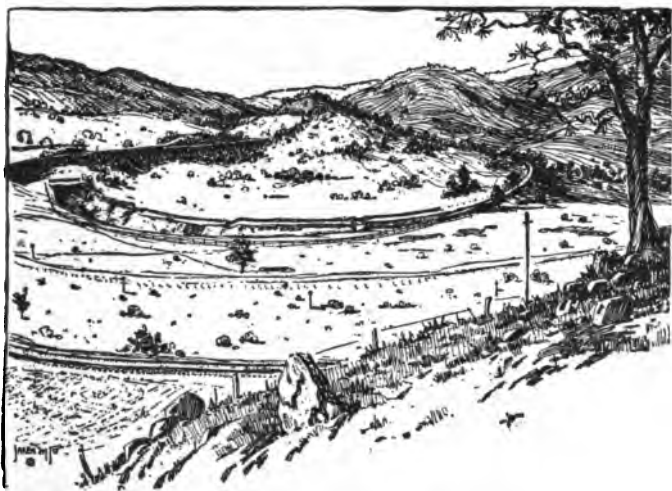


CHAPTER V

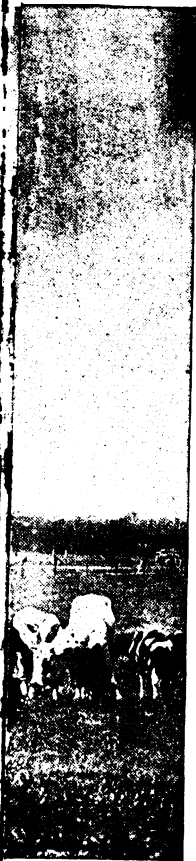
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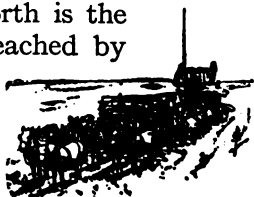
TEHACHAPI LOOP



ph by H. C. Tibbitts

terrors. Occasional friendly oases mark the homes of adventurous settlers, and on either hand scarred mountain-faces proclaim the conquering miner, who, seeking gold, is undismayed by Nature's forbidding front. Off to the north is the Randsburg mining district, reached by rail from Kramer station. But the prevailing note is that of silence and desolation.

Beyond Mojave the line bears northward. The summit of Tehachapi Range is achieved by a series of remarkable loops and tunnels. Tehachapi Pass, with its limpid streams, shady forests, and cool air, is in pleasing contrast to the hot Mojave sands. The altitude is nearly 4,000



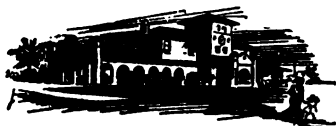
HARVESTING



A SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY VINEYARD

feet, with steep grades that are only surmounted by a strong and steady pull. Rapidly descending, the imperial San Joaquin Valley, 32,000 square miles in extent, is entered at Bakersfield. In this magnifi-

cent basin, containing ten million acres of arable land, products of the temperate, semi-tropical and tropical zones flourish side by side. Along its eastern slope are numerous mines and dense forests,



RAILWAY STATION

while at its southern extremity an extensive petroleum field pours rich floods from a thousand throats.

The pleasure-seeker may be wooed from his Pullman by stories of the wondrous big trees that are reached by stage rides from either Merced or Visalia stations; or he may be attracted by the scenic beauties of lovely Yosemite, and the wild canyons of Kings and Kern rivers—these latter known to few travellers, but pronounced indescribably grand. Mount Whitney, the king of the

CORNER OF CATTLE
RANCH

California Sierras, rises higher than any peak in the United States, exclusive of the Alaskan giants.

The homeseeker and business man will be allured by the many opportunities here offered for successful farming, manufacturing, and trading. This vast

expanse constitutes one-fifth of California's total area, contains twelve counties, is 260 miles long by 60 to 90 miles wide, and is nearly as large as Indiana.

Steamers ply between San Francisco and Stockton; the San Joaquin River is navigable at all times for a considerable distance, especially in the rainy season. It is fed by many tributary streams, such as Kern, Kings, Merced, Tuolumne, and Stanislaus rivers, which head in mountain snows and furnish—by irrigation's aid—abundant water for crops. The east side of the valley is a network of main and lateral canals. Abundant crops are thus assured, for the soil only needs wetting at the right times to yield luxuriantly.



RAILWAY STATION

Half the grain grown in California is harvested along the San Joaquin. Wheat farms of 10,000 to 50,000 acres are not uncommon. On these big areas wholesale methods are imperative. Large gang-plows, operated by traction engines, are employed. Harvesting is accomplished only by the aid of machines drawn by as many as thirty horses, that cut and thrash the grain, delivering it in sacks ready for shipment.

Alfalfa, the favourite forage plant of California, grows greenly on thousands of acres, and great cattle ranches contribute their quota of industrial wealth. The tendency now is to divide these big holdings and invite settlement by small farmers, fruit-raisers, and cattlemen. The Laguna de Tache grant, west of Fresno, is an example of such colonisation.

Raisin and wine industries center at Fresno,

where there are raisin-seeding and packing plants, wineries, and distilleries. Fresno County alone has 40,000 acres of vineyards.

Bakersfield, Tulare, Visalia, Hanford, Fresno, Merced, and Stockton are the principal cities—thriving communities, with modern business blocks, tree-bowered homes, and public buildings worthy of cities twice their size.

Clustering around these busy centers of industry are found immense orchards of prunes, peaches, apricots, figs, and other fruits, also profitable dairies.

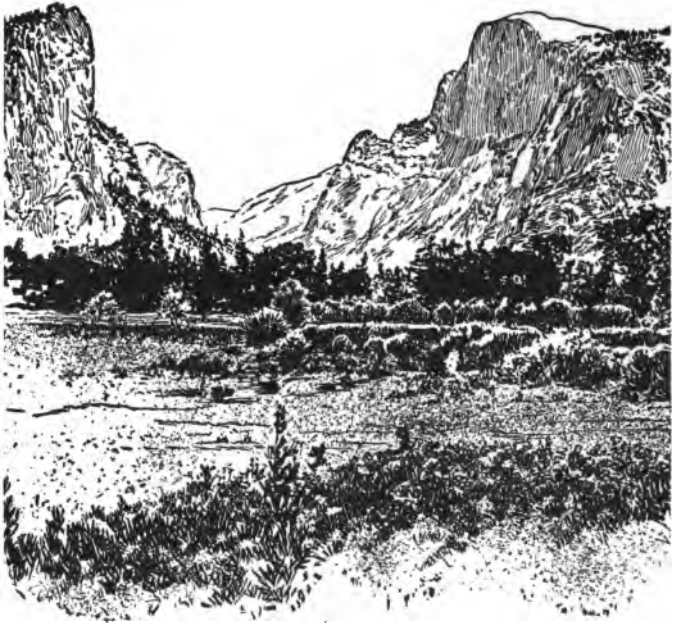
On the rich river-bottom lands, near Stockton, winter vegetables are grown for the eastern markets.

A million and a quarter persons could easily be accommodated on the farming lands of the San Joaquin Valley, allowing a family of five to each forty-acre tract. Without wishing to usurp the prerogatives of the real estate boomer, one may truthfully affirm that the San Joaquin Valley is an ideal place for the man who wishes to begin in a moderate way and surely acquire a competence. Small tracts may be bought at reasonable rates, on time, with excellent water-rights. One need not wait years for his orchard to come into bearing. Here the Iowa or Illinois or Nebraska farmer has no new business to learn. He can at once start in raising hogs and cattle, wheat, hay, and garden truck, and make the farm pay from the start—gradually working into fruit, as a side issue or the main support, at his convenience.

YOSEMITE VALLEY

From Merced, between April and October, stages ply to the renowned valley of the Sierra Nevada range, whose majestic beauty is second only to that of the Grand Canyon of Arizona

The high Sierras have been termed the American Alps, and merit the appellation. Here are snowy peaks that meet the sky along a thousand miles of



FLOOR OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

the California border, and crowning all, Mount Whitney, the loftiest peak in the United States.

There are in this Sierra region mighty evergreen forests, groves of the greatest and grandest trees in the world, the Canyons of Kings and Kern rivers, Lassen Buttes, the Minarets, and numerous other wonders. Not a mile of the gigantic mountain ridge but is replete with interest. Among them all, however, Yosemite is the best known and perhaps the most satisfying, as it is the most easily accessible.



It lies due east of San Francisco, at an elevation of 4,000 feet, and is reached from Merced (a prosperous town on the Santa Fe in the San Joaquin Valley) by an enjoyable stage ride of about ninety miles, or from Raymond on the Southern Pacific. The round trip stage fare is \$20, and it will take at least five days to visit the valley, even hurriedly. To be sure, the ride is somewhat arduous, as all staging necessarily must be, but the exhilaration of fine scenery and bracing mountain air do much in compensation, and it will be many years, no doubt, before this rather long stage ride can be eliminated. The way is by Merced Falls, the picturesque old-time mining town of Coulterville, and the Merced and Tuolumne groves of Big Trees.

It is the only route to Yosemite that passes directly through the big tree groves, without divergence or side trip. The monster Sequoia trees are

from twenty-five to thirty feet in diameter at base and are of fabulous age—4,000 years or more—quite the oldest living things on earth's crust.

The valley is reached in the afternoon of the second day, and does not disappoint.

The floor is a park-like tract about eight miles long by half a mile to a mile wide. The Merced River frolics its way through this mountain glade, and around it rise imperious walls thousands of feet high.

As you enter, mighty El Capitan rears its monumental form 3,200 feet at your right. It is a solid mass of granite, taller than the valley is wide at this point, and presenting two perpendicular faces.

On the other hand, Bridal Veil Fall is flinging cascades of lace-like delicacy from a height of 950 feet, and in the far distance you catch a glimpse of the famed Half Dome, Washington



YOSEMITE FALLS

Columns, and the crests of the highest peaks in the range.

The road leads on beyond Cathedral Spires, Three Brothers, and Sentinel Rock, the valley widens and Yosemite Falls appear, with the Sentinel Hotel and the little village at the stage terminus, midway between the falls and Glacier Point opposite.



LIBERTY CAP

Beyond Glacier Point the valley angles sharply, and in the recess thus formed Vernal, Nevada, and Illiloutte Falls, Liberty Cap and Mount Broderick are located, but are not visible from the hotel.

Looking east, Half Dome presents an almost perpendicular wall; at its base is Mirror Lake, and, opposite, North Dome and Washington Arches. The peak of Half Dome is 4,737 feet above the valley floor, and 8,737 feet above the sea.

The accessibility of Yosemite, and the comparative ease with which it may be explored, add greatly to the enjoyment of a visit. The hotel is well managed, and the charges reasonable.

There is an excellent public camp here, or you may bring your own outfit and pitch tent almost anywhere, with reasonable limitations. There are telephone and telegraph facilities, a general store, and a post-office with daily mail.

The custodian of the valley resides here. The

roads and trails have been constructed by and are kept in repair by the State. Charges for guides, carriages, saddle animals, etc., are regulated by a commission, and there are no tolls.

You may visit both the base and lip of Nevada Falls, poise in midair from the overhanging rock at Glacier Point, gaze 4,000 feet below from a parapet of Three Brothers or off to the wilderness of peaks that lose themselves in the sky to the eastward; or you may pitch pebbles into the gushing torrent of Yosemite Falls, where it makes its dizzy leap over the cliff.

About the trees whole books have been written and will be written, and no living thing is so impressive and mighty. If the visitor is in California in winter, the trees are inaccessible, as the valley is deep in snow and the roads impassable. The best substitute will be found in the giant group at Vera Cruz, which is a day's excursion from San Francisco on the coast line narrow gauge.



ONE OF THE BIG TREES

THE COAST LINE TO SAN FRANCISCO

The coast route of the Southern Pacific northward from Los Angeles by rail has been but recently opened for travel. It has many notable attractions, chief of which are Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, San Jose, and Monterey. The three last named may be conveniently visited by a short ride from San Francisco, and the first from Los Angeles.

On the way, San Fernando (near which are the ruins of the San Fernando Mission) is passed.

SANTA BARBARA

is not a thriving commercial center, nor a bustling metropolis, but many people of refinement and taste have made their homes within its precincts, and it is constantly attracting to itself more of the same sort—people who love flowers and music, who read and think. There is an excellent hotel (the Potter), where visitors can find luxury and comfort enough to suit the most fastidious.

A few miles from town is Montecito, a rambling settlement of fine estates and beautiful homes, reaching from the sea far back into the foothills. About many of these homes the natural setting of live-oaks and rocks, of tangled thickets which delight the birds, and open fields of clover have been preserved, while other residences are set in tropical gardens of rare beauty. There are a number of fine orange groves and vineyards here, but

many of the residents of Montecito seem to live, like the flowers, on sunshine and fresh air.

At San Buena Ventura is another mission establishment surrounded by luxuriant orchards of deciduous fruits, and vast bean-fields the product of which reaches the far-away "Hub" on the Atlantic.

Beyond San Buena Ventura the winding coast line is closely followed for a hundred miles or more to and through Santa Barbara, until, crossing the mountains, it leads down into the Salinas Valley, a mountain-walled, oak-dotted park, the northern end of which merges in the far-famed Santa Clara Valley of the north.



A RESIDENCE IN MONTECITO

From the gray-brown bluffs and rounded hills, for the hundred or so miles by the sea, but little hint is given of the fertile interior; but a continuous marine panorama of wave-washed shore is unfolded, with a far-reaching ocean view bounded by the Channel Islands.

San Luis Obispo is a city of 4,000 population, the business center of a rich valley. The mountains overshadow it. The church of the old mission of San Luis Obispo is here.

Northward from San Luis a climb over a spur of the Santa Lucia Mountains, with numerous curves in the track, presents from the car window a bird's-eye view of the city and the fertile valley in which it lies.

Paso Robles is built under the brow of a hill, a resort of perhaps two thousand people. Its pride is chiefly in its wonderful mineral springs, but there is as much healthfulness in its climate, that gives the



HOTEL POTTER

air a snap and sparkle in the early morning, and in its location between the river and the hills amid the oaks, as in any mineral spring known. But the springs are undoubtedly wonderful. They give you mud baths and mineral water baths of various kinds, expressed by chemical symbols, and after awhile you are made over at this repair shop of Nature, who sees the imperfections in her original job, or takes you in hand for repairs. There is a fine hotel at Paso Robles, with beautiful grounds fronting the equally beautiful city park, and the baths are conducted in connection with it.

These rolling hills, brown in summer and green in winter, with their endless army of great oaks, moss-festooned, are very attractive. One may gallop down across the narrow beginning of the valley, up along the natural avenue to Santa Ysabel, three

miles away, then up over the winding park drive of that famous ranch, back down by the Santa Ysabel Hot Springs and Lake—take a dip in one and a swim in the other.

A slight divergence from the main line at Castroville will bring you to Hotel del Monte and the famous old town of Monterey, on the southern shore of Monterey Bay:

Monterey was the old capital of California in the earliest period of Spanish rule. Here the forest crowds upon the sea and mingles its odour of balm with that of the brine. The beach that divides them is broken by cliffs where the cypress finds footing to flaunt its rugged boughs above the spray of the waves, and in the gentle air of a perfect climate the wild flowers hold almost perpetual



MONTEREY CYPRESS

carnival. Upon such a foundation the Hotel del Monte, with its vast parks of lawn and garden and driveway, covering many hundred acres, is set, all its magnificence lending really less than it owes to

the infinite charm of Monterey. Its fame has spread through every civilised land, and European as well as American visitors make up its throng.

Certainly in no other place in this country are there such gardens kept up in perfect order for the pleasure of guests. Here, too, are golf, with turf and not sand greens—the rule elsewhere in California—a beautiful swimming bath, superb drives, and a genial climate.

Here, as elsewhere upon the coast, foreign travellers are seen most in that season when the extraordinary equability of winter allures them by contrast with their native environment, but the Californian knows its summer aspect to be no less winsome; and so, from the year's beginning to its end, there is one long gala day at Monterey, its parks and beaches and forests.

The Del Monte is located in a grove of two hundred acres, a little east of the town, and for lavishness of luxury and splendour in construction and accessory has perhaps no superior. The specific points of interest are Carmel Mission, Pacific Grove, Moss Beach, Seal Rocks, and Cypress Point.

The amount of yearly rainfall at Monterey is more than at San Diego and less than at Santa Barbara. The mean midsummer temperature is the same, namely, 65° , but in winter the thermometer averages lower, the mean temperature of January being 50° at Monterey, 56° at Santa Barbara, and 57° at San Diego. These figures compare most favourably with the records of European resorts, and the absence of humidity works a further amelioration both in summer and winter, firmly establishing the resorts of California as characterised by the most equable climate known.



Detroit Photographic Co.

HOTEL DEL MONTE MONTEREY

The little city of Santa Cruz, at the northern end of Monterey Bay, is reached from Del Monte by a railway along the shore. It is also reached direct from San Francisco by a line crossing the beautiful Santa Cruz Mountains and passing through the big trees (*Sequoia semper virens*).

While these trees are not so huge as some others grow, especially those in the Yosemite, yet they



HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY

give the stranger who cannot get into the Yosemite a fine idea of what the big trees are. A large group have been preserved from the ax of the spoiler, and the visitor should on no account fail to stop and spend a few hours among them.

It is San Francisco's most popular seaside resort, as well as a notable summering and wintering place for many eastern people. There are good hotels, and ample facilities for enjoying the pleasures of the sea.

An interesting industry of the place is the excavation of asphalt from a small mountain of the almost pure material.

By the main line again toward San Francisco from Castroville one comes upon San Jose, the Garden City, at the junction of the narrow gauge line to Santa Cruz. The appellation, "Garden City,"



may be taken literally, for besides its urban beauties, it lies in the center of the largest compact orchard area in the world.

Perhaps there is not in the whole of northern California a town more attractively environed. It is protected by mountain walls from every wandering asperity of land or sea, a clean, regularly platted city, reaching off through avenues of pine and eucalyptus, and through orchards and vineyards, to pretty forest slopes, where roads climb past rocks, glen, and rivulet to fair, commanding heights. The immediate neighbourhood is the center of prune production, and every year exports great quantities of berries, fruits, and wines. The largest seed-farms and the largest herd of short-horned cattle in the world are here.

Palo Alto is the site of the Stanford University, where in a campus of 8,000 acres, an arboretum to which every clime has liberally contributed, stands this magnificent memorial of a cherished son. The buildings are conceived in the style of mission architecture—low structures connected by an arcade surrounding an immense inner court, with plain thick walls, arches, and columns, built of buff sandstone and roofed with red tiles. Richly endowed, this university is broadly and ambitiously planned, and is open to both sexes in all departments.

Near by, at Menlo Park, is the Stanford horse-breeding and training establishment. Even one who is not a lover of horses, if such a person exists, cannot fail to find entertainment here, where daily every phase of equine training is exhibited, from the kindergarten where toddling colts are taught the habit of the track, to the open course where famous races are speeded.

Twenty-six miles east from San Jose is Mount Hamilton, upon whose summit the white wall of the Lick Observatory is plainly visible at that distance. This observatory has already become celebrated for the discovery of Jupiter's fifth satellite, and gives promise of affording many another astronomical sensation in time to come. Visitors are permitted to look through the great telescope one night in the week, and in the intervals a smaller glass sufficiently powerful to yield a good view of the planets in the broad sunlight of midday is devoted



to their entertainment. It is reached by stage from San Jose, the round trip being made daily. Aside from the attraction of the famous sky-glass, supplemented by the multitudinous and elaborate

mechanisms of the observatory, the ride through the mountains to Mount Hamilton more than compensates for the small fatigue of the journey. There are backward glimpses of the beautiful valley, and a changing panorama of the Sierra, the road making loops and turns in the shadow of live-oaks on the brink of profound craterlike depressions.

LAKE TAHOE

More than 6,000 feet above the sea, among mountains that rise from its edge to a further altitude of from 2,000 to 5,000 feet, and surrounded by the deep forest, this lake unites the highest poetic beauty with definite attractions for the artist and the sportsman. It is twenty-five miles long and half as wide, and reaches a depth of 1,700 feet. Hotels and cottages sprinkle its shores, little steamers ply upon its silvery surface, and there are tents and boats of camping fishermen and hunters. Here, to the aromatic odour of the forest, come lovers of pure joys for comparative solitude in the heart of Nature. In the adjacent wilderness there is game to tax the address of the bravest gunner, and mountain streams shout in torrent through a thousand fierce tangles of woodland dear to artists and unprofessional lovers of untrammelled beauty; and from the mountaintops one may look far out over the barriers that strive to secrete this exquisite spot from the outer world. Fragments of its loveliness have been copied by many a brush and many a camera, poets have sung of it, travellers have told of it in laboured prose; but Lake Tahoe eludes translation. Have you ever chanced upon a spot where Nature, turning from gorgeous pigments and heroic canvases in a swift, softening mood, had spent the white heat of

inspiration upon a picture in which was permitted neither asperity nor want of perfect grace—a thing finely poised between grandeur and gentleness, wood and water and mountain and sky, rhymed in every line and tone to a fine exaltation such as the Greek knew when he dreamed a statue out of the marble? Tahoe is of that category. It is reached by stage from Truckee, on the line of the Southern Pacific, our returning eastward route from San Francisco.



PART III
Northern California and the Start Homeward

CHAPTER VI

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA—SAN FRANCISCO

WITH an area of 450 square miles, San Francisco Bay is so landlocked that the early voyagers, the conquistadores and gentlemen adventurers, kept sailing right by its narrow opening, and it was not until November 7, 1769, that Friars Crespi and Portola, lost in their search for the Franciscan mission at Monterey, first saw the fine sheet of water from the landward side. In August, 1775, Lieutenant Ayala sailed into the harbour through the Golden Gate, made extensive surveys, and gave knowledge to the world of the since famous anchorage.

Few bays are more picturesque; none better suited to the purposes of commerce. From the ferry-boat leaving the dock at Point Richmond, Oakland or San Francisco Bay proper extends far beyond the limit of vision to the southward. To the north are other portions of the same bay, though carrying distinctive names.

When the first burst of delight at the wondrous bay panorama has settled into a calmer satisfaction, the traveller will begin to pick out and inquire concerning the various points of interest. Off to the right, which is here the west, is a lofty red island, and beyond, on the shore, a grim cluster of red and gray buildings. The island bears the descriptive

name Red Rock, and from it has been taken a deal of chrome by miners who, until sternly prohibited, poached on this bit of Uncle Sam's domain. The cluster of foreboding buildings is the State prison on



VIEW OF THE WATER-FRONT

Point San Quentin—a prison where the chief employment is the manufacture of jute bags in which the grain crop of the State is shipped. But the glimpse of the prison and the thoughts aroused thereby are not pleasant, and the eye naturally wanders farther for fairer scenes.

To the north of Point San Quentin may be noticed scars on the grassy shores of McNear's Point. Those scars are made by the dying shrimps caught by the Chinamen in adjacent waters. On the tables in San Francisco the visitor will find the shrimp a delight to the palate, if not pleasing to the eye, but on these drying-beds the little shell-fish are not being prepared for the American table, but for consumption in far China, where even the shells are used to fertilise the lands of the Yang-tse-Kiang and Hoang-Ho. To the south of Point San Quentin a stretch of water seems to extend far into the pictur-

esque bluffs. This is Raccoon Strait, which laps the Marin hills on one shore and Angel Island on the other. The wayfarer catches from the boat a faint idea of the beauty of these shores, and just a hint of the pretty villas and bungalows of Sausalito and Belvedere which peep out from tangles of oak and madroño trees. These two suburban towns, easy of access from San Francisco, and offering a distinct change of climate, are much affected by the well-to-do citizens of the metropolis. Few cities have suburbs as artistic and enticing.

Angel Island, on the south of Raccoon Straits, is, like all the islands of the bay, Government property. Just around the first headland is Hospital Cove, and there is located the United States Quarantine Station, where during times when the plague scare comes shuddering from the Orient, the ships and steamers are held for fumigation, while their passengers and crews are confined in the buildings on the



NAVAL TRAINING-SCHOOL, GOAT ISLAND

shore. Off toward San Quentin may be noticed a quarantine hulk—part of the station's equipment. On this hulk, the Omaha, a proud, hard-fighting man-of-war in the days of Farragut, are detained

the stricken victims of any contagious or infectious disease. Across the crest of the island hills is a Government army post, and some heavy guns set to sweep the bay in case any hostile fleet should force the fortifications of the entrance. The island itself is one and a half miles long, its crest rises 760 feet from the bay, and its area is about 600 acres.

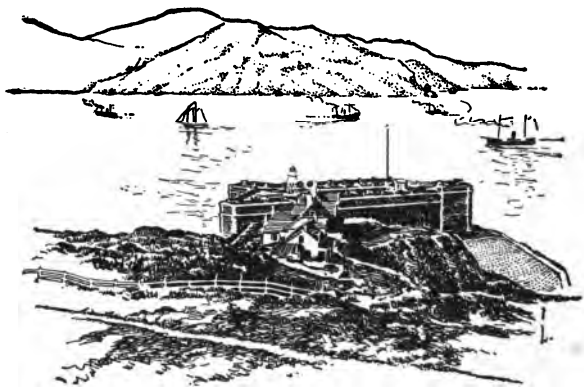
Looking back toward the bay shore on the left, the island between Point Richmond and the mainland carries the pastoral title of Sheep Island. The Government puts it to no use. On the shore beyond, the various building clusters generally mean powder works, where dynamite and other high explosives are manufactured for use in mines.

The eye, now sweeping to the southward, soon catches evidences of urban life—the sky-thrusting steeples and imposing towers of a city. This is Berkeley, and against the shoulder of the hills which mark its boundary may be seen the buildings of the great State University—an institution of learning which is rapidly taking high place among the universities of the world. The present buildings are looked upon as makeshifts, and are soon to give place to far more adequate and imposing structures to be erected on the magnificent plans of M. Bernard, of Paris—plans selected in a general competition, to which were invited the foremost architects of the world. The University is supported by a State tax and numerous private beneficences, and the plans of M. Bernard were secured through the generosity of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, of San Francisco, who intends to start those plans on their road to completion by erecting two large buildings in the near future.

The buildings of the State Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind—one of the finest schools

of its kind in any country—are just south of the University.

Berkeley itself, within nine miles of San Francisco, with half-hourly train service, is a charming resi-



ACROSS GOLDEN GATE

dence city, the college life giving society there its own peculiar tone.

To the southward again is Oakland, terminus of one of the great transcontinental railways—the “city of homes, and schools, and churches,” as it has been called, though its manufactures are important and its commerce increasing. This is a city of 66,960 inhabitants, according to the census of 1900, notable for many mansions, a complete electric street railroad service, and its quick accessibility to the metropolis.

Across San Antonio estuary, which the work of the Federal Government has converted into Oakland Harbour, the city of Alameda peeps from its clustered oaks. Here again are beautiful homes, smooth streets, good schools, and numerous churches. Alameda, Oakland, Berkeley, and the little town of

Emeryville, though existing under different governments, form, so far as continuity of settlement is concerned, one great city of 100,000 or more inhabitants, combining all the comforts of metropolitan with the quiet and freedom of suburban life. It would require a bulky volume to set out their many attractions.

From the Oakland and Alameda shore long moles poke their noses into the bay, and over them go the streams of humanity to and from the big trade marts. A little closer on the view looms the island which the Spaniards called Yerba Buena, but to which the more prosaic Anglo-Saxons have given the name Goat. On this the Government has a torpedo supply station for the war-ships, a depot for the buoys, and supplies of the lighthouse tenders, and a new Naval Training School.

But there is a whiff of a fresh salt breeze as the boat passes beyond the southerly point of Angel Island, and all travellers will turn to the right again to get the first view of the Golden Gate.

Here, indeed, is fascinating beauty. The broad bay narrows to the width of a mile—the Golden Gate proper—and through this narrow passage ebb and flow the mighty tides. On the north the bluffs rise sheer and frowning. From their tops may be seen the guns of a heavy battery of 12-inch rifles, 473 feet above the sea-level—the highest heavy gun battery in the world.

The projecting rocks which form the north post of the Gate are called Lime Point. There is located a fog-whistle and the buildings accessory to the battery.

Across a mile of surge and foam, where the depth is 63 fathoms, is Fort Point, with old Fort Winfield



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THE GOLDEN GATE FROM TELEGRAPH HILL, SAN FRANCISCO

Scott at its extremity. This fortress was begun in 1854, taking the place of the little old Mexican Fort Blanco, and completed in 1861. Built of brick and granite, it was intended to withstand the shock of the smooth-bore Columbiads of our Civil War time, and, fashioned much after the model of Fort Sumter, it was considered quite formidable, and well worth the \$2,000,000 spent in its construction.

Now, however, it has been abandoned entirely as a means of defense for the harbour. A single shot from a 13-inch modern rifle would crumble it.

The spiders weave in its deep embrasures, and the rats nest in the obsolete guns which



ALCATRAZ ISLAND

still peep from some of them. But the fort, useless for war, has been put to the uses of peace, for a lighthouse tower has been erected on one of its bastions, and at night the mariner, far at sea, welcomes the white gleam with its red flash as the promise of a near harbour and a safe anchorage after the peril of the deep.

Above the decrepit old guardian of the Gate, however, are the modern fortifications and the big guns. There, on the bluffs overhanging the ocean's surf, are solid emplacements of concrete, disappearing guns of the most modern pattern, and three dynamite guns.

Outside the Gate are the "Heads," forming the outer door of the harbour. To the north is Point Bonila, with a lighthouse and fog station, and on the

south, Point Lobos, with the Cliff House and the Seal Rocks, of which more will be said later in the narrative. From head to head, the distance is two and a half miles.

Inside the Gate are attractions for the nearer view. In mid-channel the fortified island of Alcatraz rears itself 140 feet above low water. Here is the military prison and an artillery post, with a torpedo station, and a light that can be seen for nineteen miles out at sea. The name Alcatraz was given the island by the Spaniards, the word meaning "pelican," which broad-winged and deep-billed bird is a frequent visitor to the bay.

Over on the shore, and under the Stars and Stripes, is Fort Mason, on Black Point, where the general commanding the department of California has his headquarters, and where a few guns are mounted.

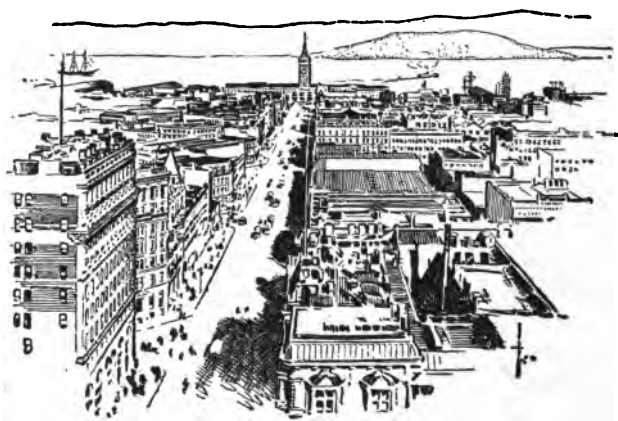
IN THE CITY

After the boat lands, the traveller makes his way through the big ferry-building—the Union Ferry Depot, recently built by the State of California under the auspices of the Board of Harbour Commissioners for San Francisco. It will be well to note this building, for it is typical of the city's recent strides in architecture. The work of the late A. Page Brown, its lines and proportions have received general commendation from visiting architects of world-wide fame.

The building, fronted with a soft gray sandstone from Colusa County, has a length of 659 feet. From its central entrance a grand clock tower rises 245 feet, with its dials, which stand "four-square to all the winds that blow," twenty-two feet in diameter. The front has a continuous arcade of

graceful proportions, and in the center of the upper floor is the grand nave, running the entire length of the building, forty-eight feet wide, forty-two feet high, wainscoted in Tennessee marble, and its mosaic flooring relieved by palms.

On the lower floors are the waiting-rooms and ticket offices of the railroads having their ferry



MARKET STREET, LOOKING TOWARD THE FERRY

termini in San Francisco. To these rooms people come from all parts of the world. From them all the Pacific Coast is made easy of access by the numerous railway lines. The enormous ferry travel to the towns and cities about the bay passes easily through these commodious apartments.

This building will be found worthy of another visit after the traveller has settled himself a bit, for in it are displayed much that is typical and instructive of California, its wealth and industries. Here, for instance, are stored the treasures of the State Mining Bureau, and these will be found well worth

the attention of any one interested in mining, or the romance which always goes with the effort to dig fortunes from the earth. There hasn't been much effort to make this exhibit spectacular. The tendency has rather been to make it useful. One intending to invest in mines, or to put his fortune to the test in the mineral-bearing districts of the State, can here get his ideas into shape and gather a deal of useful information. Beyond this, however, are beautiful specimens to please the eye, or to carry the mind back to many of the stories of the earlier days, when the hunt for fortune was apt to have as much of the tragic as the practical in it.

The State Board of Trade has a fine agricultural exhibit in the Ferry Building. Surely the almost miraculous tales of California's agricultural and horticultural productions have reached every ear. The plow and the pruning-knife have very largely supplanted the miner's pick and shovel in the general idea of California's possibilities.

The exhibit gives a good idea of the singular complexity of the State's agricultural resources, for there are shown both hardy and delicate fruits and grains and grasses, that mature best under differing climatic conditions—the wealth of production vying with its variety. The exhibit is open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and will be found of interest even to those who have but little knowledge of farming and fruit-growing.

And there is another exhibit in this building which is sure to repay a visit. In recent years Alaska has caught a great share of the world's attention. The sudden wealth of the Klondike and the rich developments at Cape Nome have turned the stream of fortune-hunters northward into a comparatively unknown land—a hungry land of cold and hardship.

Here in the Ferry Building can be seen the most complete exemplification of northern products and northern life to be found anywhere. For decades the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco, and its Russian predecessors, represented about all there was of civilisation in Alaska and the country tributary to the Yukon.

So this Ferry Building is going to well repay a return visit after the journey is happily over.

But the traveller now is well within the city of San Francisco. And here something of that city's history and growth will not be out of place. In the days when the Spaniards—having conquered Mexico and the rich lands of the Aztecs—began to push northward in search of the mythical "Seven Cities of Cibola," their caravels touched on the California coast, and their inland expeditions learned something of the extent of the country which stretched so far along the sea. Slowly the *padres* pushed farther and farther on in the work of converting the Indians, and slowly the herdsmen followed their pioneer establishments.

In this extending of the missions, Friars Benito Cambon and Francisco Palon came up to the big San Francisco Bay, in September, 1776, and near the Golden Gate established a settlement. Around this, in turn, grew up a military post. The winds and fogs from the ocean made them look for a more sheltered spot for the permanent location of their church; so they moved a few miles to what has ever



FERRY DEPOT

since been known as "The Mission," and there established, in October, 1776, the Mission Dolores. The church was dedicated on October 8th by Don Jose Moraga, and it stands to-day as one of the show-places of the city, and a beautiful reminder of the heroism and self-sacrifice of the Franciscan fathers, who went boldly among the savages of the new land, bearing the cross and the message of peace on earth.

With the coming of herdsmen and hunters, a small commercial settlement began to grow on the bay shore, in easy access to the mission. Sea otters were plentiful in the bay, and deer, elk, antelope, bear, and small game were found in great numbers in the adjacent hills and valleys. There was much good grazing land.

After a time, an occasional vessel would come sailing into the bay from some far port, to exchange trinkets and necessities for hides and peltries. Restless men, who always push toward the frontier, gradually joined the little huddle of humanity at Yerba Buena. Thus San Francisco had its beginning, and none was so wise as to predict its present population and magnificence.

It was not until July 4, 1836, that the first frame building in the commercial settlement was completed, and there was a lively celebration over the erection of so imposing a structure. It stood on what is now Clay Street, above Dupont, in a section since given over entirely to the Chinese. In 1841, the great Hudson Bay Company established a small agency in the little town, but abandoned it in 1846, and at that time there were but 200 inhabitants in all the place. No white child was born there until April 15, 1838, and the first brick structure was not

completed until September, 1848. Surely it was a small and inconsiderable beginning for a city.

On January 19, 1848, James W. Marshall, an American, was digging a ditch for a sawmill at Coloma, about forty-five miles northeast of Sacramento. He saw something glitter in the sand, stooped down, and found—gold!

As has been said, in 1846 there were but 200 people in the settlement on the bay. Perhaps



MISSION DOLORES

there were 400 when Marshall made his "find." Late in 1848, the restless throng numbered close upon 1,000. Early in 1849 this had doubled. By July it was 5,000, and in January, 1850, the population was estimated at 10,000. Between April and December, 1849, 549 vessels arrived in San Francisco Bay, bringing about 35,000 passengers. The number who poured into the State over the overland trails in the same time was in the neighbourhood of 42,000. Of course, most of these went to the mines to dig and wash for gold; but in January, 1852, there were 36,151 inhabitants in San Francisco, which had grown over the old trading settlement of Yerba Buena, and by December of that year the population had increased to 42,000. Here was a city, indeed.

Life was all a gamble, and actual gambling was one of the principal industries of the town. Tales are told that one gambling saloon paid an annual rental of \$60,000, and another of \$40,000. The gold dust came pouring in. During 1848, after the discovery, the monthly yield was about \$300,000. In 1849, this had increased to \$1,500,000, and in 1850 to \$3,000,000. In 1852, there were official shipments of \$46,599,044 in "dust," and in 1853 this grew to \$54,906,659—figures which make even the Klondike's output seem puny. No wonder a place where so much money was handled grew in population and importance with bewildering rapidity.

So, after fifty years, San Francisco, as the traveller finds it to-day, has approximately 350,000 inhabitants, is continually growing, and looks forward with certainty to a splendid future. It has become the trade center, financial center, and educational center of the entire Pacific Coast. The port's business is seventy-eight per cent. of the imports and fifty-five per cent. of the exports of the coast. It is the second port in the United States in the import and export of treasure, and third in commercial importance of all the cities in the Union. Its taxable property amounts to nearly \$400,000,000. In its savings banks are hoarded about \$120,000,000, or \$343 per capita. The imports of 1902 amounted to \$46,000,000, which was an increase of \$10,000,000 over the preceding year. Its exports to foreign ports amounted, in 1902, to \$32,700,000, and, though a dry year somewhat cut down the wheat crop of the State, these exports show an increase of \$1,300,000. Thus, the total increase in the commerce of the port for one year is more

than \$11,000,000. The customs receipts exceeded \$1,000,000.

The annexation of Hawaii, and the war purchase of the Philippines, has given the city its reason for renewed growth.

Statistics of nature have made the city great in trade; the presence of the gold of El Dorado was but an incident; the sudden mighty influx of strong men that made the place a city was only an episode. The harbour gave token of commercial supremacy, and the very shaping of the world has made the city's wealth a foredestined fact. But, like the Indian cities, she is learning to forget her wealth—to learn through custom to disregard the very thing she seeks, the thing she cannot avoid.



CORRIDOR IN FERRY BUILDING

THE WATER-FRONT

Once out of the Ferry Building, the traveller bursts right in upon the street-car service of the city, and will find before his eyes cars that will carry him to any part of the city for one five-cent fare. The car lines are operated by cable or electricity—the cables for the hills, electricity for the easier grades. Taken for all in all, few cities have a system more complete, or cars more commodious.

As giving an idea of the inexpensiveness of getting about the city on the street-car lines, it is only necessary to instance the fact that it is possible to travel from the Ferry Building to the Cliff House, a distance of seven miles, for one five-cent fare. This means going from bay to ocean, and there are three different routes for the trip, each having its peculiar excellencies and recommendations in the way of scenery, and each carrying the visitor through a distinctive part of the city. Let us take one of these rides as typical. Board a Jackson Street cable-car, and the visitor is almost at once in the district where the fruits of the State and of the islands of the sea are handled. Then he passes through Chinatown, with its strange sights and scents and sounds, of which more will be said further on. Next, going up steep grades, he is among handsome residences and the gardens in which flowers bloom all the year round. He catches glimpses of the bay, with the white sails flecking the blue water, and the steamers churning

back and forth like shuttles in the loom of commerce. A change is made to a car which whizzes through the newer districts, where can be seen something of the city's recent growth. Then there are sobering sights of the cemeteries, and far stretches of sand dunes which convey some idea of how the end of the entire peninsula looked to the *padres* who first came



NEW BRIDGE, GOLDEN GATE PARK

to start a settlement between the ocean and the bay. The splendid Golden Gate Park nestles among these wind-shifted dunes, and shows how the energy of man has triumphed over the rigorous conditions imposed by Nature. Here and there a little lake will be seen shimmering in the sands. Then the ocean breaks upon the view, with the tall cliffs of the Golden Gate, the rocks and headlands on one side, and the long reaches of a fine beach on the other. The car at times seems to hang right over the sea, where the waves surge and fret against the ugly looking rocks. Again, there are dells studded

with wild flowers, and the eye catches far below pleasant coves with wading children. And then come the beauties and wonders of the Cliff House, of which so much has been written.

This is but one of many such rides, all of which are sure to give pleasure and entertainment. The



MUSIC STAND, GOLDEN GATE PARK

climate makes an outing of this kind possible during any portion of the year, though in the winter season an occasional rain-storm may make a day's postponement necessary.

But before leaving the bay, or the "water-front," as it is called, it will not be amiss to say something of the life along the wharves. Certainly a stroll along "the front" will impress the visitor with the city's present commercial greatness, and give some stimulus to thoughts of its wonderful commercial possibilities.

A wall of concrete stretches along the front, and from this the wharves jut out into deep water. Well to the north is an enormous shed, faced by a continuous wharf. In that shed will be found thousands of tons of grain, all sacked for shipment over the long voyage to Liverpool or other European ports. On the wharf busy men are carrying these sacks of grain to the ships, and the method of loading and stowing the big cargoes will be watched with interest.

A whiff of something more salty than the sea

itself will catch the nostrils and lead the attention to the most picturesque and fascinating of all the sights along the front—the wharf of the fishermen. That whiff was the odour of the fish taken from bay and ocean. The fishers are a brown and hardy lot, generally from the Mediterranean shores.

Again the nostrils may call attention to a rakish brig from which is being unloaded a cargo which tells of the scented groves of the islands of the southern ocean. Here may be caught some hint of that lure which draws men from civilisation and its cares to the ease and languor of life in the half-savage tropic isles—the lure of which Robert Louis Stevenson told, and which caught and held him till his death. Copra and sandalwood suggest all the romanticism of the southern ocean, and the tropical fruits surely come from some land where Nature is opulent and kindly.

The lumber traffic, particularly that in the redwood, which is indigenous to California, will interest many for a time; the towboats and fire tugs will catch some attention; the harbour emergency hospital will repay a short visit; and the wharf, where the enormous transports of Uncle Sam take on or discharge the gallant soldier lads going to or coming back from the wars in our new possessions, will start a thrill of patriotism.

If it may please the fancy to take a row or a sail on the bay, boats are ready at hand to be had for small hire. There is much to delight in skirting along the wharves or putting off for one of the bay islands. But right here a word of caution is necessary. Unless the visitor is thoroughly skilled in the management of a small craft, he had better not venture upon the bay without an attendant, for the

wind is apt to be puffy and to get quite strong during the summer afternoons, and the tides are too powerful to be trusted to an unskilled boatman.

But there are steamers which will take the visitor to places on the bay, and up the rivers, which will give him much enjoyment for a little expenditure of time and money. The river steamers will give him



MARTINEZ AND MT. DIABLO

a view by daylight of the northern end of San Francisco Bay and of San Pablo and Suisun bays. Then the return journey the next day will show him the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, with miles upon miles of fruitful orchards, and the wondrously rich bottom-lands reclaimed by a vast system of dykes and levees.

There also is a pleasant run by steamer to Vallejo, and the United States Navy Yard at Mare Island, and the southern arm of the bay can be seen from the steamers which run to Alviso, tapping the rich

orchard country around San Jose. Or, if the visitor be so minded, he can find comfortable and well-fitted yachts and lively gasoline launches for hire, and in them can visit the islands and the suburban settlements, which latter, during the summer months, have all the gay life of seaside resorts, combined with home comforts and attractions. The yachts will be found safe enough for a dash through the Golden Gate for a fishing excursion to the banks, where the rock-cod are taken in great numbers.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

San Francisco long has been noted for the excellence of its hotel accommodations. This grew out of the fact that the shifting life of the early days made many hotels necessary, and the miners, having money to pay for good accommodations, demanded the best. So there are in the city eleven hostelrys which may be honestly denominated "first-class"; and their rates are so reasonable, as compared with the rates charged by similar hotels in eastern cities, that the visitor finds it hard to exercise the traveller's dearest prerogative—the right to grumble.

Then, again, there is an extensive boarding-house life which is very like home life. Many people, prominent in business and society, have found the San Francisco boarding-houses so much to their liking that they have been lured away from house-keeping. Some of the rates in comfortable, and even fashionable, boarding-houses are so low as to seem ridiculous to a New Yorker or a Chicagoan.

Another phase of life which the visitor may find convenient is the furnished house. In most of the cities of the country, except during the brief season of the summer exodus, the furnished house or furnished flat is a rarity. Those offered for occupancy are far from desirable. But in San Francisco, any one wishing to spend a few months, and surround himself with the comforts of home, can easily secure a house or flat in which the furniture

really looks homelike, while the rental rate is not higher than the charge for a similar house or flat entirely unfurnished in the larger cities of the Middle West and the eastern seaboard.

The abundance of all things edible accounts, in large measure, for the comparative cheapness of it all. To the eastern housewife, accustomed to watch her marketing, and given to the careful study of the pass-books of the butcher and the green-grocer, San Francisco prices will be a pleasing revelation. Particularly is this true of all the products of the soil. Fruits and vegetables are so easily grown that they are dumped into the San Francisco markets in the greatest profusion. The variety is exceptional, and the quality the very best.

Eastern people know of the Californian fruits, for they have been accustomed to find them in their markets long before the local products mature. Californian vegetables are now being shipped to many of the distributing centers of the West, and even the Middle and New England States. People there are only too glad to get those fruits and vegetables; but in San Francisco the visitor will find these products on sale for prices which do not have to take into consideration the long freight haul. Consequently, San Francisco has been referred to, time and again, as "The Poor Man's Paradise"—the place where he can work more days in the year in comfort than he can anywhere else, where his wages are at a good figure, and where he can live better for the same amount of money than anywhere else on earth.

The restaurants of the city give evidence of the variety in the markets and the easy prices. The good restaurants are numbered by dozens. Probably

no city in the United States, and surely none out of this country, can show such eating-places. And they run the gamut of all nationalities and religions. It is quite a favourite amusement to drift from eating-place to eating-place, from day to day, on a sort of gustatory tour around the world.

In the first place, a good American meal can be had for twenty-five cents—not a sloppy, half-seasoned, overcooked meal, but a wholesome, well-cooked, well-served one. For that money an honest soup will be served, an excellent roast, with a wide range to choose from, and a good cup of coffee made from real coffee berries grown in Central America, or a cup of tea from a fair brand of real Chinese leaves. Bread and butter, and potatoes or some other vegetable, will be “thrown in” with that easy disregard of cost which always astonishes visitors. The restaurants which serve these twenty-five-cent meals are locally called “Three-for-twos,” which is to say, three dishes for “two bits,” the term “bit” being a localism for the $12\frac{1}{2}$ -cent shilling of our forefathers.

Now these “Three-for-twos” are not to be recommended to the *bon vivant*, or the gourmet with pampered palate and a hypercritical taste; but they are just the place for the man of small means, accustomed to the cooking of the home or farm, and to him the meal will be more than satisfying.

But we have started out to eat our way around the world, so we will step into a Mexican restaurant and try some of the hot and peppery dishes which the Aztecs taught their conquerors how to make. Here you will find chili con carne, frijoles cooked after the Mexican style, tortillas, tamales, and a long menu of unusual dishes which will claim

the attention of those who seek for change and variety. Fiery liquors and burning salsas are here found in abundance.

Then, perhaps, the visitor will like to try the Italian cooking, and here he may find a rare Bohemian sort of entertainment with his eating if he so wishes. In some of the larger Italian restaurants, where a good dinner, with a pint of sound wine, may be had for half a dollar, music and song and laughter spice the meal as much as does the prevailing garlic. Perhaps a Negro or a Hawaiian will be "placed on high," like Timotheus, to sing some popular "coon song," or intone one of the strangely musical *hulas*, and the merry throng will join in the choruses.

Perhaps a couple will dance a measure. Possibly a fisherman or gardener will fling off a folk-song of the Italian land—all in good temper, all in good order. It will not do to pass through San Francisco without attempting to become a part of one of these joyous occasions in an Italian restaurant; and over and beyond the frolic of the thing, the dishes are apt to leave a flavour on the tongue that will linger in the memory.

The Germans have their restaurants, where all the dishes and beers of the Fatherland are to be found. There are Austrian restaurants, Swiss and Swedish restaurants, Russian restaurants, cosey Japanese restaurants, gorgeous Chinese restaurants, where the chop-sticks take the place of knife and fork. In short, it would be hard to name any dish with a distinctive national tone that cannot be found in all its native glory right in the eating-places of San Francisco.

But, of course, the restaurants of France are the restaurants par excellence of the world, and so it

is in its French restaurants that San Francisco particularly excels. Several of these French houses are more than restaurants—they are palaces. They occupy large buildings, with handsomely decorated banquet halls, spacious wine cellars, and lodging-rooms furnished with the luxury of a fashionable hotel. In this feature San Francisco is unique. Nowhere else are there such restaurants, the wide world over and the green earth round.

In these restaurants a table d'hôte dinner is served for one dollar, including a pint of excellent claret, which could not be duplicated in New York or Boston for three times the price. The chefs are men of mark, and their dishes have quite as notable a flavour as those of Delmonico's or Sherry's or the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York. The range of the menu would not be possible anywhere else for any such prices; but, though the general intention is to keep everything at reasonable rates, the gourmet can banquet himself and friends on rare dishes that will make his bill foot into tall figures. Even at the prices charged, the proprietors of these places, who generally have come up from the ranks of the chefs or waiters, have frequently made comfortable fortunes.

So it will be seen that the traveller can be well housed and well fed in San Francisco, and probably nowhere else can he be so well housed or so well fed for the same amount of money.



FAMOUS OLD CYPRESSES



Photograph by H. C. Tibbitts

AT MONTEREY

CLUBS

The Anglo-Saxon is distinctly "clubable." Before he has long made a settlement in a new land, he has set up his club. This fact has recently been exemplified in Dawson City and Manila. So San Francisco soon had its clubs where there could be escape from the daily business cares, where the creature comforts could be ministered, and where men could keep in friendly touch of the elbow with their fellows. The women followed the men in the club idea, and have their own comfortable quarters, where they can exchange ideas and gossip over tea and chocolate, and where, if they so wish, they can denounce the Tyrant Man as their dear hearts desire.

Perhaps the most generally known of San Francisco's clubs is the Bohemian—known, not because of the luxury of its club-house, the excellence of its cuisine, or the superiority of the wines in its cellars, but for the comradeship of its associations, the pictures on its walls, and its unique entertainments. The club was started by newspaper men, artists, musicians, and actors. Its beginning was humble. But it soon widened its scope, and the requirement of admission became the mark and sign of good-fellowship, and the appreciation of the struggles and achievements in art, science, and letters. So the artists painted the best pictures for the club's walls, the musicians there gave out

their catchiest melodies, and the literary men and orators prepared for the Jinks entertainments their liveliest sallies and roundest periods. Incorporated in 1872, the club now has a membership of 750, not including life, honorary, or transient members, and its lists are full, those applying for membership having to go upon a waiting list to bide the time when death or resignation shall make the coveted place for them. There is a commodious theatre attached to the club, and a fine library, and the organisation also owns a magnificent grove of redwood trees on the Russian River near Guerneville, to which place the members make an annual pilgrimage for the celebration of the Midsummer Jinks and the ceremonies attendant upon the Cremation of Care. This annual ceremonial is becoming known among travellers as something quite as unique as the production of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. An actor expressed the scenic possibilities of the place when he wrote to Henry Irving, "Imagine a back drop a thousand feet high that you can walk around on." One touch of red or green fire in the mighty woods produces an effect far beyond the possibilities of the most renowned scene-painter—quite the realisation of the stage-manager's spectacular dream.

As the Bohemian Club stands for easy-going good-fellowship, the Pacific-Union Club, at Post and Stockton streets, represents the wealth and dignity of the city. Here is a renowned cuisine and a faultless service. Here gather the city's foremost merchants and financiers, lawyers who have been pleading heavy cases, men of affairs who have been handling transactions involving millions. The club takes its name from a consolidation in 1889

of the Pacific and Union clubs, the former founded as far back as the year 1852, and the Union two years later. It was found that the two had a community of interest and a place in the same field, and a consolidation, which was of mutual benefit, was arranged. Since then the club has prospered, and the fame of its creature comforts has gone abroad in the land.

Within the Pacific-Union Club is the Country Club, with a limited membership of one hundred, a motto, "Under the



THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Greenwood Tree," and 76,000 acres of hunting preserve at Point Reyes in Marin County. On this preserve is a delightful club-house; the streams are stocked with trout; the quail are plentiful in the canyons; ducks and geese and snipe abound in the ponds and marshes during the rainy season, and the deer are upon all the hills. Probably there is no finer preserve in the country. Once a year a bull's-head breakfast is given by the club at the club-house, to which a general invitation to the clubmen of the city is extended. A special

train is run to Point Reyes station, where stages are held in waiting for the five-mile drive to the club-house—one of the most beautiful drives in the State.

The University Club, which is in most respects the counterpart of organisations bearing the same name in other cities, was organised in 1890, and prospered rapidly. It has a commodious club-house on Sutter Street, near Jones, and a membership close upon 500. Its cuisine is notably good, and its wine cellar the best in the city. One of the club's most popular features is the Ladies' Department, where the female relatives of the members have the *entrée* to the good things of club life. Of course, the membership is limited to University men, and the club members have taken a leading part in the city's society affairs.

The Cosmos Club, organised in April, 1881, has a large house at the corner of Sutter and Octavia streets, and there has made a most comfortable home. Many army and navy men are numbered among the members—in fact, the club has quite a distinctive army and navy tone, and some of the members won fame and honours during the wars with Spain and the Filipinos.

The Union League Club, with rooms in the Palace Hotel, is the leading Republican political organisation of the Pacific Coast. Most of the master politicians of the Republican faith in California have their names on its rolls, and it makes a point of entertaining all Republican statesmen who are visitors in San Francisco. The Merchants' Club, with rooms at California and Sansome streets, is essentially a lunch club, and as such a complete success.

The Concordia Club and the San Francisco Verein are the clubs of the Hebrew citizens, and both have handsome club-houses and give entertainments which combine gustatory delight with wit and music. The San Francisco Club has a lofty site in the upper floors of the Claus Spreckles Building, and from its eyrie has a wondrous view of the city and the bay. The Olympic Club is the city's representative athletic organisation, and its fine building on Post Street is one of the best fitted athletic institutions in the land. The Press Club, made up of active newspaper men, and those who have connection with the press or intimate association with the press men, has its rooms at 123 Ellis Street, and its smokers have become known as among the brightest entertainments given in the town.



COSMOS CLUB

The Burlingame Country Club is the State's most fashionable out-of-doors association. It has its club-house and stables amid the oaks at Burlingame in San Mateo County, and there, too, it has a race-track for polo pony contests, a polo field, and golf links. In front of the club-house is annually held a horse show, where the fashionables congregate to look over the smart traps and equipages, and to watch the riders in their feats of horsemanship. Occasionally the Burlingame polo players come to San Francisco for public matches on the greensward of Golden Gate Park, and during the season their golf and polo teams invade the southland to contest

with rival teams, or meet their rivals on the neutral ground at Monterey, where they hold an annual outing, which is the summer's principal society event. More or less associated with the Burlingame Club is the San Francisco Hunt Club, organised for fox-hunting.

The leading women's clubs of the city are the Century, with a fine house at 1215 Sutter Street; the Sorosis, the Forum, the Laurel Hall, the Corona, the California, and the Philomath. Each has its own peculiar attraction and methods of entertainment, and in the membership will be found all or nearly all of the women of the city who are foremost in deeds of charity and loving kindness.

If there is anything which distinguishes the clubs of San Francisco from those of other cities, it is in the greater ease of deportment of members when within the club-house doors. Even in the stiffest and most formal of them there is hardly the frigidity which chills the stranger in many similar organisations in Europe and the older cities of this country. In fact, the San Francisco club, generally, gives a very good exemplification of the renowned "California hospitality."

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STATUES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS

In architecture, San Francisco is in a transition period. It is emerging from the idea, planted during the early fifties, that nothing was to be permanent in California, and that money was to be made as quickly as possible and taken away. Of course, that idea did not encourage the building of substantial structures. The tents reluctantly gave place to wood, and the wood has been slow to make room for brick and mortar, steel and stone. It was found that in the equable climate wooden houses were thoroughly comfortable; and as wood was plenty for building purposes, San Francisco became a wooden city—that is to say, nearly all the residences were of wooden construction, and many of the business houses.

As yet, the city is hardly notable for the statuary in its public places, but it is improving in this respect, and the erections of recent years have been in the spirit of the increased attention to art. Between Market Street and the City Hall is the bronze group known as the "Lick Statuary," so named because the late James Lick left a bequest of \$100,000 to provide for the erection of a group which should typify the growth of the State. A heroic figure of California, with the grizzly at her feet, stands on a granite pedestal in the center. Around the pedestal are the names of men who were foremost in the State's early struggles, with bronze medallions

illustrative of scenes during the days of mining and "prairie schooner" emigration. On separate pedestals are four bronze figures representing periods in the State's development. The sculptor was Frank



CLAUS SPRECKLES BUILDING

Happersberger, a native of the State, who has well carried out the idea of the old pioneer who provided the fund for the symbolic figures.

At the junction of Market, Turk and Mason streets is the statue dedicated to the Native Sons of the Golden West, and presented to the city by James D. Phelan. On top of a granite column stands a bronze figure of an angel bearing aloft the record of California's admission to the Union. On the pedestal in front of the column stands a youthful miner, pick on shoulder, holding high with his left hand the country's banner, with California's new star in the field of blue. This figure is full of the youth and energy which builded the great State and the great city.

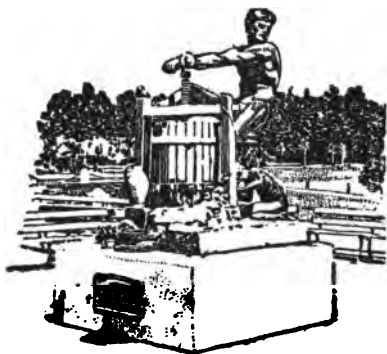
The whole is the work of Douglas Tilden, a deaf mute educated at the State's institution and at the State's expense, and his success in the domain of art is the best possible tribute to the thoroughness of his schooling. He soon is to erect a still more ambitious monument, at the junction of Market and Pine streets—a group representing Labour and the Mechanic Arts, funds for which were provided in the will of the late Mervyn Donahue.

In the city's most prominent street angle—formed by Market, Kearny, and Geary streets—stands Lotta's Fountain, an iron shaft with drinking-troughs and cups about its base. Though not artistically worthy of the position it holds, and not in any way to be compared with the other pieces of statuary described, a certain sympathetic interest attaches to this fountain, as it was the gift of Lotta Crabtree, the bright actress who was closely identified with the California of a few decades ago.

A drinking fountain at the intersection of Kearny Street and Montgomery Avenue is surmounted by a figure of Benjamin Franklin. It was a gift to the city by Doctor Cogswell, who also gave a statue of himself, which the offended artists pulled down and broke to bits by night.

The Franklin figure also could be spared, and a statue of Abraham Lincoln, in front of the Lincoln School, on Fifth Street, has none too much to recommend it to the artistic sense.

Far different is the thoroughly satisfying Robert Louis Stevenson monument, which was unveiled in Portsmouth Square October 17, 1897. This was



WINE PRESS FOUNTAIN, GOLDEN GATE PARK

the first monument ever erected to the great master of English prose, and the place of its erection was peculiarly well chosen, as Stevenson sat many hours in that "plaza" thinking out the things which

made his name immortal. The design is simple—the bronze ship *Bonaventure* spreading her golden sails to the breeze from the top of a graceful pedestal, which bears the following quotation from Stevenson's "Christmas Sermon":



THE STEVENSON MONUMENT

"To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little, and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

The work is that of Bruce Porter and Willis Polk, the former an artist, the latter an architect.

This is a meager list of statuary for a big city, but, save for that in Golden Gate Park, which will be mentioned elsewhere, it is all the city has to show.

In public buildings San Francisco does not stand out among the cities of the land, and there are too many hints in the workmanship of the buildings which she has of the bad old days, when political bosses ruled the municipal roost and thought far more of jobbery which would bring money to their

purses and the pockets of their henchmen than of doing work which would satisfy civic pride. Those times seem to have left such a bad taste in the mouth of the body politic that their recurrence will not be permitted, and the entire present tendency in municipal government is toward honesty and intelligence in the expenditure of public money.

The United States Branch Mint, at Fifth and Mission streets, may not cause the eye to hang out with wondering delight, though it is a substantial and far from ugly building, but it is sure to catch the fancy of those who like to see glittering piles

of gold and silver coin. The architecture is a combination of Doric and Ionic. Its portico, flanked by six fluted columns, is approached by a



ADMISSION DAY FOUNTAIN

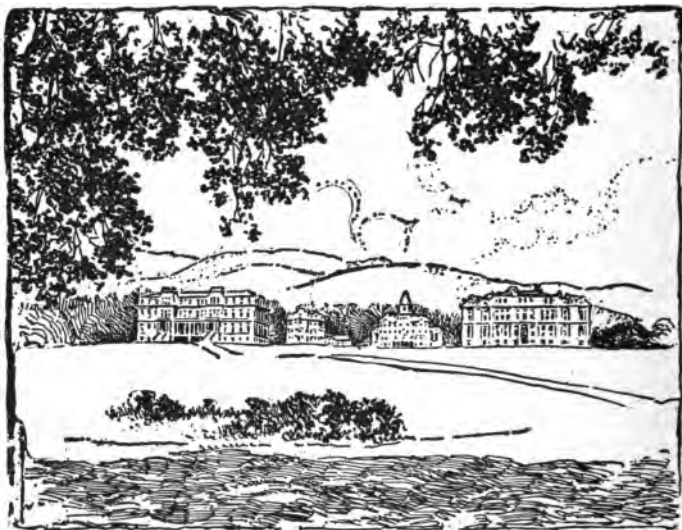


THE NEW CITY HALL, STREET VIEW

flight of heavy granite steps. The basement is of granite, and the two upper stories of a bluish gray sandstone. This is the largest mint in the United

States, and visitors are admitted to view the process of coining and the immense stores of money in the vaults every day (except Sundays and holidays), between the hours of 9 and 11:30 A. M.

It may be noted here that in San Francisco and



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY

California generally little paper money of any kind is in circulation, all business transactions being conducted with gold and silver coin. Paper money is apt to be regarded with the same suspicion which follows the offer of a twenty-dollar gold piece in most of the States of the Union. So the gold and silver piled up in the mint, and the work of turning out the coins, do not strike the average Californian as they do the Easterner. But the figures of coinage will impress anybody, for from \$25,000,000 to \$35,000,000 in "good hard coin" is turned out by

this mint annually. The nickel is the smallest coin in general use in San Francisco, copper cents having no circulation whatever except in a limited use for the purchase of postage stamps, so the coinage of the San Francisco mint is practically all silver and gold.

Down in the United States Sub-Treasury on Commercial Street, above Montgomery, are to be seen other piles of gold and silver, and here is carried the only considerable store of paper money in the State.



MAIN GATEWAY, LELAND STANFORD
UNIVERSITY

Turning from the Federal public buildings to the public schools, San Francisco will again have apologies to offer. Though the school department itself is in excellent condition, the average of its teachers being exceptionally high, and the educational results achieved giving the city every cause for pride and congratulation, the buildings themselves are enough to make a parent shake his head in apprehension. Here is another result of the bad political methods of the past. Money which should have gone into the construction of school

buildings was wasted on political favourites, and there has been a deal of scandal.

Here, again, however, there has been a change. The schools are now in the hands of men devoted

to the cause of education, and the citizens have voted \$1,400,000 for new buildings.



LEONA CREEK, MILLS COLLEGE

The courses of study in the schools lead directly to the University of California, and to Leland Stanford, Jr., University, the former at

Berkeley, and the latter at Palo Alto. Both of these institutions are richly endowed, the latter with practically all the fortune of the late Senator Leland Stanford, and the former by numerous gifts from individuals, in addition to a grant from the Federal Government and the State tax. Both are largely attended.

The architecture at Stanford is impressive, and that at Berkeley is soon to be magnificent. Already these two homes of learning promise to take place beside the great universities of the country. Both can be reached easily from San Francisco, and the beautiful buildings of Leland Stanford University when finished will be the largest and finest in many respects in the world.

While on the subject of education and public buildings, it will be well to suggest that the visitor

drop in at the California Academy of Sciences, 819 Market Street.

Here is a fine building of marble, granite and sandstone, which was provided for in one of James Lick's bequests. The building cost about \$400,000, and it houses an interesting collection which runs the gamut of illustration of the natural sciences. The Lick Mechanical School, and the Wilmerding School, both the outgrowth of private benefactions, will give the visitor an idea of how the Californian youth are being prepared for the practical side of everyday life.

As yet, San Francisco has no public library building, and no extensive museum or art gallery. At the Hopkins Institute of Art a beginning has been made on a collection of paintings, and in the Golden Gate Park there is the beginning of a museum. As for the library, the city has a good collection of about 90,000 books, which are fairly well housed in one wing of the City Hall. There are five reading-room branches of this library scattered throughout the city. A handsome library building is one of the city's hopes. There are two noteworthy subscription libraries—the Mechanics Institute Library, at 31 Post Street, near the city's center, and the Mercantile Library, at the corner of Van Ness and Golden Gate avenues. Each of these has about 75,000 volumes, and they are kept up to date in all respects. The late Adolph Sutro made a splendid collection of rare volumes, which it was his expressed intention to give to the city or the University of California, but the matter is now in litigation. The city has a law library of 35,000 volumes at the City Hall.

CEMETERIES

It has become the habit of people who look at things from the outside to call San Francisco a wicked city. Any study of the home and church life will dissipate this notion. There is among many of the people an easy western way of wearing their vices where all may see them, and hiding their virtues. But the home life of the citizens has all the quietude and beauty of that of olden communities, and the 125 or more churches are well attended and supported.

The greatest general interest of travellers is sure to center on the old Mission Dolores, which has held its place since October 8, 1776. Though not one of the richest or proudest of California's missions, it has some of the architecture characteristic of the *padres*. The thick adobe walls still stand. The unglazed tiles are still upon the roof, and its general appearance has not been greatly altered since the days when hundreds of Indians knelt in and about it to hear the intoning of the old Spanish masses, and to receive the benediction from the gentle but brave men who dared and suffered so much in spreading the teachings of Christ. Though the old adobe quarters of the priests and their attendants have been torn away in the march of the city's development, the cemetery remains undisturbed. The same old bells ring, and there is about the place the same old peace. The location is on Dolores

Street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth. There have been no interments in the old cemetery attached to the church since 1858, but one tombstone marks the grave of Don Luis Arguello, first Mexican Governor of California, and another the resting-place of James F. Casey, who was executed by the Vigilantes in 1856 for the murder of James King, of William.

The other cemeteries within the city limits hardly compare, save for some of their imposing mausolea, with the "God's Acres" of eastern cities. Most of them are grouped about Lone Mountain, which rears above the dead a huge cross which is one of the character marks of the city. Laurel Hill Cemetery lies to the north of the hill, Masonic to the south, while Calvary is on the east, and the Odd Fellows Cemetery on the west. Then there is the City Cemetery on Twenty-fourth Street, near Point Lobos Avenue, looking over the Golden Gate and out to sea. The National Cemetery, where the soldiers are buried, is in the Presidio Reservation.

These interurban cemeteries cover some 335 acres, and there has been more or less agitation for their removal, as the city has grown around and beyond them. As a consequence, the tendency now is to bury at the cemeteries outside of Oakland, or those in San Mateo County, just beyond the city line, where there has been much beautifying of naturally favoured sites. And speaking of cemeteries, it may be the fortune of the visitor to encounter a Chinese funeral, which will be a novel sight to most, and an interesting one to all. When a Chinese dies, a great wealth of cakes and sweetmeats, teas and wine, roast pig, roast ducks, and other delicacies are placed at the foot of the coffin for the use of the soul on the

journey to the undiscovered country. Then, after the hired mourners, robed all in white, have keened and wailed and lamented over the dead, the body, coffined after the manner of Americans, is placed in a hearse, and the friends and family take hacks for the cemetery, just as the white folks do. The hacks used on these occasions are decrepit affairs, but the Chinese seem to take great pride in riding in them.

In appearance there is not much to distinguish the Chinese funeral from any other, though an express wagon loaded with the funeral baked meats accompanies the line of carriages. The difference is in the noise. A Chinese funeral may be heard coming for blocks, and even at this day is likely to call San Franciscans to their windows. There is a deal of beating of tom-toms and gongs, possibly because the Chinese ear finds music in such instruments, and possibly to drive away the evil spirits. Pieces of the flimsy Chinese paper in white and red are continually thrown out from the head of the procession, the idea being that the devil will think these bits are Chinese money, and, in stopping to gather them up, will give the body of the dead a chance to be deposited in the grave and covered with protecting earth before the foul fiend reaches the cemetery. Part of the meats and comfits are left at the grave, and the remainder taken back to the city for a feast. Many a fine roast pig has been taken from the Chinese graves, after the friends and relatives are gone, by white men, who had far more respect for their stomachs than for the funeral traditions and observances of the Chinese. The bones of all good Chinamen are in time disinterred, cleaned, and shipped back to China.

But let us follow one of the funeral wagons back

to Chinatown—that quarter of San Francisco in which the traveller is likely to take the greatest interest, and in which the city takes the least pride.

CHINATOWN

Chinatown, of course, one must see. Squalid in the day, and overcast by an Oriental mystic glamour in the night; busy at all hours, but in the eastern fashion of business; foreign to the soil on which it stands, but protected by alien thousands; babbling the cynical scorn of the East, or silent as the Sphinx—ever wise, and wicked, and wondrous—it mocks us from its imperturbable mystery.



A STREET IN CHINATOWN

A few steps from your hotel, at the turn of a corner, you come at once upon the city of the Chinese. Practically all the buildings of ten blocks are occupied by them. The boundaries of Chinatown are California, Pacific, Kearny, and Stockton streets, though not all of that area is occupied by the Mongols. In this city within a city the Chinese live much as they do in China, which fact makes a visit to the quarter entertaining.

It is night, and under the soft glow of paper lanterns, and through the gloom of unlighted alleys, weaves an Oriental throng. Policemen doubtless stand upon a corner here and there, and small parties of tourists pick their way under lead of professional guides; the remaining thousands are Celestials all. The scene is of the Chinaman at home, very John, restored to authenticity of type by the countenance of numbers; and so in the twinkling of an eye you become a foreigner in your own land, a tolerated guest in a fantastic realm whose chief apparent hold upon reality is its substratum of genuine wickedness. It is a grotesque jumble, a panopticon of peep-shows; women shoemakers huddled in diminutive rooms; barbers with marvellous tackle shaving heads and chins, and cleaning ears and eyeballs, while their patrons sit in the constrained attitude of a victim, meekly holding the tray; clerks, armed with a long pointed stick dipped in ink, soberly making pictures of variant spiders in perpendicular rows; apothecaries expounding the medicinal virtues of desiccated toad and snake; gold-workers making bracelets of the precious metal to be welded about the arm of him who dares not trust his hoard to another's keeping; restauranters serving really palatable conserves, with pots of delectable tea; shopkeepers vending strange foreign fruits and dubious edibles plucked from the depths of nightmare; merchants displaying



Joss

infinitude of curious trinkets and elaborate costly wares; worshippers and readers of the book of fate in rich temples niched with uncouth deities; conventional actors playing interminable histrionics to



CHINESE OPIUM DEN

respectful and appreciative auditors; gamblers stoically venturing desperate games of chance with cards and dominoes; opium-smokers stretched upon their bunks in a hot atmosphere heavy with sickening fumes; lepers dependent upon occasional alms flung by a hand that avoids the contamination of contact; female chattels, still fair and innocent of face despite unutterable wrongs, yet no whit above the level of their deep damnation—such is the Chinatown one brings away in lasting memory after three hours of peering, entering, ascending, descending, crossing, and delving. A very orderly and quiet community, withal, for the Mongolian is not commonly an obstreperous individual, and his vices are not of the

kind that inflame to deeds of violence. He knows no more convivial bowl than a cup of tea. If he quits the gaming-table penniless, it is with a smile of patient melancholy. And his dens of deepest horror are silent as enchanted halls.

All except its innermost domestic life may be inspected by the curious. The guides are discreet, and do not include the lowest spectacles except upon request, although it is equally true that very many visitors, regarding the entire experience as one of the conventional sights of travel, go fortified with especial hardihood, and release their conductor from considerations of delicacy.

The joss-houses, or temples, are hung with ponderous gilded carvings, with costly draperies and rich machinery of worship. The deities are fearful conceptions, ferocious of countenance, bristling with hair, and decked with tinsel robes. A tiny vestal flame burns dimly in a corner, and near it stands a huge gong. An attendant strikes this gong vociferously to arouse the god, and then prostrates himself before the altar, making three salaams. A couple of short billets, half round, are then tossed into the air to bode good or ill luck to you according as they fall upon the one or the other side. A good augury having been secured by dint of persistent tossing, a quiverful of joss-sticks is



CHINESE ACTOR

next taken in hand and dexterously shaken until three have fallen to the floor. The sticks are numbered, and correspond to paragraphs in a fate book that is next resorted to, and you are ultimately



CHINESE RESTAURANT

informed that you will live for forty years to come, that you will marry within two years, and, if your sex and air seem to countenance such a venture, that you will shortly make enormous winnings at poker. Whatever of genuine solemnity may cloak the Heathen Chinees in his own relations to his be-whiskered deities, he undoubtedly tips the wink to them when the temple is invaded by itinerant sightseers.

The smooth, spectaclad interpreter of destinies pays \$5,000 a year for the privilege of purveying such mummeries, and hardly can the Heathen Chinees himself repress a twinkle of humour at the termination of a scene in which he so easily comes off best, having fairly outdone his Caucasian critic in cynicism, and for a price.

In the theatre he will be found, perhaps contrary to expectation, to take a serious view of art. You are conducted by a tortuous underground passage of successive step-ladders and narrow ways, past innumerable bunk-rooms of opium smokers, to the

stage itself, where your entrance creates no disturbance. The Chinese stage is peculiar in that, while the actors are outnumbered ten to one by supernumeraries, musicians, and Caucasian visitors, they monopolise the intellectual recognition of the audience. The men who, hat on head, pack the pit, and the women who throng the two galleries, divided into respectable and nonrespectable by a rigid meridian, have been educated to a view of the drama which is hardly to be ridiculed by nations that admit the concert and the oratorio. The Chinese simply need less ocular illusion than we in the theatre, and perhaps those of us who are familiar with the grotesque devices by which our own stage-veneer is wrought perform no less an intellectual feat than they. Their actors are indeed richly costumed, and, women not being permitted upon the stage, the youths who play female rôles are carefully made up for their parts; and one and all they endeavour to impersonate. Almost no other illusion is considered necessary. The stage-manager and his assistants now and then erect a small background suggestive of environment, and the province of the orchestra is to accentuate emotion—in which heaven knows they attain no small degree of success. It is highly conventionalised drama, in which any kind of incongruity may elbow the players, provided it does not confuse the mind by actually intervening



between them and the audience. The plays are largely historical, or at least legendary, and vary in length from six or eight hours to a serial of many consecutive nights' duration. There are stars whose

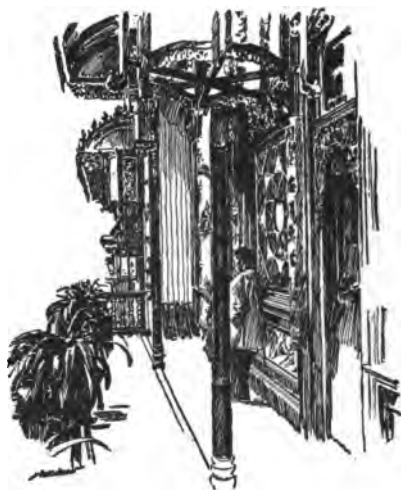


celebrity packs the house to the limit of standing-room, and there are the same strained silent attention and quick rippling response to witty passages that mark our own playhouses; but such demonstrative applause as the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet is unknown. The Chinese theatregoer would as soon

think of so testifying enjoyment of a good book in the quiet of his home. But as for the orchestra, let some other write its justification. Such a banging of cymbals, and hammering of gongs, and monotonous squealing of stringed instruments in unrememberable minor intervals almost transcend belief. Without visible leader, and unmarked by any discoverable rhythm, it is nevertheless characterised by unanimity of attack and termination, as well as enthusiasm of execution, and historians of music are authority for the statement that it is based upon an established scale and a scientific theory. Be that as it may, it is a thing of terror first to greet the ear on approach, last to quit it in departure, and may be counted upon for visitation in dreams that follow indigestion.

The secret society known as the Highbinders was created two and a half centuries ago in China by a band of devoted patriots, and had degenerated into

an organisation employed to further the ends of avarice and revenge long before it was transplanted to this country. Relieved of the espionage that had in some measure controlled it at home, and easily able to evade a police unfamiliar with the Chinese tongue, it grew in numbers and power with great rapidity. The greater portion of the people of Chinatown have always been honestly industrious and law abiding, but the society rewarded hostility by persecution, ruin, and often death. Merchants were laid under tribute, and every form of industry in the community that was not directly protected by membership in the society was compelled to yield its quota of revenue. Vice was fostered, and courts of law were so corrupted by intimidation or bribery of witnesses that it was next to impossible to convict a High-binder of any criminal offense. A climax of terror was reached that at last convulsed the enviroing city, and by the pure effrontery of autocratic power the society itself precipitated its downfall. A peremptory word was given to



BALCONY OF JOSS-HOUSE

the police, and a scene ensued which the astonished Celestials were forced to accept as a practical termination of their bloody drama; a small epic of civilisa-

tion intent on the elevation of heathendom, no inconsiderable portion of which in a short space was blown skyhigh. The Highbinders were scattered, many imprisoned or executed, innumerable dives emptied, temples and secret council rooms stripped bare, and the society in effect undone. Still, for one who has viewed the lowest depths of the Chinatown of to-day, the name will long revive an uncherished memory of two typical faces, outlined upon a background of nether flame. One is the face of a woman who, in a cell far underground, leans against a high couch in a manner half-wanton, half-indifferent, and chants an unintelligible barbaric strain. The other is that of her owner, needing only a hangman's knot beneath the ear to complete a wholly satisfactory presentment of irredeemable depravity. And that is why one quits the endless novelties of the peep-show without regret, and draws a breath of relief upon regaining the familiar streets of civilisation.

During the Chinese New Year the quarter is at its best from a spectacular point of view, and at that time the denizens are exceptionally generous in making presents to their friends. If some unusual feast is being celebrated, and there is to be a procession, the visitor may be certain of a rare feast for the eye. Then the most gorgeous costumes and banners are on view. The great dragon, hundreds of feet long, is brought out to make its grotesque way through the streets, vomiting fire as he goes. The armour and weapons of Chinese soldiers are worn and carried, and altogether the scene is dazzling to those unaccustomed to the wealth of colour of the Orient. Certainly Chinatown, with all its sanitary faults, is the most picturesque feature of the city's life.

FLOWERS

The profusion and cheapness of flowers all the year round will favourably impress the visitor. The sidewalk dealers at Newspaper Angle—the meeting-place of Market, Kearney, Geary, and Third streets—make a picture which will come up in the future years. They are a swarthy lot of all ages and sizes, and their fragrant wares run the measure of the spectroscope's revelations. There the dealers are all the year round, with a stock that varies with the seasons, until the offerings include as wide a range of beauty and suggestion as those celebrated in Kipling's famous poem.

And dotting all the city are the shops of the florists, whose prices are hardly higher than those of the street sellers. Signs in the windows will offer a dozen fine roses for a quarter of a dollar. A handful of violets—big violets with a wondrous perfume—can be had for a dime, or even for a nickel. Even the coveted and fashionable American Beauty roses, with their long stems, may be obtained for \$2 per dozen. Everything, from orchids to carnations, from delicate lilies to the branches of flowering trees, will be found on sale at similarly moderate rates. All the gardens are a-bloom with posies nearly as perfect as the best products of the hothouses, and within a few miles of San Francisco are suburbs in which the blossoms almost hide the houses. When

a California city announces a floral festival, the visitor should be willing to travel the length of the State to see it, for there Flora will be found reigning in her greatest glory.

GOLDEN GATE PARK

But now let us take a run through the city's chief pride and joy, Golden Gate Park. This is reached by a drive of about three miles from the center of the city, or by taking any one of half a dozen or more



JAPANESE GARDEN, GOLDEN GATE PARK

street-car lines which make the park their termini. In this park are 1,013 acres, valued at \$11,000,000, and the citizens have voted the bonds to the amount of \$4,800,000 for the purpose of extending the park's "panhandle" right down to Van Ness Avenue, within two blocks of the City Hall, and through a thickly built-up residence district. This "panhandle" is at present 3,834 feet long and 275 feet wide, but stops at Baker Street.

The park, including the "panhandle," is more than four miles long. When it was provided for by legislative act in 1870 there was little on the site to suggest a park. For the most part it consisted of barren



STRAWBERRY HILL AND STOW LAKE, GOLDEN GATE PARK

sand-dunes, such as now can be seen on either side of it. The wind was constantly changing these sand-ridges, but the lupine was planted by tens of thousands, and a special grass which thrives in the sand was imported, and thus the shifting of the sand was stayed. Then drives were laid out and macadamised, trees, shrubs, and flowers planted, the lawns laid down, and now, after but thirty years, sand-dunes have become a park whose rare beauty is the astonishment of all visitors, and whose fame has gone into every land. Seldom has the world seen a greater triumph of the energy of man over the inhospitalities of Nature.

A drive or walk through the park brings new beauties to view with every turn of the road or path. Here a lake dimples amid its overhanging foliage; there a herd of bison or deer is started from its grazing. Now a company of happy children is seen laughing about numerous games, and again a fashionable throng watches a spirited game of polo, or listens to the music of a fine band. Youths are seen playing baseball, or football; gay equipages go

tooling by, or a string of bicyclists winds in and out along the path reserved for the riders. A cascade plashes and dances over the rocks in its course down Strawberry Hill and into Stow Lake. A great cross rears itself from an eminence to celebrate the first religious services on the coast in the English tongue, held by the daredevil mariners of Sir Francis Drake. Peacocks and pheasants strut or flit about, the quail call from the hills, rabbits flee along the shaded walks, and the visitor feels that in the midst of all the beauty he is very near to Nature's heart.

Near the Stanyan Street entrance is the stone lodge of the Park Commissioners, who have the park in charge, and spend the fund raised by taxation each year for park purposes.

Not far away is a dainty little bit of water, called Lake Alvord, with a splashing fountain and numerous water-fowl.

A little beyond is the playground of the children, with a brown sandstone building where a light luncheon can be had, a carousel, many swings, and



a lot of donkeys and goats for riding and driving. About this place stretch wide lawns, on which the people are permitted to wander and gambol at will. In a large paddock close by

are herds of deer and elk, and a giant grizzly snuffs lazily about the bars of his large enclosure. Ostriches poke their long necks over the fence of another paddock, and some distance beyond is a noble herd



A VIEW IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

of buffalo with the strangely horned moose.

A conservatory, modelled after the royal conservatory at

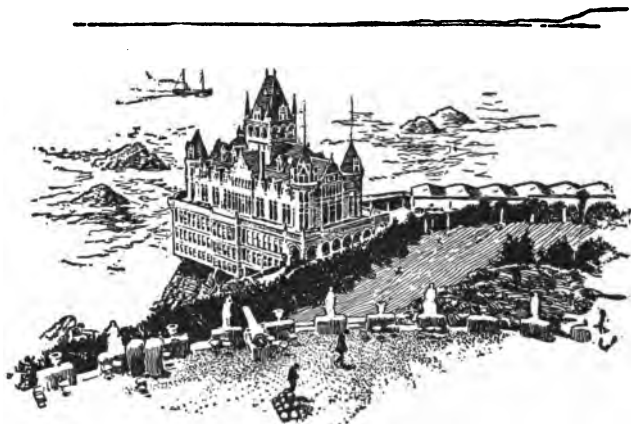
Kew, England, has a dome fifty-eight feet high, and contains many rare specimens of tropical plants, including a collection of orchids and some specimens of the *Victoria Regia*, a water lily which is said to have no other exemplar in North America. Then there is an aviary, continually melodious with



IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

the songs of the birds, who do not seem like prisoners as they flit among its trees. The squirrels have a big cage to themselves, and the trees in it afford them their coveted hiding-places for stores of winter nuts.

Nothing more delicate can be imagined than the Japanese garden, with its houses built like those on



CLIFF HOUSE AND GOLDEN GATE FROM SUTRO HEIGHTS

which Fujiama looks down. The goldfish glint in the garden rills, and storks stand about in fine solemnity. Dwarfed trees half hide vases of rare Japanese ware. The richly carved gateway was built without the use of a nail. Dainty Japanese attendants are in waiting to serve tea and comfits, and the visitor seems suddenly transported from Occidental hurly-burly to Oriental calm.

In the museum, a building of Egyptian architecture, which is a reminder of the Midwinter Fair of 1894-95, something more than a start has been made on what will some day be a great collection of

works of art and rare curios. This museum was presented to the Park Commissioners by the Mid-winter Fair Directors, and much of the collection was purchased by the net proceeds of that fair.



SUTRO BATHS AND HEIGHTS

Private contributions continually add to the attractiveness of the exhibit.

Strawberry Hill, capped by an observatory, looms on the view from every portion of the park. Its top is 426 feet above the sea-level, a wide drive-way winds about it to the summit, and its base is circled by Snow Lake, the artificiality of the construction of which has long ago been hidden by Nature's kindness. Into the lake dashes the water of Huntington Falls, where again all sense of the artificial has been washed away. The lake is spanned by picturesque bridges, skirted by a drive, and the two miles of sheltered water furnish a fine place for boating.

Turning to the right and passing a steel pier whence the sea water is pumped into the city for the bathing pavilions, the visitor comes upon the Cliff House, a hostelry which hangs right over the ocean's surges and looks down upon the Seal Rocks, where bask and bark hundreds of sea-lions.

The Cliff House itself is on the extreme tip of Point Lobos, which forms the south head of San

Francisco harbour. People sit for hours looking out from its rooms and verandas at the ever-changing picture of the sea. The original Cliff House was built in 1863. On July 14, 1886, the schooner *Parallel*, carrying 80,000 pounds of dynamite, was wrecked on the nearby rocks, and the explosion of the dynamite badly damaged the old hostelry. Then, on December 25, 1894, fire wiped out the ancient landmark. The present château-like structure was built by the late Adolph Sutro, whose home and grounds on the bluffs above were always open to visitors, and are known as Sutro Heights.

Near at hand are the Sutro Baths, the largest of all such establishments. Within are galleries in which a very good collection of curios peeps from amidst palms and tropic plants. About the swimming-tanks are arranged like an amphitheatre seats for the accommodation of 7,400 persons. There are 517 private dressing-rooms and numerous club and family apartments. The structure is 500 feet long and 254 feet wide, and the bathing-tanks



A SCENE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

hold 1,805,000 gallons of water, thrown directly into them by the ocean's waves. In the largest tank, 300 by 175 feet, the water is kept just at the temperature it comes from the sea,

while in other tanks it is heated to suit varying tastes.

If the visitor wishes to continue further a day's pleasuring, he will find the 1,500 acres of the Presidio military reservation a fine park, and may be per-



MILL VALLEY AND MT. TAMALPAIS

mitted to catch glimpses of the great guns of the fortifications frowning above the Golden Gate. On this reservation is the principal military post of the West. From it the American solidiers went out to war in the Philippines. To it they have come or are coming back with their honours thick upon them.

Such, then, are some of the sights and characteristics of the city of San Francisco. There are many pleasant journeys to points in its vicinity. The railroad and ferry fares are surprisingly low. In a few hours the giant redwoods may be reached in either the mountains of Santa Cruz to the southward or Marin and Sonoma to the north. The mountain Tamalpais towers 2,600 feet near at hand, and the scenic railroad, "the crookedest railway in the

world," which climbs to its summit, offers views of ocean and bay, of hill and dale, hamlet and forest, never to be forgotten. This trip should on no account be missed. A good hotel is at the top, and a pleasant trip is to take the railway in the afternoon and return in the morning.

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY

A variety of ways are at the command of the traveller. It has been assumed that the westward journey has been made over the Santa Fe, as in many respects this is the most interesting for the novice. He can return home on the Southern Pacific *via* New Orleans, if the time of the year is suited to this southern route. An interesting route is by Ogden, Salt Lake City, and Denver, which is direct and quick.

The northern route *via* Portland has many attractions. The Northern Pacific allows one to visit the Yellowstone, which is not open until late May. The Great Northern is still farther north, and the Canadian Pacific Railway offers fine and quite different scenery, as well as very good hotels, owned and operated by the railroad company.

CHAPTER VII

NEVADA AND UTAH

NEVADA formerly existed as part of the Territory of Utah, and, having leaped into sudden significance with the discovery of silver sulphurets in 1858, was separately organised and admitted into the Union during the Civil War. Trappers were its pioneers in 1825, over-land emigrants crossed it as early as 1834, and the explorations of Fremont began nine years later. It is a land of silver, and sage-brush, and steaming mineral springs; of salt, and borax, and sulphur; of parallel mountain ranges, rolling plains, and flat alkaline sands, of limpid fish-thronged lakes, and brackish sink-holes that suck the flow of its rivers. Its composition is endlessly diverse, and there is abundance of noble scenery, but this does not generally lie adjacent to the railway route. In its transit the tourist will not unlikely be aware of a few hours of monotony—the first and the last to be encountered in the entire course of the journey. Reno, Winnemucca, and Elko are the chief cities that will be seen, and Humboldt River is followed closely for the greater part of the distance across the State. Nevada, as everybody knows, means *snowy*. The name was derived from the range upon its western border, and was not suggested by any characteristic of the climate, which is dry and healthful, and, save in extreme altitudes, notably temperate.

Crossing the Utah line, and keeping well above the edge of the desolate barren noted on the maps as the Great Salt Lake Desert, you come quickly into view of the Great Salt Lake itself, whose shore



CLIFFS OF GREEN RIVER

is approximately followed for half its circumference upon the north and east. Between the eastern shore and the Wasatch range the southward-trending valley stretches for many miles. Ogden, Salt Lake City, Provo, Springville, and numerous pretty Mormon villages are scattered along the line, and there is a large body of fresh water, known as Utah Lake, linked to the great salt inland sea by the Jordan River. America boasts no fairer or more fruitful valley than this. Beyond, the circular eastward sweep of the route passes Red Narrows, Soldier Summit, Castle Gate, Green River, and the Book Cliffs, and leads through the noble valley of the Grand River to the Colorado boundary at Utaline.

Desert, broken by innumerable lovely oases; salt sea and fresh-water lake; monuments of an institution of world-wide notoriety, and its communities alternating or mingled with "Gentile" population; mountain passes, canyons, noble gateways, and

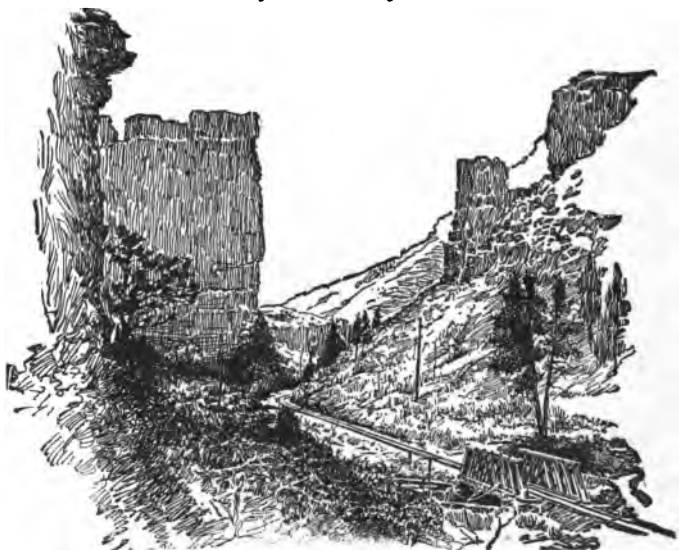
memorable rock-formations and river-valleys—these are the distinguishing features of Utah.

OGDEN

Focal point of converging railroads from the East and West, and nourished by many thousand acres of irrigated land immediately surrounding, Ogden is the second city of Utah in importance. The Wasatch Mountains protect it upon the east and north, and form a background of exceeding beauty here as elsewhere. The attractions of its environs include lakes, springs, rivers, and parks, and Ogden Canyon, a nine-mile stretch of rugged rock-fissure and roaring waters.

SALT LAKE CITY

The great Salt Lake region constitutes a trinity of valley, lake, and city; a valley, one of the loveliest



CASTLE GATE

and most productive in the Rockies; a lake (next to the Dead Sea), the saltiest and deadest in the world; a city, unique, beautiful, and prosperous.

A fantastic mingling of the old and new draws tourists to Utah. Salt Lake City is at once the Zion



ALONG GREEN RIVER

of a distinct religious people and the thriving metropolis of a great intermountain region.

And what of the romantic story which still thrills the world? A repetition of the wanderings of the Israelites, a paraphrase of Biblical history, though strangely perverted. To this valley in 1847 came Brigham Young and his band of Latter Day Saints. Their history has been a succession of hejiras from Kirkland in Ohio, Zion and Far West in Missouri, Nauvoo in Illinois, and "Winter Quarters" in Iowa, from which latter point, led by the star which ever beckons the Anglo-Saxon home-builder, these religious zealots took up a journey across an unknown third of the American continent. No books of the pioneers themselves adequately describe the sufferings of this and subsequent expeditions. One must hear the tale from the lips of the survivors of this hardy band to fully appreciate the story of that toilsome march, which, however we may criticise the impelling motive, constitutes an epic of heroism rarely surpassed.

The story of the Mormons is a tragic one, difficult reading for a dispassionate reader, like that of the Puritanic persecution of Quakers and reputed practitioners of witchcraft two centuries ago. It is true the Mormon offered an affront to the public sense of morality, but a later generation, that counts so many avowed adherents to the notion that even monogamous marriage is a failure, should have only commiseration for a sect committed to utter bankruptcy in that particular. In any event, abhorrence of polygamy cannot serve an excuse for the cruelties visited upon the early Mormons by the mobs that despoiled, maltreated, and murdered them. In this lies our disgrace, part sectional, part national, that their one offensive characteristic was counted a forfeiture of their every human right, and their defiance of a single law made pretext for the violation of twenty in their persecution. They are familiar to the public mind almost solely in their character as



polygamists claiming sanction of divine authority; yet, although polygamy no longer exists in Utah, the Church of Latter Day Saints having formally renounced it, the name of Mormon still has power to awaken prejudice among those who know the

sect only by repute. The abandonment of this prejudice is demanded, not by charity, but by common sense. The patriarchal households of the pious old Jewish kings are not more utterly a thing of the past than are those of the Mormons, and, stripped of them, Mormonism contains nothing to offend in a country that pretends to tolerance in matters of religion.

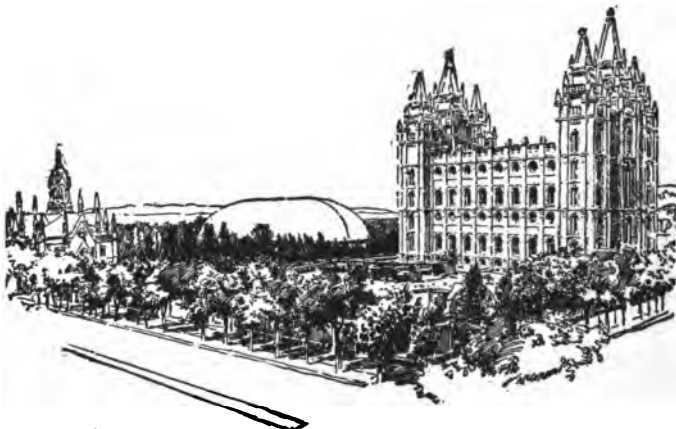
The followers of Young found the Salt Lake Valley a desert of unproductiveness, despite the beauty of its contour. They made it an unprecedented oasis, a broad garden of lovely fertility. A band of pauper zealots, they camped upon a barren and compelled it to sustain them.

On soil that was so hard that it broke the points of their plowshares they turned water from a creek flowing out of the canyon above the present city. This was the first Anglo-Saxon experiment in irrigation on the American continent. From this object-lesson in the possibilities of coöperation have sprung the many industrial successes of the Mormons, and Utah is now a chain of irrigated plains and valleys.

They found inspiration in the striking topographical resemblance between their desert and Palestine, and gave the name Jordan to the little river that joined their two contrasting waters, as old Jordan joins the Sea of Tiberias with the Dead Sea. They chose a site for Zion, and in its center, in 1853, they laid the foundations of the Temple, which the predetermined forty years of building exactly brought to completion.

It was a curious reversion to the old patriarchal idea of life, foreign to the spirit of our time and so foredoomed to failure; but the dreamers had hard muscles and determined souls. They grubbed

bushes, they dug ditches, they irrigated, they fought the grasshopper, they subsisted on the substance of things hoped for, enduring extremes of hunger and privation in the first years of their grapple with the desert. And by the time the reluctance of earth had been overcome and material prosperity had been won, the westward flow of emigration had



MORMON TEMPLE, TABERNACLE, AND ASSEMBLY HALL, SALT LAKE CITY

brought about the human conflict once more. The records of that conflict have been written by the accustomed partisan hands, but the plain truth is, that whether we are Mormon, or Catholic, or Protestant, or Mohammedan, or Gentile pure and unalloyed, we are intolerant all; and when we lay hold upon an issue it is more than a meeting of Greeks: it is savage to savage, old Adam himself warring against himself in the persons of his common children. Mormonism was a dream of religious enthusiasm mixed with earthly dross, overthrown by dross of earth that invoked the name of religion. Yet

the overthrow was plainly plotted by the higher powers, and the conquerors were in their employ.

The distinguishing features of the sect, as now restricted, are not apparent to the casual traveller, to whom Zion is only a romantic and imposing relic of a day that has been outlived. But the organisation still endures, and there is no reason to doubt that its distinction is vital enough in the sight of Mormons themselves, as it is to any clan or denomination. Individually they are esteemed and respected among the "Gentiles" that have invaded Salt Lake City; and Brigham Young himself, in the fullness of his almost autocratic power, manifested many of the qualities that make great names in history. Living to-day, he would be a captain of industry. This Vermont carpenter, while without education, possessed strong common sense. His talks to his people on the Sabbath in the Tabernacle were rarely along theological lines, but very often on practical matters pertaining to their material welfare. He was not an orator, but could very forcibly and aptly illustrate his speeches. One of his sayings was "Plow deep and plant alfalfa." That he made scandalous misuse of that power is generally believed, and, however great he may have deemed the danger of his people, it is certain he rebelled against the Government of these United States; but he was essentially a great leader and a man of many broad and beneficent conceptions. As contractor he built hundreds of miles of the first transcontinental railroad, and built a connecting road nearly forty miles in length to place Salt Lake City in commercial intimacy with the outside world. The first telegraph line to span the Rockies was principally constructed by him as contractor. And it is

remembered of him that he furnished a Mormon battalion to the Mexican War, and protected from Indian depredations the transportation of the United States mails through Utah at a time when Government troops could not be spared for the service. The establishment of the Territory of Utah was the death knell of the State of Deseret which he had founded, yet the President had enough confidence in his loyalty to appoint him its first Governor. That he should in the unavoidable ultimate issue take positive ground on the side of his people was to have been expected of the Mormon leader.



OLD TITHING-HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY

Young is the personification of the sect to the world at large, and his memory overhangs Salt Lake City, perpetuated in the broad private grounds, with their high walls and imposing gateway, where so long he dwelt and where in death he lies buried. And near at hand are the erstwhile palaces of his favourite wives, and miscellaneous structures that had religious and governmental uses in the singular day of his prime.

What of the city?

Beautiful for situation is Zion. It is situated at an altitude of 4,260 feet, in a fertile valley, and along

the foothills of the towering Wasatch range. It has generous squares, and broad streets radiating for miles from the Temple Block as a pivot. These highways are lined with locust, cottonwood, and stately cedar trees, whose overhanging branches form long avenues of green, all made possible by water brought from the mountains. Here 65,000 persons live in amity, Mormons and Gentiles having long since concluded a commercial pact that induces harmony in other relations. Social intercourse among Mormons and Gentiles is much freer than in the old day, and intermarriage is not uncommon.

Salt Lake City is in the center of a vast mining and agricultural country. Agriculture in its most intensive form here flourishes famously, and mining interests, though originally opposed by the Saints, are now on a firm foundation, and contribute to the stability of Zion. The per capita wealth is \$2,000—figures without parallel in cities of equal population. The clearing-house figures outrank many older cities whose population is far greater. Salt Lake has sixty-five miles of electric railways, a hundred miles of drives, more than a hundred manufactories, twenty-three public schools of the very highest standard, fine theatres (one built by Brigham Young), many large mercantile institutions, first-class hotels, and five railways. It is an up-to-date American city, full of hustle and progress.

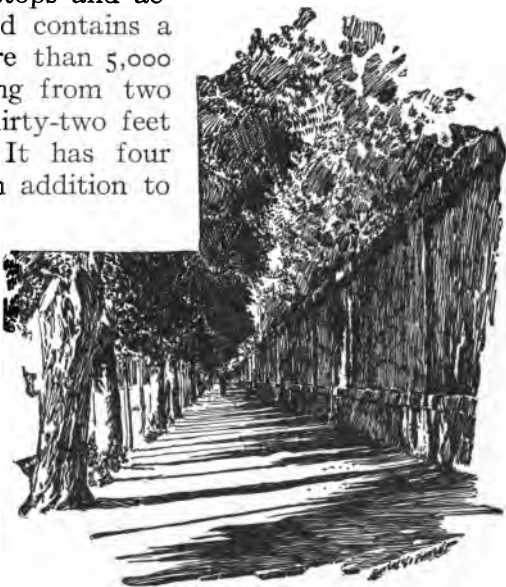
In a ten-acre square stands Temple Block, enclosed by a high wall. Here are the Temple, Tabernacle, and Assembly Hall. With one exception, the Temple, said to have cost more than \$4,000,000, is the most expensive ecclesiastical structure in the United States. It is built of granite from the famous church quarries in the Wasatch Mountains. The

Tabernacle is an architectural curio, in shape like a turtle's back, and built of iron, glass, and stone. Its seating capacity is about 10,000 persons. So many are the exits that the building can be emptied in a few seconds. It is an acoustic curio as well. One speaking in an ordinary tone can be distinctly heard in every part of the vast auditorium. The notes of a distant whisper, the rubbing together of hands, or the dropping of a pin into a hat are clearly audible some hundreds of feet distant.

The great organ has a remarkable history. It was built more than thirty years ago under the direction of an Englishman from Australia named Joseph Ridges (a Mormon convert, and organ-builder by trade), and was later reconstructed. It was built entirely of Utah materials and by Utah artisans.

It has 108 stops and accessories, and contains a total of more than 5,000 pipes, ranging from two inches to thirty-two feet in height. It has four keyboards in addition to the pedals,

and is capable of 400 tonal varieties. This organ is one of the most perfect in the world, and there is no known quality or



shade of tone that it can not produce. On Wednesday and Saturday mornings of each week free public recitals are given by the Tabernacle organist.

Near the Temple House are the Tithing House, Bee Hive, the Lion House (where formerly lived the wives of Brigham Young), the Amelia Palace, and Eagle Gate, through which leads the way to First Street, where may be seen the grave of President Young.

Not far from the Temple Block is the Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution, or the Z. C. M. I., as it is laconically called. It was practically the first department store in the United States. The annual business, wholesale and retail, runs into the hundreds of thousands.

GREAT SALT LAKE

Great Salt Lake has lost fully nineteen-twentieths of its ancient dimensions. The old shore lines can be distinctly seen along the foothills and steeper sides of the Wasatch and Oquirrh mountains, the highest line being fully 600 feet above the present lake surface. Its original waters were equal to one-half of the Utah of to-day. Its waters are a changing blue, according to the angle of the sun's rays, temperately warm in summer, five times as dense as ocean water, and, next to the Dead Sea, the saltiest and densest in the world. The average length is seventy-five miles, greatest width fifty miles, average depth thirty feet, extent of present surface 2,125 square miles, altitude above sea-level 4,210 feet. From its surface rise many islands, which are continuations of the mountain ranges.

The human body floats upon the surface with cork-

like buoyancy, and without the slightest effort on the part of the owner of said body. You may double your knees under you and recline upon its surface like a cherub on a cloud, with head and shoulders still above. With sun umbrella and book you may idly float and read at pleasure, or safely take a nap upon the bosom of Salt Lake, if, meanwhile, you



SALTAIR

can contrive to maintain a suitable balance, for you will find a provoking tendency on the part of this brine to turn you face down, a pickle anything but pleasant when unexpectedly assumed, for the membrane of eye, nose and mouth is not on friendly terms with much saline bitterness. So buoyant are the waters that one may almost say "the walking is good."

Saltair Pavilion, on the shore of the lake, sixteen miles from the city, is the most commodious bathing resort in the world, with whole streets of dressing-rooms for the tens of thousands of bathers who

during the season from May to September patronise the waters. In the upper part of the pavilion is the great dance hall, easily accommodating 2,000 couples.

CHAPTER VIII

COLORADO

THIS State is the apex of North America, crown of the slopes that rise from Pacific and Atlantic shores. It is the heart of the Rocky Mountain chain, numbering hundreds of individual summits that rise to a height of more than 13,000 feet, and many whose altitude exceeds 14,000.

No other mountains in the world are quite like the Rockies. Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau are here matched many times over by peaks as yet unknown to fame. The mountain systems of Colorado—a fragment of the whole—occupy five times the area of the Alpine chains.

Between the ranges lie numerous parks, broad basins of great fertility and surpassing loveliness, diversified by forest, lake, and stream, and themselves exalted to an altitude of from 8,000 to 10,000 feet. The precipitous watersheds of this Titanic land give birth to many important rivers, such as the Platte, Arkansas, Rio Grande del Norte, and Grand,* whose channels, save where they occasionally loiter

* The canyons of the Grand River have not infrequently been confounded with the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, in Arizona, by tourists who have not visited the latter, in consequence of an unfortunate coincidence of names; and further confusion has resulted from the use of the title "Grand Canyon" in connection with the gorges of the Gunnison and the Arkansas, and the Canyon of the Yellowstone.

through the alluvial parks, are marked by fierce cataracts and gloomy gorges.

This Alpine land of prodigious scenery and inspiring air, and of phenomenal mineral and agricultural wealth, we now enter upon the west.



GRAND RIVER

Every successive scene is an event, every turn of the way a revelation, advancing in ascending climaxes.

From Grand Junction, at the confluence of the Grand and Gunnison Rivers, to Colorado Springs, the traveller may choose between the route of the Colorado Midland direct and that of the Denver & Rio Grande via Pueblo. Three intermediate points are common to both, namely, Glenwood Springs, Leadville, and Buena Vista, not to mention Manitou, which is closely connected with Colorado Springs by a trolley line as well. Each route crosses the Continental Divide at a great altitude, and presents a rapid succession of extraordinary scenes, in which valley, peak, gorge, cliff, meadow, forest, lake, and torrent are combined and contrasted.

The Midland specially offers Hagerman Pass, Seven Castles, Red Rock Canyon, Granite Canyon, and the consecutive chain of Ute Pass resorts. The preëminent individual features of the Rio Grande line are Tennessee and Marshall passes, the Canyon of the Grand River, and the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, all which, and many more, are fully described in local publications easily obtainable.

GLENWOOD SPRINGS

Where the Grand River issues from somber canyon-walls into a mountain-hemmed valley, just above the confluence of the foaming torrent of Roaring Fork, numerous thermal springs of saline and chalybeate waters boil from its bed and from its grass-covered banks, and natural caves are filled with their vapour. Here is Glenwood Springs, lately the resort of Utes, and the home of deer, elk, and



THE FRYING-PAN

bear, which latter have retreated only to the bordering forests. Youngest of the great watering-places of Colorado, its distinction lies in the extraordinary character and voluminous flow of the springs, the unique manner in which they have been brought

into service, and the superb hotel, bath-house and park with which the natural attractiveness of the spot has been perfected. In the middle of the park the largest spring feeds an enormous pool, covering



ANIMAS CANYON

more than an acre, from three to five feet deep, paved with smooth brick, and walled with sandstone. A fountain of cold mountain water in the center tempers the

pool to gradations that radiate to its rims. Here bathing is in season throughout the year. In winter or summer the temperature of the water and of the immediate atmosphere has the same delicious warmth, and all the snow and ice that Colorado can boast in January at an altitude of more than five thousand feet does not interfere with out-of-door bathing at Glenwood Springs. Catarrh, rheumatism, diseases of the blood, and many ailments that do not yield to medicine are either wholly cured or relieved by these waters. In the bath-house are private bathrooms, with attendants and all manner of appliances, for those who prefer them, or to whom the public pool is unsuited. Radical treatment is given in the vapour-caves, which have been divided into compartments and fitted for the purpose.

The park grounds rise in successive terraces to the

Hotel Colorado, which was conceived in the same spirit of originality which created the improvements mentioned. This hotel is constructed upon three sides of a large court containing a miniature lake fed by cold mountain springs and stocked with trout intended for the table. In summer the glass partitions which in cold weather separate the main dining-room from the broad veranda are taken down, and tables are set in the open air; and the guest who may fancy a broiled trout for breakfast is privileged to capture it himself, in this particular following the practice of the patron of restaurants in Mexico, who selects the materials of his meal before they have been sent to the kitchen.

The State of Colorado is the best hunting-ground left to the American sportsman. Not far distant from Glenwood Springs deer and elk still abound, and bears and mountain lions may easily be found by those who understand the manner of their pursuit. The Roaring Fork, a succession of noisy rapids and



BATH-HOUSE, GLENWOOD SPRINGS

cataracts coursing down the timber-clad mountain-side, affords excellent trout-fishing, and Trappers Lake is known to thousands of gunners and fishermen, either by experience or by repute.

LEADVILLE

Just beyond the foot of the Hagerman and Tennessee passes, upon the swell of a mountain flank, stands the great mining city, at an elevation of 10,183 feet. In April, 1860, the first gold claims



EVERGREEN LAKE

were staked out in California Gulch, and within three months thereafter 10,000 miners had located there. Two claims are said to have yielded

\$75,000 in the space of sixty days, and single individuals are known to have been rewarded by \$100,000 for the work of one summer. In a little more than a year the field was exhausted, nearly \$10,000,000 of the yellow metal having been carried away. In the digging of ditches to facilitate the washing of the auriferous gravel, masses of a heavy black rock were so commonly encountered as to prove a considerable annoyance, but they were thrown aside and forgotten. These were the famous silver carbonates, whose value was later revealed by a merely curious assay; and the first body of carbonate ore to be worked formed the entire mass of a cliff in California Gulch which had been execrated by innumerable gold-diggers. The richest ores were not among the first to be developed, and prospecting and small workings were increasingly carried on for a series of years until, in 1878, two prospectors

who were "grub-staked" by Mr. Tabor (later Senator), chanced to be crossing Fryer Hill and sat down to imbibe casual refreshment from a jug of whisky. By the time they had become satisfactorily refreshed all kinds of ground looked alike to them, and in pure imbecility, without the slightest justification, they began to dig where they had been sitting. They uncovered the ore body of the famous Little Pittsburg Mine, which (so exuberantly whimsical is occasional chance) has since proved to be the only point on the entire hill where the ledge approaches so near the surface. Then ensued a second scramble of the multitude for place in this marvellous treasure-region, and the wildest excitement reigned. In the eight years that have passed the carbonate ores have not been exhausted; on the contrary, new



HOTEL COLORADO, GLENWOOD SPRINGS

finds are still of frequent occurrence, and the city of Leadville is now known to be underlaid with bodies of that ore. But the carbonate era has probably passed its climax and is giving place to the sulphide era, millions of tons of sulphide ores having

already been blocked out in Iron, Breece and Carbonate hills. The geological position of the new ores promises even greater extent and value than the carbonates have realised, although they are less



cheaply worked. And should the sulphides at length be exhausted, no one can safely prophesy that this extraordinary versa-

tile locality will not present the world with some new compound which on analysis shall prove unexpectedly rich in precious metals.

The carbonate discovery revived the almost depopulated camp, and for the space of a few years thereafter Leadville was nearly as notorious for lawlessness and personal insecurity as for the richness and number of its mines. That phase has been outlived, order, quiet, and the refinements that belong to a wealthy city in our day having long been permanently established. The tourist will, however, find it distinctly individual and full of present interest, and the wonderful ro-



TUNNEL IN THE PASS

mance of its past which reads like a tale of unbridled imagination invests it with an imperishable glamour.

BUENA VISTA

Stretching southward for thirty miles between the Park and Saguache ranges, at an equal distance east from Leadville, lies an idyllic valley of the Arkansas River. At the head of this valley stands Buena Vista, like a Swiss village. Harvard, Yale,



BUENA VISTA AND THE COLLEGIATE RANGE

and Princeton mountains, each loftier than Pike's Peak, rise close behind it upon the west, and upon the south the white summits of the Sangre de Cristo range are discernible. The view is downward upon the white town and over the far stretch of sunlit meadow, whose penetrating beauty and perfect peace is enhanced by the grandeur of the College Peaks, which from the grass-grown and timbered slopes of their feet rise to heights and forms of awful sublimity. Buena Vista means in the Spanish a comprehensive outlook rather than a beautiful scene. It is a euphonious name, and serves well enough in Colorado, where among so

much that is superlative one learns to be temperate in the use of adjectives; but anywhere else in the world this should have been *Vista Gloriosa*. It is a peep of paradise, a dream of a happy vale where the blessed might dwell in joy forever.

CRIPPLE CREEK

A few years ago the famous gold camp was reached only by stage coach at the heels of half a dozen spirited horses driven by a veteran who reeked of border reminiscence. Three railroads now transport



its passengers and freight. Its history is pretty well known. Twice it has been a more than national

sensation, and twice the wave of general excitement has subsided, and the greater part of the gathered throng of fevered gold-seekers, disappointed in its hope of acquiring immediate and unmerited riches, has melted away with anathema upon its lips. When the first wave receded, perhaps five out of twelve or fifteen thousand remained clustered around a few mines of enormous determined value and a goodly number of promising claims, among half a dozen small and fragile settlements which wore the motley aspect peculiar to young mining towns. During the second influx, when the population numbered twenty-five or thirty thousand, the camps were transformed into modernised cities, with water-works, electric lights, and good hotels. Yet even when houses in great number were building daily,

men with hundreds of dollars in their pockets rented chairs for a night, instead of beds and rooms; and when chairs were no longer to be had they walked the streets or slept in alleys because money could not buy any better accommodation. At the pitch of excitement the town of Cripple Creek, center of operations, was visited by a



CRIPPLE CREEK MINES

devastating conflagration. Before the smoke had cleared, new and better buildings were under way, but the disaster undoubtedly hastened the inevitable hour when so disproportionate a population must adjust itself to its single wealth-creating industry of mining



EARLY DAYS IN CRIPPLE CREEK

and shipping ore. For in that vast multitude comparatively few had an indubitable prize, many owners of encouraging prospects had developed them to the limit of their own resources, and the time



came when the outside speculating world wearied of contributing money for shares in prospective mines which failed to give satisfactory account of themselves, if, in truth, they were not in some instances purely mythical. In any event, the grist which had fed this sensational mill ceased to arrive, and thousands who had directly

or indirectly subsisted upon it were compelled to withdraw. So for the second time Cripple Creek relapsed into the comparative quiet of operating its mines and developing its best prospects. It was almost unavoidable that it should lose something of good repute in certain quarters. Where many wagers are lost, however foolish, good-will is apt to be lacking; and the satirist of human follies may well turn a cynical eye upon the most prodigious gambling spot of America in our generation. But after the disappointed or deluded have had their say, and the moralist has eased him of his epigram, let us in justice add



THE MOUNTAINEER'S BEST FRIEND

that Cripple Creek covers one of the richest gold deposits known to the world. At the end of the year 1902 it had milled a total of \$111,000,000 in gold, not to speak of the dumps which contain uncounted tons of low-grade ore awaiting the introduction of methods which shall reduce them cheaply and upon a large scale. The output for 1902 exceeded \$25,000,000.

MANITOU

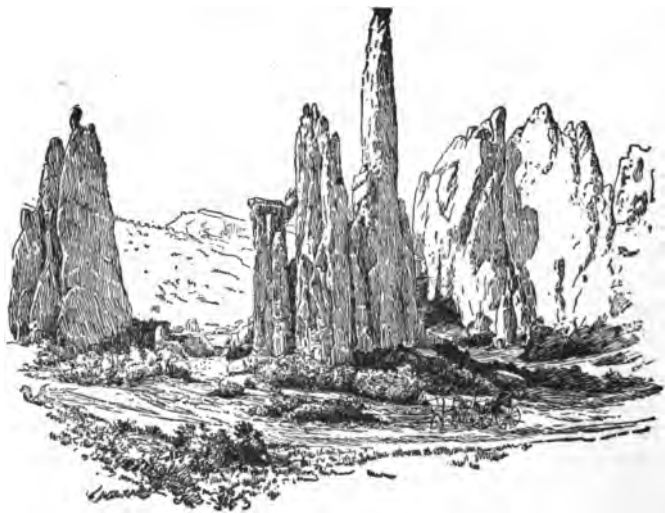
In the immediate neighbourhood of Pike's Peak is found an extraordinary group of resorts which



PIKE'S PEAK FROM GARDEN OF THE GODS

every year, between June and September, attracts unnumbered thousands of visitors. Each differs in individual allurements, but all alike are characterised by transparent, exhilarating air, vivid tones of verdure, and myriad flowers, streams, waterfalls, small lakes, fountains, forests, red rock-sculptures, gorges, and mountains, always mountains, leading the eye progressively to their kingly peak; by white tents in the shade of pines and aspens, neat hamlets, and esthetic caravansaries hugging cyclopean walls; by fashionable equipages, equestrians, and an animated holiday throng on

foot; and by a buoyant breadth which all the multitude cannot crowd or oppress. The culminating point is Manitou, a spot of such supernal beauty that even the Utes rose to the height of poetic appreciation and named it after the Great Spirit. Placed at the very foot of the terrible Peak, in the



CATHEDRAL SPIRES, GARDEN OF THE GODS

opening of the mountain notch upon the broad plains, every essence of interior landscape loveliness is showered upon it. It is without a flaw, a superlative thing unpicturable to those who know only the plains or the shores of the sea; a Titania's bower of melting sweetness amid Nature's savagest throes. Marvels are thickly clustered. There are grottoes hung with stalactites and banked with moss-like beds of gleaming crystal-filaments, springs tintured with iron, springs effervescent with soda, plains serried with huge isolated rock-sculptures, narrow

gorges where at the bottom of hundreds of feet of shadow is scant passageway, long perpendicular lines of white foaming torrent, and soft blending flames of colour from rosy rock, and herbage, and flower.

The waters of the soda springs are walled in the middle of a dainty park in the heart of the village, at night an incandescent lamp gleaming upward through their bubbling depths. Millions of gallons are exported, but something of the living sparkle on the tongue is lost in separation from the surcharged fount. Here it is more exuberantly crisp and refreshing than that of the artificial compound which in eastern cities presides over the counter dearest to the feminine heart. The flow is unstinted, and is free to all. The Iron Springs are upon the hillside, within easy strolling distance. Both are distinctly beneficial to health, and are frequented by a merry multitude throughout the day and early night.

Grand Caverns and the Cave of the Winds are near neighbours, divided by a single ridge, and doubtless intercommunicating by undiscovered passages. Both are elevated far above the town; the approach to the one climbing past the Rainbow Falls along a steep slope that looks off across the entrancing landscape of the valley to the mountain background, the other opening in the side of Williams Canyon, through the notch of whose magnificent



upreaching walls there is at one point a sharp turn where an unskilful driver could hardly hope to pass without grazing a wheel. It must have been a critical place in the old days when stages were



IN GARDEN OF THE GODS

“held up,” for the miscalculation of an inch would have meant catastrophe in the wake of plunging horses. The two caves are very similar — narrow underground corridors opening into a series of high-vaulted chambers hung with stalactites and glittering in magnesium light like the jewel-caves of the Arabian Nights. The floors are dry, but through the limestone walls fine moisture oozes, depositing the stalagmite in strange and often esthetic forms,

in addition to the pendant icicles of rock. There are striking suggestions of intelligible statuary, and innumerable imitations of natural objects, animal and vegetable. There is the Grand Organ, really a natural xylophone, a cluster of stalactites of varying proportions, upon which entire tunes are played with approximate accuracy, with occasional tones that are as mournfully impressive as a midnight bell. Jewel Casket, Concert Hall, Bridal Chamber, and the like, are names bestowed upon different compartments, and numberless particular formations have individual titles. Grand Caverns and the Cave of the Winds each requires at least an hour for the most casual exploration.

Thousands of visiting-cards have been left upon the walls.

A park of 500 acres covered with protruding rock-figures of striking form and beauty constitutes the Garden of the Gods. The names applied to these suggestive forms of sandstone and gypsum describe their eccentric appearance: Toadstools, Mushroom Park, Hedgehog, Ant Eater, Lizard, Turtle, Elephant, Lion, Camels, American Eagle, Seal and Bear, Sphinx, Siamese Twins, Flying Dutchman, Irish Washerwoman, Punch, Judy and Baby, Lady of the Garden, Three Graces, Stage Coach, and Graveyard are a few. There are others which rise to the dignity of pure grandeur. Pictures of the Gateway, a magnificent portal 330 feet high, and of Cathedral Spires and Balanced Rock, have been admired all over the world. Here, as elsewhere in the West, beyond the eastern bounds of Colorado and New Mexico, colour is an element of charm in

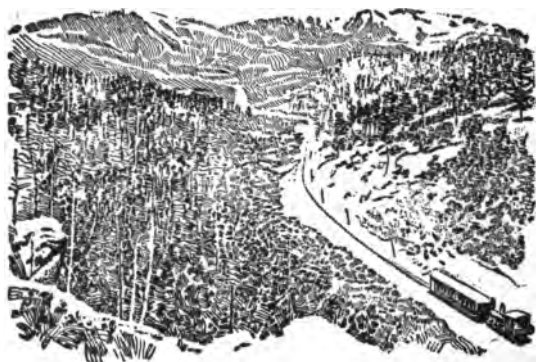


SIGNAL STATION AND DEPOT, SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK

landscape even greater than contour. These rocks are white and yellow and red, and in the crystalline air, that scorns a particle of haze, the scene is indescribably clear and sharp to the eye, and as

vivid as an enthusiastic water-colour. Drawings in black-and-white inadequately communicate them to a reader.

Contiguous to the Garden of the Gods lies Glen Eyrie, the private estate of General Palmer, covering



WINDY POINT, PIKE'S PEAK

1,300 acres. This is open to the public except on Sunday. Queen Canyon, fourteen miles long, the Major Domo, cliffs of blazing colour, and tree-embowered drives and greenhouses, are attractive features of Glen Eyrie.

ASCENT OF PIKE'S PEAK

The majesty of the Rocky Mountains cannot be beckoned wholly into intimacy. There is a quality that holds unbendingly aloof from fellowship, if not from perfect comprehension. The sea is sympathetic in moods. Soul-quaking in tumult, it softens to moments of superficial loveliness that would have you forget the murderous hunger that lies the length of your stature under wave. Not so the mountain peaks. They are the sublimest person-

alities known to earth; the hugeous, towering, imperturbable. They joy not, lament not, rage not. The chill eolian of upper air and the roar of distant avalanche do not stir the profundity of their rapt contemplation. Pale, austere, passionless, and ineffable in grandeur, they rise like an apotheosis of intellect over the spheres of emotion; or, if you like better, they stand for lofty spiritual reach. It augurs well of man that he can endure their proximity. A nation of mountaineers should be unequalled in the qualities of virtue, intrepidity, and clarity of brain. The legend of William Tell is a true expression of the spirit of the people of Switzerland, that brooks no fetter of tyranny. And you will fear, not love, the mountains, if you have not heights within to match them. So every genuine lover of a topmost pinnacle should have something sterling in him. From the knot of excursionists you will see him steal away to be alone in the solemn exaltation of the hour.

There are many summits in Colorado more elevated than Pike's Peak, but they are difficult,



PIKE'S PEAK FROM COLORADO SPRINGS

and the difference in height is not appreciable. Here you are lifted above the clouds so far that the world lies remote beneath the eye, the neighbouring towns and cities shrunk to insignificance. Vast

is the panorama outspread to view. The plain is grown indefinite and unsubstantial, like a subdued picture floating in the sky; but beyond, the ranges are piled tier on tier, peak after peak, white-draped



or dun in a haze of blue. The storm sweeps below, its forked lightnings under foot, its rumble of thunder echoing faintly up through the thin cold air; and while boisterous deluge rolls over valley and plain you stand bathed in radiance, like Phoebus in his chariot of morn. And there is an hour of incommunicable splendour, when the sun rises, gleaming like a burnished yellow moon through dark cloud-

wrappings on the rim of fading night, and again when it sinks behind the fierce tumbled mountain-chain, gilding the peaks with ruddy fire, the while dusk spreads beneath like a silent submerging sea.

The ascent, for very many years, was oftener talked of than attempted. Zebulon Pike himself failed, in 1806, and half a century passed after that before the first trail was cut, from old Summit Park, a dozen miles west of Manitou. That trail was little used, because of its difficulties and dangers. In the seventies, three additional trails were constructed, and in 1889 the carriage-road from Cascade was completed. In 1891, the Cog-Wheel Railway began operation, running directly from Manitou to the summit, and accomplishing that feat in a distance of nine miles. The steepest grade on the road is one foot in four. The Abt rack-rail is used, forming a continuous double ladder in which the locomotive's toothed wheels work; this system is in operation in Switzerland, up the Rigi and Pilatus.

It starts near the Iron Springs, at the mouth of Engelmann's Canyon, and makes the round trip in four and a half hours, allowing a stop of forty minutes on the peak. Several trains are run daily, in the open season, and, moreover, accommodations for the night can be had in the old Signal Station, which has been made over into a tavern. To those who desire to obtain this crowning experience in the easiest manner and in the shortest possible time, the ascent by rail is recommended.

The altitude of Pike's Peak is 14,108 feet above sea-level, and its height above the starting-point of the Cog-Wheel Railway in Manitou is 7,518 feet. The altitude of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, is 6,293 feet, that of the Rigi, in Switzerland, 5,832 feet, and of the Jungfrau, 13,667 feet, above the sea.

COLORADO SPRINGS

Closely backed by the Rockies, whose eastern contour is a protecting semicircle that opens to the Great Plains, this pretty city stands upon a level floor, divided by broad tree-shaded avenues into squares as regular as those of a chessboard, which it strongly resembles when viewed from the slopes and pinnacle of Pike's Peak. There are attractive drives in every direction, out upon the plains, through the canyons, and up the mountain-sides. Only six miles distant from Manitou, with which it is connected by an electric street railway, in addition to the steam railroads, and joined to Cheyenne Canyons upon the other hand, Colorado Springs is perhaps the most fashionable and most populous of the special resorts of Colorado. It



is a city of homes of the wealthy, with some 30,000 permanent inhabitants, which is swelled to 50,000 during the summer tourist season.

The street line ends at the foot of the canyon, whose approach lies between a swelling grass-covered rise upon the one hand and a shrubby hillside upon the other. Here begins a comfortable carriage road, and conveyances and *burros* are procurable. The road gradually ascends through groves of evergreen



THE NEW ANTLERS, COLORADO SPRINGS

and deciduous trees, crossing and recrossing a clear mountain stream by rustic bridges, on through the gateway of the Pillars of Hercules into a defile where rock-walls rise many hundred feet overhead, and needles, spires, cones, and irregular crags lift head above and behind one another, some bleakly bare, some fringed with shrubs and trees, prodigious rocks serrying the mountainside to heights where details of form are lost to the eye and only broad effects of colour and ebb and swell are intelligible. The carriage road leads directly to the foot of Seven Falls, to whose head the visitor may climb by a long stairway. A short distance below the falls a circuitous narrow trail diverges toward the left

from the carriage-road, up which *burros* are ridden to the upper level, where one can look down upon this entire series of brilliant cascades. Arrived here, many diverging paths invite the visitor. The log cabin where Helen Hunt Jackson loved to spend much of her time in summer is at hand, and the former site of her grave, marked by a huge heap of stones, may be reached by a steep path to the left. Glens and rocky eminences, bushy retreats by the side of the streams, and fern and flower-decked banks entice to further exploration. Day after day many return to the fresh beauties of the spot, each time discovering some new delight among the thousand charms of the mountain-wilds.

DENVER

Denver lies seventy-five miles north from Colorado Springs, and one hundred and fifteen from Pueblo. It is a queen among fair cities, standing upon a broad elevated plain, with mountain horizons of great beauty. Its enormous smelters, with towering, smoke-vomiting stacks, do not seriously deface it, and themselves are an interesting and instructive sight, for many millions of gold and silver are there extracted from Rocky Mountain ores every year.

CHAPTER IX

HOMEWARD

FORTY miles below Colorado Springs, in the Arkansas Valley, thirty miles east from the mountains, stands Pueblo, another city of smelters, and of immense steel, iron, and copper works. Here is the Colorado Mineral Palace, a large and costly auditorium of modernised Egyptian architecture, whose domes are supported by gilded columns, around whose bases are arranged plate-glass cases filled with choice specimens of Colorado minerals, which constitute the most valuable collection of minerals in the world.

The region traversed by the Arkansas Kiver, in its course through eastern Colorado and western Kansas, exemplifies the benefits of water artificially applied to growing crops; and many thrifty settlements greet the eye at frequent intervals.

Sixty miles east of Pueblo one comes again to La Junta, the junction point in southeastern Colorado which was passed on the outward journey. From this point to Chicago the scenes would be familiar except for the fact that many localities which on the outward trip were passed in the night are now seen by day.

The marvels of the West, however, have now been left behind, and the tourist may be expected to be absorbed in pleasurable anticipation of his

homecoming. He returns not as he departed, for such a journey as that which now draws near its close possesses an emphatic educational value. He knows definitely now about those features of our western empire which before were to him a vague imagining, inadequately and perhaps wrongly conceived.

And, not the least valuable of human acquisitions, henceforward he will have a story.

APPENDIX

Information about Side Trips to Points of Interest in the Southwest

NEW MEXICO

GLORIETA AND ROWE TO PECOS RIVER FISHING GROUNDS

Summer hunting and fishing grounds on Pecos River. Private conveyances for eight persons to ranches of Wm. Sparks (P. O., Pecos, N. M.), 16 miles, and H. D. Winsor (P. O., Willis, N. M.), 24 miles; time, four and five hours; 100 lbs. free baggage; free round trip for weekly and monthly boarders; board and lodging at Sparks's and Winsor's ranches, \$1 per day; special rates to parties; notify by letter one week in advance, and teams will meet passengers at station.

SANTA FÉ TO UPPER RIO GRANDE INDIAN PUEBLOS AND PAJARITO PARK

From Santa Fé one may visit several interesting Indian pueblos along the upper Rio Grande River. Carriage to *Tesuque* (pop. 100), a Tañóan pueblo on Tesuque River, one and one-half hours; \$3 for two persons, \$5 for four; no hotel. Carriage to *Nambé* (pop. 75), 15 miles, two hours, \$4. Carriage to *Pojoaque* (pop. 20), 3 miles north of Nambé. All three pueblos can be visited by team in one day.

For *San Ildefonso* (pop. 150), at junction Rio Grande and Pojoaque rivers, take Denver & Rio Grande train to San Ildefonso station, thence ride or walk 1½ miles; or take Denver & Rio Grande train to Espanola, thence team 7 miles to destination; lodging with Mrs. Durand or Señor Gomez. Most important feast days, January 23 and September 6.

For *Santa Clara* (pop. 225), a very picturesque and aboriginal village, either take Denver & Rio Grande train to Espanola and go 2 miles on foot or by team, or take team 24 miles from Santa Fé. Most important ceremony, August 12; fine black pottery made here.

For *San Juan* (pop. 400), take Denver & Rio Grande train to Espanola and drive 6 miles, or take same train to Chamita station and walk 1 mile; ceremonial dances St. John's Day, June 24; accommodations for travellers at Sam Eldodt's.

For *Picuris*, take Denver & Rio Grande train to Embudo station and conveyance thence 15 miles, a four hours' drive over rough road; stay with Mexican families; a primitive village.

For *Taos* (pop. 400), take Denver & Rio Grande train to Tres Piedras station, thence carriage 32 miles, stopping one night en route at Rio Grande River. Taos is a unique pueblo of 400 inhabitants, situated near Taos Mountains, noted for height of buildings, which resemble pyramids; two hotels in nearby Mexican village; great religious festival, September 30, very spectacular and largely attended.

Ancient ruins of *Pajarito Park* are reached in three-days' round trip from Santa Fé (one day each way on road) by

carriage at cost of \$5 a day for party of three; must carry along camping outfits; typical examples of cave and cliff dwellings.

THORNTON TO COCHITI, SANTO DOMINGO AND SAN FELIPE

Thornton is the most convenient station for three of the lower Rio Grande Indian pueblos—Cochiti, Santo Domingo, and San Felipe. For *Cochiti* (pop. 250), 10 miles distant, take daily stage leaving Thornton about 10 A. M.; returning, leave Cochiti about 3 P. M.; round-trip fare \$2; accommodations for night at Cochiti procurable in Mexican boarding-house or Government school; most interesting public ceremony July 14; stone idols manufactured.

Santo Domingo (pop. 650), $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of station, may be reached on foot or by carriage; a quaint old town; best known dance on August 4, participated in by 300 persons.

For *San Felipe* (pop. 550), take carriage from Thornton, distance 9 miles, or from the nearer station of Bernalillo.

ALBUQUERQUE TO SANDIA, SANTA ANA, SIA, JEMEZ, AND ISLETA

Albuquerque is the most convenient starting-point for the four Indian pueblos of Sandia, Santa Ana, Sia, and Jemez, which lie northwest. Stage leaves Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 5 A. M., reaching Jemez evening same day. The fare to *Sandia* (pop. 150) is \$2. *Santa Ana* is 8 miles off of direct stage line, and may best be reached by private conveyance in six hours from Albuquerque; noted for white pottery. *Sia* (pop. 100) is six miles northwest of Santa Ana, and seven hours from Albuquerque; famous for beautiful pottery; annual festival August 15. *Jemez* (pop. 400) is nine hours from Albuquerque; round-trip stage fare \$12; also reached by livery team from Thornton, 30 miles; lodging with Chas. Spader, Indian trader; located near mouth of Canyon 2,000 feet deep; here dwell last survivors of old pueblo of Pecos.

Isleta (pop. 1,000) is a large Indian pueblo located in Rio Grande valley 13 miles south of Albuquerque, near railroad. Take Santa Fe train to Isleta station, or drive two hours by team; well tended orchards, vineyards, and farms; annual festival occurs August 28.

In connection with Hotel Alvarado, Albuquerque, are two buildings devoted to costly *Indian collections* owned by Fred Harvey, where may be seen rare baskets, blankets, native Moki and Navajo pottery, and ceremonial objects; also weavers, potters, and silversmiths plying their curious crafts.

LAGUNA TO ACOMA

The Indian pueblo of Laguna is situated on the Santa Fe 66 miles west of Albuquerque. It was founded in 1699. It is inhabited by several hundred industrious Indians, who raise sheep, till their fields, and make pottery. Meals and lodging in Laguna for as many as fifteen persons may be engaged (preferably in advance) at the home of R. G. Marmon, near the station, for \$2.50 per diem.

Sixteen miles south of Laguna is *Acoma* pueblo, reached over

good wagon roads any day in the year (except in very bad weather), the way leading by the *Enchanted Mesa*. Team and driver from Acoma costs \$5 for one passenger and \$3 each for two or more passengers. The driver is usually an educated Indian, who speaks English and acts as guide. Before starting, obtain from Mr. S. Bibo, Indian trader at Laguna, a letter of introduction to the Governor of Acoma, thereby insuring privilege of ascending the great rock on which the village is built. In summer most of the Acoma men and many of the women go to Acomita, several miles distant; but enough inhabitants usually then remain at home to exemplify the unique native life. The principal *fiesta* of the year occurs at Acoma September 2.

THOREAU TO CHACO CANYON

At Thoreau station is the trading-post of Horabin Bros. They will furnish conveyance to *Chaco Canyon*, 65 miles. Or write in advance to Richard Wetherill (P. O., Putnam, N. M.), a trader in Chaco Canyon, and he will meet tourists at train with team, provisions, and guide. In Chaco Canyon are both cliff and village prehistoric ruins, that of Pueblo Bonito being most widely known. Trip requires two days each way.

GALLUP TO CHACO CANYON, CANYON DE CHELLY, ZUÑI, AND NAVAJO RESERVATION

Chaco Canyon (the region of prehistoric cliff ruins mentioned under heading of Thoreau) is also reached by a two or three days' journey from Gallup—a town with several hotels and outfitting stores. *Canyon de Chelly* (a narrow, deep, and beautiful gorge) is most easily reached from Gallup by way of Ft. Defiance—a trip of two or three days each way; in this canyon, which is 20 miles long, are 160 cliff and valley ruins of all sizes. Daily stage to Ft. Defiance, 30 miles; fare \$2.50 single trip.

Gallup is also starting-point for *Zuñi*, 42 miles distant, the largest and oldest Indian pueblo in the Southwest, made famous through the writings of Mr. Frank Cushing. Private conveyances procurable from Mr. Coddington at \$6 to \$12 per diem while on road, according to size of party; carriage rates one-quarter to one-half less for time spent at Zuñi. A pleasant trip of eight hours each way; lodging and meals in Zuñi at home of resident Government traders, Bennett Bros., for \$1.50 per day. This village is noted for its communal dwellings, four to seven stories high, and the unique products of its potters, silver-smiths, and weavers. Shalako dance occurs there in November.

One can go from Gallup to the *Moki villages*. The route is longer than the others, but very picturesque. The great *Navajo reservation*, peopled by 16,000 Indians, lies north of the Santa Fe, and may be visited from any station between Gallup and Canyon Diablo; the Navajos have no villages, but wander from place to place with their flocks, frequently camping near the railroad.

ARIZONA

ADAMANA AND HOLBROOK TO PETRIFIED FORESTS

The nearest and smallest section of the *Petrified Forest* is reached by a 7-mile drive from Adamana; the farthest and largest section by a 16-mile drive from Holbrook. In both cases the round trip is comfortably made at any time of the year (except in case of heavy snowfall or high water in river) by team in one day, over excellent roads, permitting several hours' time for examining the Forest. Noon lunch is carried along.

Round-trip team rate for one person is \$2.50 from Adamana, and \$5 from Holbrook. For two or more persons, round-trip team rate is \$2.50 per passenger from either place. Competent drivers are furnished. Meals and lodging may be obtained at Adamana in nearby ranch house for \$2 a day; accommodations for twelve persons and wholesome fare. At Holbrook the principal rooming-house is the Brunswick, rate \$1 per day; several restaurants serve meals for 35 cents; ample accommodations for forty to fifty visitors; John Conner will act as guide for parties going to the Forest from Holbrook.

HOLBROOK TO APACHE RESERVATION

Holbrook is the gateway to Petrified Forest, Moki villages and the Apache country. The *White Mountain Apache* reservation is reached by daily stage from Holbrook (leaves 3:30 P. M.) to Ft. Apache, distance 96 miles, time 24 hours, made without stops except for change of horses and for meals; one-way fare \$7.75; only three persons accommodated; several Mormon settlements en route. A pleasanter way is by private conveyance, with night stops at Snowflake and Cooleys; time required, three days each direction; fare \$30 round trip per passenger for team with driver; liberal reduction for parties of three or more—meals and lodging \$2 a day en route. The agent at United States Indian school and agency near Ft. Apache furnishes good lodging and meals at reasonable rates; Indian guides and ponies may be hired here for trips around reservation.

WINSLOW AND CANYON DIABLO TO MOKILAND

The seven *Moki villages* of Oraibi, Mishongnovi, Shipaulovi, Shungopavi, Wolpi, Tewa, and Sichomovi lie about 75 miles north of Winslow and Canyon Diablo stations. Their most spectacular public festival is the Snake and Antelope dance, occurring late in August. In September there are autumnal ceremonies performed by women; in October a fire dance; in December the unique rites of the Soyal; in January the Powamu, and in the spring months numerous Katcina dances

Mokiland may be reached from Gallup, Holbrook, Winslow, and Canyon Diablo; distance 57 miles from last named station to nearest Moki village—Winslow is nearest for Wolpi, and Canyon Diablo for Oraibi. Good livery stables, hotels, and outfitting stores at Gallup, Holbrook, and Winslow. At Canyon Diablo is a large store kept by F. W. Volz, Indian trader, who also furnishes rooms and meals at his home for limited number. Round trip for two to four persons, including camping outfit and provisions, costs from \$7 to \$8 a day, each person; or party can hire team and driver, providing their own bedding and provisions, at about \$5 a day. It takes two days by light carriage from railroad to Moki villages, and three days by freight team. There is a store at The Lakes, half way to Oraibi, where lodging and meals are to be had, and where Navajo games may frequently be enjoyed. Three days to a week will suffice for a brief visit among the seven villages. While there, visitors can either camp out, live in the Indian homes, or arrange for accommodations with the resident schoolteachers or missionaries. On occasion of Snake dance large parties go in, the usual price then being \$35 to \$40 per passenger, for five- to six-days' trip, all expenses included.

Stage line semi-weekly, Holbrook to *Keams Canyon*, 80 miles, *via* Bittahoochee, \$18 round trip, accommodates four persons; leaves Holbrook 8 A. M.

Canyon Diablo to Oraibi, round trip carriage fare \$30 one person and \$50 two persons; board and lodging \$2.50 a day; regular accommodations for ten people—can care for forty additional in tents on short notice.

Meteorite Mountain is 10 miles south of Canyon Diablo; it is supposed that a giant meteor once fell there, making a hole in the ground one mile wide and 600 feet deep; team for one person \$5, for three persons \$10. Team to Cliffdwellers' ruins, 8 miles southwest, one person \$5 and three persons \$10. The deep earth-gash from which *Canyon Diablo* is named is within a short distance of the station.

FLAGSTAFF TO WALNUT CANYON, SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS, AND GRAND CANYON

From Flagstaff (when weather is pleasant) one may go by carriage for a five hours' excursion among neighbouring cave ruins or a four hours' excursion to the ancient cliff houses in *Walnut Canyon*, nine miles distant; trip to either place costs \$5 for three persons. Or ascend by easy roads and trails to the summit of *San Francisco Peaks*, which rise to an altitude averaging 13,000 feet—trip of one day costing \$5 for small party. Round-trip to *Sunset Mountain*, *Black Crater*, and *Lava Beds*, 16 miles, costs \$6 for party of three or four, and requires six hours. In six days *Montezuma's Castle* may be visited, a wonderful prehistoric ruin, 55 miles distant; cost \$5 a day, team and driver, for two passengers. Except in winter, private conveyance can also be secured here for the *Grand Canyon*, 75 miles north over fine roads.

To California and Back

WILLIAMS TO GRAND CANYON AND CATARACT CANYON

Williams is the principal gateway for Grand Canyon travel—a town of 1,500 inhabitants, with comfortable hotels and numerous stores. Horseback trail up *Bill Williams Mountain* (altitude 9,000 feet) affords an interesting five-hours' trip between trains.

Daily train on branch railroad, Williams to *Grand Canyon*, 64 miles in three hours. Excursion rate \$6.50 round trip. Terminus at head *Bright Angel Trail*, where excellent hotel accommodations are provided at \$3 a day (large modern hotel, under management of Mr. Fred Harvey, will be built here in 1903). One-day trip down Bright Angel Trail to river and back costs \$3 to \$5. Carriages procurable for rides along rim. Private conveyance Bright Angel east to *Grand View*, 15 miles, \$3.50 to \$5 each person round trip—good hotel at latter point and two trails to river. Daily stage from Coconino station or Bright Angel west to *Bass Camp*, head of Mystic Spring Trail, 23 miles—temporary hotel at Bass Camp, which will be improved in 1903; notable trail down to river and up other side to Powell Plateau.

Havasupai Indian village in Cataract Canyon should be visited. First obtain permit from Santa Fe agent at Williams or Grand Canyon to enter reservation. Unique trip of 43 miles from Bright Angel or 33 miles from Bass Camp, by wagon and horseback; cost \$35 to \$50 each for party of two or three persons; waterfalls in Cataract Canyon as beautiful as Yosemite; ride down Topocobya trail rather difficult, but perfectly safe for those accustomed to "roughing it."

HACKBERRY TO HUALAPAI RESERVATION

The *Hualapai reservation* is reached from Hackberry by a five-miles' drive to Truxton Canyon training-school, headquarters of industrial teacher, or passengers can get off at Truxton station, which is nearer the school than Hackberry. Limited accommodations at Hackberry.

MELLEN TO MOJAVE RESERVATION

Colorado River Indian Agency, peopled by 800 Mojaves, lies 80 miles south of Mellen. Trip by boat down river to Parker is made in one and one-half days; return requires four to six days; fare varies from \$5 to \$25 per passenger. Accommodations at Parker rather poor.

HOT SPRINGS JET TO CASTLE CREEK HOT SPRINGS

Daily stage line to *Castle Creek Hot Springs*, a favorite health resort, 25 miles east.

PHOENIX TO MARICOPA AND PIMA RESERVATIONS

Private conveyances from Phoenix for *Maricopa* and *Pima* Indian reservations, near the city. To reach Gila River Pima Indian reservation, take train to Mesa City, 15 miles, thence by team; or take train Phoenix to Maricopa, 34 miles, thence team to Sacaton, passing *Casa Grande* ruins.

SIDE TRIPS IN CALIFORNIA

ESCONDIDO to SAN LUIS REY MISSION and PALA MISSION—Escondido is on the Santa Fe, 107 miles south of Los Angeles, a rail ride of about four hours; conveyance and driver from Escondido to San Luis Rey and return, one person \$4, three persons \$5; to Pala and return, one person \$4.50, three persons \$5.50; hotel at Escondido, \$2 per day.

CAPISTRANO MISSION is located directly on the Santa Fe, 56 miles south of Los Angeles; fare for round trip \$2.10 for tickets sold Saturday, limited to following Monday, and on other days, \$3.60.

SAN DIEGO is on the Pacific Ocean, 126 miles south of Los Angeles; four hours' railroad ride; round trip fare, \$6 for ticket good four days, and \$7.50 for ticket good thirty days.

SAN DIEGO to LA JOLLA, 14 miles by rail; round trip, 75 cents; Seaside Inn, \$2 per day.

SAN DIEGO to LAKESIDE; in mountain valley, 22 miles from San Diego by rail; round trip fare, \$1.50; Lakeside Hotel, \$2 per day.

SAN DIEGO to TIA JUANA; 14 miles; round trip fare by rail, \$1; one train daily.

SAN DIEGO to CORONADO BEACH; 2 miles across bay from city; round trip fare by ferry and electric line, 25 cents.

SAN DIEGO to SAN DIEGO MISSION; 7 miles northeast; livery teams at reasonable rates.

LOS ANGELES to IDYLLWILD and STRAWBERRY VALLEY; 110 miles by rail to Hemet station, thence by stage; time from Los Angeles to Hemet varies from four to seven hours; thirty days' round-trip ticket, Los Angeles to Hemet, \$5; round-trip stage fare, Hemet to Idyllwild, \$3; time, four hours.

LOS ANGELES to SANTA CATALINA ISLAND; distance 47 miles; reached in three and one-half hours—half an hour by rail to San Pedro or East San Pedro, thence comfortable three-hours' ride on steamer of Wilmington Transportation Co.; round-trip fare, \$2.75; at Avalon are several hotels and boarding-houses, the principal hotel being the Metropole, \$3 a day.

"KITE-SHAPED TRACK" TRIP; **LOS ANGELES to REDLANDS** and return; going *via* Pasadena, Santa Anita, Baldwin's Ranch, Monrovia, Azusa, North Cucamonga, Rialto and San Bernardino; returning *via* Mentone, Highland, Colton, Riverside, Corona, Santa Ana Canyon, Orange, Fullerton and La Mirada; or go *via* Orange and return *via* Pasadena; can be made in one day; rate \$4.10 for round trip.

VISALIA to KING'S RIVER CANYON, KERN RIVER CANYON,

GENERAL GRANT NATIONAL PARK, GIANT FOREST, and Mt. WHITNEY; stage from Visalia to Giant Forest, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; distance, 53 miles by stage and $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles by pack train; fare \$5. At Camp Sierra, Giant Forest, is a mountain hotel, \$2 a day. One week's round trip, Visalia to Giant Forest, costs \$35, including three days at destination, guides, meals, etc.; baggage limited to 50 lbs. Side trips from Giant Forest to General Grant National Park, King's and Kern River Canyons and Mt. Whitney, may be made by pack train and can be arranged through Santa Fe agent at Visalia.

MERCED to YOSEMITE VALLEY, distance 90 miles; stages of Yosemite Transportation Co. leave Merced 1.40 P. M., reach Coulterville 9.25 P. M., and stop over night at comfortable hotel, the journey being resumed at 6.00 A. M., reaching Hazel Green at noon; here begins the "double loop" whereby Yosemite is entered and left over different routes; Tuolumne group of Big Trees is passed on going trip and Merced Big Trees on return; the Valley is reached at 5 P. M.; stage fare from Merced, \$10 one way and \$20 round trip; round-trip rate from San Francisco, \$28.50; 50 lbs. free baggage allowance on stage, excess \$3 per 100 lbs.; daily rates at Sentinel Hotel, \$3 to \$4; furnished tent and board at Camp Curry and Camp Yosemite, \$2 a day, \$12 a week.

"INSIDE TRACK" (Southern Pacific Co.): Leave Los Angeles 8:45 A.M. Arrive Riverside 11:00 A.M. Stop two hours and thirty minutes for lunch and drive, Magnolia Avenue. Leave Riverside 1:30 P.M. Arrive Loma Linda 1:50 P.M. Stop thirty-three minutes for views from hotel. Arrive Redlands 2:35 P.M. One hour and thirty minutes for drive to Smiley Heights. Leave Redlands 4:05 P.M. Arrive Los Angeles 6:20 P.M. Expense: Ticket, \$4.10; luncheon at Riverside, Glenwood Tavern, 75 cents; drive at Riverside, \$1; at Redlands, \$1; total, \$6.85.

MOUNT LOWE: Leave Los Angeles 8:00, 9:00 or 10:00 A. M. Pasadena electric cars, or 8:20 A.M. Southern Pacific; half or one-day trip. Expense: Ticket, \$2.50; lunch (Alpine Tavern), \$1; total, \$3.50.

SANTA MONICA: Leave Los Angeles 9:00 A.M., Southern Pacific Co. Luncheon at Arcadia Hotel; bath in warm plunge or ocean. Leave Santa Monica 4:20 P.M., arrive Los Angeles 5:10 P.M. Expense: Ticket, 50 cents; lunch, 75 cents, and bath, 25 cents. Total, \$1.50.

LONG BEACH: Leave Los Angeles 9:05 A.M., Southern Pacific Co., arrive Long Beach 9:46 A.M. Tallyho trip about the city, and on beach to points of interest. Leave Long Beach 4:25 P.M., arrive Los Angeles 5:15 P.M. Expense: Ticket, 50 cents; lunch, 75 cents; tallyho, 50 cents. Total, \$1.75.

SAN GABRIEL MISSION: Leave Los Angeles 8:05 A.M., Southern Pacific Co., arrive Mission 8:30; returning, leave San Gabriel 10:27, arrive Los Angeles 11:00 A.M. Expense: Ticket, 60 cents; admission to Mission, 10 cents. Total, 70 cents.

TRIPS OUT FROM SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO to

NAPA-CALISTOGA, including lunch and drive	9 hours	\$3.90
MONTEREY (rail only)	25 hours	3.00
SANTA CRUZ and BIG TREES (rail only)	25 hours	2.80
SAN JOSE-LOS GATOS, including lunch and drive	9 hours	3.75
SISSON-MT. SHASTA (rail only)	36 hours	14.00
SANTA ROSA (rail only)	9 hours	3.00
GEYSERS, including rail and stage	36 hours	8.00
MT. TAMALPAIS (including ferry and rail)	6 hours	1.90
BARTLETT SPRINGS, including rail and stage	36 hours	14.00
HIGHLAND SPRINGS, including rail and stage	36 hours	10.00
ANDERSON SPRINGS, including rail and stage	24 hours	8.00
NAPA SODA SPRINGS, including rail and stage	9 hours	3.50
OAKLAND, including rail and ferry and lunch	5 hours	1.00
SAN JOSE to MT. HAMILTON (stage only)	15 hours	2.50
TRUCKEE to TAHOE, including around the Lake	10 hours	5.00
BERENDA to YOSEMITE, including BIG TREES, rail and stage	4 days	34.10
STOCKTON to CALAVERAS (rail and stage only)	2½ days	10.75
SAN FRANCISCO to YOSEMITE (rail and stage only)		
\$28.00 to \$38.00, depending on route	5 days	40.60
SAN FRANCISCO to YOSEMITE—special convention rates, including all expenses, rail, hotel, etc.	10 days 52.10; 15 days	62.10
TRUCKEE to TAHOE, including ride around the lake—parties of fifteen	10 hours	3.00

SPANISH NAMES, THEIR MEANING AND PRONUNCIATION

Name	Meaning	Pronunciation
Adobe, sun-dried brick		Ah-do'-bay.
Alameda, shady walk (from ālamos, poplars)		Ah-lah-may'-dah
Alamitos, small cottonwoods . .		Ah-lah-mee'-tōs.
Alcatraz, pelican		Al-cah-trahs'. (In Mexico <i>z</i> is pronounced like double <i>s</i> , in Spain like <i>th</i> in <i>think</i>).
Albuquerque		Ahl-boo-ker'-kay.
Alejandro, Alexander		Ah-lay-hahn'-drō.
Almaden, mine		Al-mah-den'.
Alvarado, Spanish explorer. . .		Ahl-vah-rah'-dō.
Amador, lover.		Ah-mah-dor'.
Anita, Anna.		Ah-nee'-tah.
Antonio, Anthony		An-tō'-nee-ō.
Arroyo Seco, dry ravine.		Ar-row'yō Say'-cō (with the <i>r</i> strongly trilled).
Bernalillo, little Bernal		Behr-nal-eel'-yō.
Bernardino, little Bernard. . . .		Behr-nahr-dee'-nō.
Boca, mouth		Bō'-cah.
Bonita, pretty.		Bō-nee'-tah.
Buena Vista, good view.		Bway'-nah Vees'-tah.
Cajon, large chest or box.		Cah-hōn'.
Calaveras, skulls.		Cah-lah-vay'-rahs.
Caliente, hot		Cah-lee-en'-tay.
Campo, country or field.		Cahm'-pō.
Canyon Diablo, Devil Canyon . .		Cahn-yon' Dee-ah'-blō.
Capistrano, named from an Indian saint		Cah-pees-trah'-nō.
Carlos, Charles.		Car'-los.
Carmencita, little Carmen. . . .		Car-men-see'-tah.
Casa Blanca, white house		Cah'-sah Blahn'-cā.
Centinela, sentinel		Sen-tee-nay'-lah.
Cerrillos, little hills.		Ser-reel'-yōs.
Chico, small.		Chee'-kō.
Ciénaga, marsh		See-en'ah-gah.
Colorado, red.		Kō-lō-rah'-dō.
Conejo rabbit.		Ko-nay'-hō.
Contra Costa, opposite coast. . .		Kōn'-trah Kōs'-tah.
Coronado, crowned (named for explorer)		Kō-rō-nah'-do.
Corral, enclosure.		Kōr-rah'.
Corralitos, small enclosures. . .		Kōr-rah'-ee'-tōs.
Covina, small cane		Kō-vee'-nah.

Name	Meaning	Pronunciation
Coyote, prairie wolf		Kō-yō'-tay.
Del Norte, of the north		Del Nor'-tay.
Del Sur, of the south		Del Soor'.
Dos Palmas, two palms		Dōs Pahl'-mahs.
El Cajon, the large box		El Kah-hōn'.
El Capitan, the captain.		El Kah-pee-tahn'.
El Dorado, the gilded.		El Dō-rah'-dō.
El Monte, the hill		El Mōn'-tay
El Morro, the castle		El Mōr'-ro.
El Paso, the pass.		El Pah'-sō.
El Torro, the bull		El Tō'-rō.
Encinitas, evergreen oaks		En-see-nee'-tas.
Escondido, hidden		Es-cōn-di'-do.
Estrella, star		Es-trel'-ya.
Farallones, small islands, high, rough, and difficult of access		Fah'-rahl-yon'-es.
Fresno, ash tree.		Fres'-no.
Galisteo, a name.		Gah-lis-tay'-o.
Garbanza, wild pea.		Gar-ban'-thah.
Graciosa, graceful.		Grah-see-o'-sah.
Guadalupe, a name.		Gwah-dah-loo'-pay.
Hermosillo, little beauty		Er-mō-seel'-yo.
Isleta, little island.		Ees-lay'-ta.
La Canada, the valley, glen.		Lah Cah-nah'-dah.
Laguna, lagoon, pond.		Lah-goo'-nah.
La Joya, the jewel		Lah Hō'-yah.
La Junta, the junction.		Lah Hun'-tah.
La Mesa, the table-land.		Lah May'-sah.
La Punta, the point		Lah Pun'-tah.
Las Animas, souls in purga- tory		Las Ah'-nee-mahs.
Las Cruces, the crosses.		Las Crew'-ses.
Las Flores, the flowers.		Las Flō'-res.
Las Vegas, fertile fields		Las Vay'-gahs.
Lerdo, slow		Ler'-dō.
Linda Vista, beautiful view.		Leen'-dah Vis'-tah.
Loma Alta, high hill.		Lō'-mah Ahl'-tah.
Loma Prieta, black hill		Lō'-mah Pree-a'-tah.
Los Alamitos, little cotton- woods.		Los Ah-lah-mee'-tos.
Los Alamos, cottonwood trees		Los Ah'-lah-mōs.
Los Gatos, the cats.		Los Gah'-tōs.
Los Nietos, the grandchildren.		Los Nee-ā'-tōs.
Los Olivos, the olive trees.		Los O-lee'-vōs.
Madera, timber wood.		Mah-day'-rah.
Manzana, apple.		Mahn-thah'-nah.
Merced, mercy.		Mer-sed'.
Mesa, table, tableland		May'-sah.
Mesa Encantada, enchanted land.		May'-sah En-kan-tah'-dah.
Mesquite, tree of that name		Mes-quee'-tay.

Name	Meaning	Pronunciation
Montecito, little hill		Mon-tay-see'-to.
Morro, tower or fortification. . .		Mor'-rō (r strongly trilled).
Nación, nation.		Nah-see-ōn'.
Nuevo, new		Nway'-vō.
Pájaro, bird.		Pah'-hah'-rō.
Pampa, plain.		Pahm'-pah.
Paso de Robles, pass of the oaks		Pah'-sō day Rō'-bles.
Picachos, peak.		Pee-kah'-chō.
Pinde, sweetened corn-water. . .		Peen'-day.
Plumas, feathers.		Plōō'-mahs.
Presidio, garrison		Pray-see'-dee-ō.
Pueblo, village.		Pway'-blō.
Puente, bridge.		Pwen'-tay.
Puerco, a hog, hence unclean . .		Pwer'-cō.
Punta Gorda, thick point		Poon'-tah Gor'-dah.
Purgatoire, Purgatorio, pur- gatory.		Poor-gah-tō'-rio.
Ranchito, small ranch		Rahn-chee'-to.
Raton, mouse		Rah-tōn'.
Redondo, round		Ray-dōn'-dō.
Rincon, corner.		Rin-kōn'.
Rio, river.		Ree'-ō.
Rivera, shore.		Ree-vay'-rah.
Sacramento, sacrament		Sah-krah-men'-tō.
Salinas, salt pits		Sah-lee'-nahs.
San Andrés, St. Andrew		Sahn Ahn-dres'.
San Buena Ventura, St. Bon- aventure (good fortune)		Sahn Bway'-nah ven-too'-rah.
San Clemente, St. Clement . . .		Sahn Klay-men'-tay.
San Diego, St. James.		Sahn Dee-ay'-gō.
San Francisco, St. Francis. . . .		Sahn Fran-sees'-ko.
San Jacinto, St. Hyacinth. . . .		Sahn Hah-seen'-tō.
San Joaquin, St. Joachin.		Sahn Hwah-keen'.
San José, St. Joseph.		Sahn Hō-say'.
San Luis Obispo, St. Louis the bishop.		Sahn Loo-ees' O-bees'-pō.
San Miguel, St. Michael.		Sahn Mee-gell' (hard g).
San Pablo, St. Paul		Sahn Pah'-blō.
San Pedro, St. Peter.		Sahn Pay'-drō.
San Rafael, St. Raphael.		Sahn Rah-fah-ell'.
Santa Barbara, St. Barbara . . .		Sahn'-tah Bar'-bah-rah.
Santa Catalina, St. Catherine. . .		Sahn'-tah Cah-tah-lee'-nah.
Santa Cruz, holy cross		Sahn'-tah Krooss'.
Santa Fé, holy faith.		Sahn'-tah Fay'.
Santa Rosa, St. Rose		Sahn'-tah Ro'-sah.
Santa Ynez, St. Inez		Sahn'-tah E-ne'ss.
Santa Ysabel, St. Isabel.		Sahn'-tah E-sah-bell'.
Saucilito, little willow		Sau-see-lee'-to.
Savana, vast plain (Sábana). . .		Sah'-bah-nah.
Sierra, mountain chain.		See-er'-rah,

Name	Meaning	Pronunciation
Sierra Madre, mountain range, literally mother range		See-er'-rah mah'-dre.
Sierra Nevada, snowy range (saw-tooth)		See-er'-rah Nay-vah'dah.
Soledad, solitude.		Sō-lay-dad' (<i>d</i> in Spanish has a peculiarly soft sound like <i>th</i> in <i>the</i> .)
Tamalpais, Tamal Indians.		Tah-mahl-pais.
Temecula, Indian name.		Tay-may-coo'-lah.
Tia Juana, Aunt Jane.		Tee'-ad Hwah'-na
Valle, valley.		Vahl'-yay.
Vallecito, little valley.		Vahl'-yay-see'-to.
Vallejo, small valley.		Vahl'-yay'-hō.
Ventura, luck		Ven-too'-rah.
Verde, green		Ver'-day.
Viejo, old		Vee-ay'-ho.
Vista, view.		Veas'-tah.

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